APRIL 1966
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE
FOR MEN

**The problems
of power
for Frank Sinatra**

page 89

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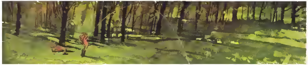

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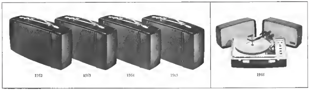

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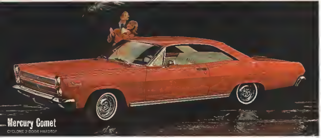

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

The proper study of a magazine for men

If people who like people are lucky, then some of their luck must rub off on magazines that share the same predisposition. Early this year London's distinguished *Sunday Times Magazine* topped seven magazines as being the world's most distinguished. Perhaps excluding English magazines on the ground of "present company excepted" the *Times* named two American magazines, one French, one Italian, one Russian and two German. One of the seven was Esquire.

At the time we found it hard to see what the seven magazines had in common apart from a certain liveliness of format and content. And then it occurred to us that one other common characteristic is that all seven tend to treat their materials less in terms of *ad hoc* than of *ad hominem*—in other words, to focus close up on the people who stand for certain things rather than in a panoramic way on the things those people stand for.

Certainly one of the most admirable attributes of our own most admired contemporary, *The New Yorker*, is the consistent excellence of its Profiles. So successfully has *The New Yorker* written about people for the past forty years that today the very term "profile" has acquired overtones of the generic, many applying it indiscriminately to any magazine piece about any personality as opposed to any thing. Those who do it in print are liable to be told politely but promptly that the term may fittingly be applied only to an article appearing under that departmental heading in *The New Yorker*.

Esquire has never had to endure that particular penalty of leadership, but many of its most memorable features over the years have been concerned with people. Specifically and as the proper study of a man's magazine with men. Two of the major attractions of the April issue of Esquire are *Frank Sinatra Has a Cold* by Gay Talese and *Could This Jew Be President?* by Milton Viorst. The former, as the title implies, is about Frank Sinatra and the latter is about Senator Jacob K. Javits.

The Sinatra story is the second in the series to which Gay Talese is now devoting himself full time. The first was *Mr. Bad News* in our February issue, which we characterized at the time as "the living likeness of a man preoccupied with death" about The New York *Times'* obituary specialist Alden Whitman. It has since been better characterized by the dean of American publicists, Edward L. Bernays, who, forgetful like so many others of *The New Yorker's* unique proprietorship of that word, calls it "a profile in depth that starkly depicts a man without description or adjectivizing him, just telling the facts based on painstaking research."

That would apply equally, as it happens, to the Sinatra piece in the current issue, as it would indeed to all of Gay Talese's vignettes of personalities in our pages for the last five years, including those on Floyd Patterson, Frank Costello, the Indian steelworkers on the construction of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge—all, in fact, with the possible exception of the one on Josh Logan, which possessed an added dimension that could only be likened to the vivisection of an exposed psyche. But with that sole exception, "just telling the facts based on painstaking research" would be the basic formula for the success of all the articles about men that have enlivened our pages. It may sound like an oversimplification, but it does get to the heart of the matter.

Sometimes the effect is heightened by a judicious admixture of equal parts of perception and wormwood and/or gall, and here and there you will see evidences of the superior craftsmanship that bespeaks an ear finely attuned to the least little nuance and an eye for the most minute of significant details. But by and large it's the facts and the painstaking research that it took to marshal them that are in themselves enough to account for the superiority of Esquire's pieces on people.

From Brock Brower on Alger Hiss to Walter Ross on Lindbergh, from James Baldwin on Norman Mailer to Norman Mailer on Jack Kennedy and back again to Marvin Elkoff on James Baldwin and clear across the decades to John Steinbeck on Arthur Miller to Edgar Lee Masters on Theodore Dreiser and even, during his lifetime, to Padraic Colum on George Moore, only the most partial summoning up in retrospect of the many personality articles makes Esquire's pages seem a peopled forest wherein the distinguished have portrayed the celebrated as befits a magazine for men.

Sometimes the local color has lent an extra illumination to the facts, as in Tom Wolfe's evocation of the "good old boys" who have raised Junior Johnson to the rank of a folk hero in the field of Southern stock car racing. In other instances the personality of the "sitter" has been so dominant as to make you almost forget that there was a portraitist at work, as in the Lindbergh piece by Walter Ross or the famous *Kennedy Without Tears* by Tom Wicker, or the more recent *Requiem for a Lightweight* by Charles Mohr, from which the campaigning Goldwater stood forth with such startling naturalness. As against this, there have been instances when the sense of the author's presence has been the dominant determinant of the article's emotional impact, as in the case of Bill Buckley's moving account of the last days of Whittaker Chambers or Norman Mailer's essay on the Liston-Patterson fight in Chicago—which ran so much longer than the event it memorialized—or for that matter Mailer's unforgettable impression of Goldwater in the end zone of the last Republican Convention.

Considering these diversity of tone and treatment, it is immediately apparent that there is no such thing as a standard Esquire approach to any subject, and least of all to people. There may be such a thing as a typical *New Yorker* Profile, just as in the heyday of the likes of Clarence Budington Kelland and Octavus Roy Cohen and Arthur Train it could be maintained that there was such a thing as a typical *Saturday Evening Post* story. But Esquire has always been a magazine where what the author wants to say takes precedence over how the editor happens to feel as concerns any given topic. And we've always held, as Jefferson said of government, that he edits best who edits least. Perhaps that accounts in large measure for the fact that in a time of growing mechanization and standardization of so many aspects of life, more people are finding Esquire refreshing to the degree that we can now say that its guaranteed circulation, for the first time, will touch the million point before the year is out.

—A.G.

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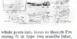
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Cold or no cold, this Pope (*Frank Sinatra Has a Cold*, by *Gay Talese*) can smoke, as sketched on our cover; his Swiss Guard is, with the usual clan spirit, simultaneously abetting him and fencing him in.

The Guard, as Mr. Talese explains, consists of layers and layers of people whose function is to interpret what, according to their lights, Mr. Sinatra wants. They thus constituted a major obstacle between author Talese and subject Sinatra, but they weren't the only one. For instance, the interview, which began on November 3rd, stretched out to six weeks because (1) The Cold killed the first two, (2) Sinatra didn't necessarily want an article done at all, partly because of some factors you will read about beginning on page 89, partly because he had had a great deal of recent publicity and he is a man highly sensitive to the saturation point of his audience, and (3) Sinatra knew that he had been showing symptoms of illness and fatigue, and a certain wariness was inevitable.

To quote Mr. Talese on all the frustration and delays involved: "The thing that made life possible was the Beverly Wilshire chambermaids, the sexiest I've ever seen. But even with all the waiting around, I never really got mad at Sinatra. I kept thinking this is all part of the demands he makes on himself. When I got back to New York writing the piece meant total involvement. I was so engrossed in his world that it was weeks before I even read a newspaper."

On the *process* of writing we quote Mr. Talese further and suggest that readers study this and Talese's working notes below carefully, since it is unlikely that the description will be duplicated in our time:



"Usually I rewrite a lot, dozens of revisions, and get so involved in my material that it's hard to stay objective. The problem in writing long pieces of course is detachment. Ideally, the piece should be put away for a couple of months. When I have a deadline, though, as I did this time, I can solve it with field glasses.

"First, I have two typewriters. One is an old standard that I bought from David Halberstam at a price far in excess of its worth. That's my typewriter for the first two drafts. I mark these up with nine different colored Japanese pens in my own code. I write in a small apartment with two goose-necked lamps with spotlights. When a page has been typed, I pin it (I'm a great pinner and stapler) to one wall that's covered with red felt. I turn out all the overhead lights and focus the spotlights on the copy and then go across the room and read it through my field glasses. The combination of spotlighting and sharpness and field glasses brings the whole piece into focus as though I'm seeing it in type two months later, as though somebody else had written it. It's instant detachment. The Sinatra piece ran to so many pages that the wall looked like a clothesline before I got done. Finally, when the piece and the words are right and I want to do an aesthetic job of typing, I switch to an Olivetti with letter type.

"Maybe it makes me sound like a nut, but it seems to work for me."

To depart from our text for a moment, there are a number of visual aspects to this issue that deserve comment. The Ed Sorel cover drawing of Frank Sinatra is our first nonphotographic cover in several years. Three other versions were prepared before the article was finished; when it was, Mr. Sorel and designer George Lois decided that a completely new interpretation was necessary, and this is it. Pete Turner's illustration for *Can This Joe Be President?* (pages 102-103) incorporates five exposures on one frame; as Art Director Sam Antupit remarked, the result throws an ordinary double exposure back into the darkroom. The entire golf section was laid out by Harvey Kurtzman, who will be designing a succession of features for us; the next will be in our July issue. Mr. Kurtzman is the creator of *Mad*, *Trump*, *Humbug* and *Help!* and the first to use the word *potrzebie* for effect alone.

Patriotism, by *Yukio Mishima*, is one of ten stories in a collection called *Death in Midsummer and Other Stories* to be published by New Directions this spring. Mr. Mishima, born in Tokyo in 1925, is one of the most prolific and highly praised of Japanese writers. His marriage in 1958 to the daughter of the painter Sugiyama was considered a linking of two of Japan's reigning artistic families. ☩

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Finally

Having just completed midyear finals I looked forward to reading and relaxing with my Esquire. Enjoy it I did . . . well almost. It's about your Woody Allen Ann-Margret article (*Attention! See Europe with the King of the International Set [Me] Not to Mention the Star's Star Ann-Margret* February). Without discussing the photographic content, which is a whole *other* story, I was surprised, and rather turned off by Woody Allen's happy, tawdry commentary . . . . His references to sex and male-female relationships in general lacked taste, humor and the quality usually found in Esquire. There is no reason in the world why your magazine should have to change its policies to draw in the dollars of some other crowd. They already have their magazine. I *hope* there are enough people in this country to support your magazine, a magazine which a friend of mine said was the magazine of the Thirties-Sixties and hoped would be the magazine of the Seventies.

So! No angry, beet-faced demands to cancel my subscription. Only a hope that Esquire retain its *own* type of happiness.

MICHAEL DAVID PRESTON
Berkeley, Calif.

That's *who* with Psyche? See painting, page 62, and Woody Allen's caption, page 63 (*Paris for Pussycats*), of your February issue.

ERNA M. FISHER
Miami, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In order of appearance, the principals should have been identified as (1) Psyche, (2) Cupid. Down in front, there, psyche.*

* * *

After reading about Ann-Margret in Europe, I'm still wondering if it was an article on what we the young moderns should see on a trip abroad, or if it was an article on how a young and sexy girl can get by in Europe on one dress and a pair of last year's boots.

JOEL THOMAS HICKEY
East Lansing, Mich.

Thank heaven for little . . .

Thank heaven for Jim Murray's article in February Esquire about Ronald Reagan (*Ronald Reagan to the Rescue!*****). Now I am sure he will be the future Governor of California and I am very elated to have this kind of man in our administration. Wish we had more like him and Goldwater. Thank you once again for making me see the light.

MRS. C. JAMES GAUGHAN
Brookfield, Ill.

* * *

Jim Murray's fascinating article regarding Ronald Reagan has one inadvertent factual error that should be corrected in justice to a hardy little band of men like Robert Montgomery, James Cagney and Boris Karloff, who stuck out their professional necks to make The Screen Actors Guild a genuine, vigorous union of actors right from its birth in 1933.

A previous organization under another name had sought to negotiate actors' contracts with the studios and it was this group that might be called "a nice little company union," the phrase used by Mr. Murray. The Screen Actors Guild was formed in 1933 in opposition to this "company union." Although it's a long time ago, we like to keep the record straight. We are sure that on reflection Jim Murray would not wish to pin the label of "company union" on the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Screen Actors Guild neither now nor thirty-three years ago. Ronald Reagan came into the picture a little later, joining the Guild Board of Directors by appointment in 1938.

CHARLTON HESTON
President
The Screen Actors Guild
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs, etc.

Re your articles (by Messrs. Tom Wicker, Malcolm Muggeridge and others) in the Esquires of June, 1964, November, 1965, and February, 1966, some words of wisdom:

In the intellectual world there is nothing worse than a closed and warped mind. For the intellectual, it is forbidden. Of the pseudo-intellectual, it is revealing.

WILLIAM J. SCANLON
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Sign of the four

Please permit me to comment on *Four Great Honest Mechanics* in the February issue.

I am familiar with three of the four gentlemen in question and heartily approve of your selections. John Healey of Tasca Ford Sales represents the most progressive Ford dealer in the U.S. Smokey Yunick is to be applauded for his Chevrolet efforts in Grand National events, and Phil Remington of Shelby American has to be one helluva guy to be with Shelby to begin with.

Your glaring errors: the only Mustang with a 421-cubic-inch V-8 would be Pontiac powered, you mean 427. Also, don't you mean testing body designs in a wind tunnel? I never thought an engine's aerodynamics were of paramount importance.

ETHAN DAVID GLUCK
Elberon, N.J.

How wide the tie?

I would like to place the following classified advertisement:

For sale, cheap: a tasteful collection of fat ties, including English foulards, rep stripes and polka dots in a wide assortment of colorings, all in perfect condition—not antiques but purchased within the past two years; must be seen to be appreciated, forced to sell because sentimental value destroyed when their existence was exposed by sensation-seeking journalist, although their market value remains undiminished inasmuch as the domestic source is

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yet a secret of the few; also available: a representative selection of detachable collars, both long-point and wing tip, some bearing laundry marking CAPOT, asking $1.25 per width inch (none less than five inches), but would gladly consider making trade for a bearskin great-coat à la Edward Gorey.

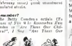
Is nothing sacred?

STEVEN R. NELSON
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esquire predicts sudden run on above offer, recommends (February issue) quick investment in related stocks.*

Remember?

Re Betty Camden's article (*To Those of You Who Remember Eric Linden in "Are These Our Children?", I Say "Are These Our*



Parents?" January): just where the hell have these people in their sixties been all their lives if they are bewildered over the current crop of European sex movies? Frankly, I think these old codgers are pulling someone's leg if they show such naivete—unless, of course, they've been locked up in somebody's attic for forty years.

Just remember these supposedly shocked old timers were the flappers and the [illegible] of the Roaring Twenties. Sure they drove Tin Lizzies, danced the Charleston and drank bathtub gin and somehow, from what I hear, they also learned a little bit about the opposite sex. So they don't understand today's movies? Come on now, who's kidding whom?

L.L. TEMPLE
Granby, Conn.

* * *

Apropos of Betty Camden's article, after writing to my sixty-two-year-old mother about how much I enjoyed the movie *Tom Jones* and that if it came to her local movie house she must certainly see it, I received a very curt letter almost by return mail which stated she had seen it and a more disgusting spectacle she had never witnessed! Her comment was "I understand it won some sort of award—it must have been for the scenery."

I wonder if our parents have forgotten where we came from. Watermelon seeds, mayhap, or perhaps a star in the East. We must not [illegible] any circumstances around them of our origins.

D.J. HENDRICKS
Leucadia, Calif.

The deselected

Oh! James McDonough has spit out what others of us hadn't the guts, energy or inclination to put down on paper (*Notes of a Peace Corps Reject,* January). I was one of those eighty-one trainees who lived through the agonies of Peace Corps training at St. Louis University. I, however, was not deselected, but rather chose to resign shortly before the plane left from Puerto Rico for Costa Rica. The primary reasons I reached this decision were that I did not want to be a part of an organization that (1) refused to take people the caliber of the McDonoughs and (2) chose to bury its justification for this action in Big Brother secrecy. [illegible]

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mentality, and idiotic word games. Also, as Mr McDonough points out, the selection process becomes an obsession. One ceases to examine and to evaluate his original reasons for wanting to be a Volunteer. All that matters is survival, winning the battle of wits and wills with the "shrink," of saying and doing what one can only guess is expected. The hour or so between final acceptance and oathtaking as a Volunteer is the only time for a battle-scarred, very weary trainee to realize the extent of what he has been through, of the hazy meaning behind committing oneself as a Peace Corps Volunteer.

More than a year has passed since we came to St. Louis, clasping our ideals (although no one admitted them), controlling our enormous enthusiasm happy—oh so happy—that we had found something to which we felt committed for which we would give up two years of more comfortable, more economically profitable life. What Mr McDonough has not said—and it is to his credit—is that he and his wife were "favorites" of the group; they rated near the top of almost every peer evaluation; they were acknowledged leaders. Their deselection ripped out the heart of our group, and yet no explanation was given. The big boss from Washington didn't seem to understand this. Our agonized questions as to why the McDonoughs had been deselected were whirled around in such a turmoil of Washington jargon and secrecy that they came out snowy white and bleached of intensity, all but meaningless. You can't fight that kind of mentality without spirit—and our spirit was broken. A few of us did petition Washington, asking for a reconsideration of the McDonough case. Our answer was the same polite letter the McDonoughs received in answer to their own plea.

We did have a "strong group" in Costa Rica III. What finally went to Costa Rica was not, by comparison, "strong." This was a group consisting of a few leaders (who, mostly by choice, maneuvered their survival), a few strong followers, and many too many bland, unimaginative but "good" people. I'm not saying that the latter should be excluded from duty, but that they should not be chosen over people like the McDonoughs.

If James McDonough's article can make the Peace Corps realize that they are losing the kind of people who give it laurels upon which to rest, then Hallelujah! If not, then soon the Peace Corps will have no deselection problems. All the trainees will be perfect children, ready for Mr Big from Washington to exercise his infallible judgment. And we can all rest assured that the Peace Corps has become a mediocre heaven, about as secure and stimulating as a civil-service job in our own hometowns.

Barbara B. Heath
New York, N.Y.

• • •

James McDonough described the Peace Corps' field-selection process as viewed by one man—himself.

Naturally, I object to words such as "surreptitiously," government "archaeologists" and "beady, dark eyes" when applied to our hard-working staff. And I can complain that while the selection officer did have a dark moustache, he had not "as rumor had it" worked for Army Intelligence during the war. But McDonough gives a fair description of our program at one site at one moment in time some fifteen months ago.

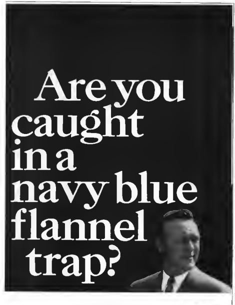
The Peace Corps learns and changes. So Esquire should take another look this spring and summer to find out what selection is like now.

Incidentally, our Volunteers do pretty well overseas, and one reason is we have such a careful screening.

Al Carp
Director
Division of Selection
Peace Corps
Washington, D.C.

• • •

As a recent P.C.D. (Peace Corps Deselectee), I laughed and cried as I read Mr. McDonough's entertaining and accurate article on the Peace Corps. The process of deselection has been perfected by the University of California which held all-night interviews (who is going to give a deselection officer a serious fight at two a.m.?), complete with tape recorders, glaring lights, and a psychiatrist with cowboy boots.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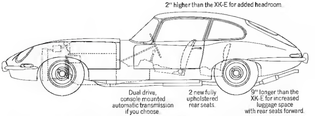
2" higher than the XK-E for added headroom.
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Jaguar. A different breed of cat.

Perhaps the whole purpose of this final interview is to make sure that deselection "was the right decision not only for the Peace Corps but for you" since I am sure no normal person can go through deselection without becoming a little less stable

JANET PETRUSKA
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

Photography

Henry Wolf, in his January article (*Photography for the Inept Sophisticate*), states parenthetically that the "f" in "f stop" stands for "focal length." It doesn't.

The *focal length* of a lens is the distance usually expressed in millimeters, between the optical center of the lens and the film plane upon which the lens is focused It is otherwise called "focal distance" or simply the "length" of the lens.

The "f" in "f stop" actually stands for "factor" It is the ratio between the *lens opening* and the *focal length*. "lens opening" being the diameter of the aperture circumscribed by the diaphragm

Thus, a lens with a focal length of 58 millimeters and a diameter of 40 millimeters when opened fully, would have an f stop of f/1.2s. A longer lens say an 80mm telephoto with the same diameter would have a maximum f stop of f/2 And so on

If I find any more nits in your otherwise bugless magazine, rest assured I'll pick them out for you. There's devotion.

CHARLES PITTS
Rochester, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE *Pitts correct though mistake not Wolf's but Esquire's. Regrets Stop.*

Tak

I enjoyed reading Sybille Bedford's interesting article on Denmark (*This Blessed Plot, This Earth This Realm, This Denmark*, December.

She claims, however, that Denmark has "no colonies, or overseas possessions."

In fact, Denmark controls both Greenland and the Faroe Islands, in addition to the Danish homeland. Greenland is an integral part of the kingdom, the Faroes have some home rule and an independence movement to boot!

THOMAS E. EICHHORST
St. Louis Mo

Book review, December

I comprehend Mr. Muggeridge's review
Of Sorensen's *Kennedy* (Harper & Row, $10)
His attack is Sorensen's *Kennedy*, I know
But one paragraph, of Muggeridge makes me wonder where,
Where was Malcolm during the Nixon TV debate?
If he saw Kennedy's young argue Nixon,
How can Mr. Muggeridge state
"Mr. Sorensen's book serves to confirm this impression . . .
The late President was obviously not a moron,
But he could have been one."
Then, there, no "ghost" bore his mind's face use,
Nor here, now, will it bear Mr Muggeridge's abuse

JACK LARSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr Larson wrote the libretto for Virgil Thomson's opera* Byron.

Christmas, A.B C.

Last July I looked over your ideas on how a teenager should dress and thought you were crazy, for at that time I dressed like the boy on the left. Recently I decided I was way out. My mother was very happy to finance my "Forget You're a Teen-ager" wardrobe.

If the picture were not in the middle of somebody else's film roll I would send you a picture of how I looked Christmas A B C.—After the Big Change—normal-length hair without bangs, navy blue suit with vest navy tie with red stripes, white shirt, and black oxfords—four-eyelet with moccasin toes (*blunt toes yet!*) I also have two other new Esquire-inspired outfits olive-green suit with madras tie and beige shirt and dark brown cordovan loafers, and a navy blazer—grey flannel-slacks outfit with blue-and white-striped tie, white shirt and dark brown cordovan loafers

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[illegible] Corvair [illegible] Sport Coupe [illegible] safety features [illegible]

Some of the most enthusiastic Corvair owners are people who thought driving was a bore

Take Trudy here, for instance—a girl who's outgrown the awkward stage in more ways than one

She found she had no patience with cars that are cumbersome to handle Or have a habit of spinning their wheels in mud or snow Or balk in front of hard-to-find parking places

She was at that point of life that many sophisticated drivers come to eventually She was ready for a Corvair

She quickly became hip to how Corvair's flat-cornering suspension straightens out crooked roads. She dug its tenacious rear engine traction Wherever she went, she was a real swinger at the wheel of this nimble, easy to-maneuver machine

Even so, she's still not as worldly wise as she likes to appear

Now she's got a schoolgirl crush on her Chevrolet dealer

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

CHEVROLET

CORVAIR—Unusual the Chevrolet way

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Where-to-Buy-It? See last page.

OUTDOORS

THOMAS WILLIAMS

I've been in love with two-wheeled vehicles ever since I had my first, at the age of four: a strange sort of bike with pedals on the front axle—a tricycle-like thing with only one wheel on the back. And I don't use the word 'love' lightly here, even though I find the word impossible to define, neither can I define any logical way my continuing relationship with machines that have caused me to break so many bones and to lose so much skin. It's not reasonable at all. In airplanes, for instance, which have been proved as safe as our general lives—safer than the bathroom, the basement or the bed, say—I'm as nervous as a wet cat. This probably has something to do with my lack of control over the monsters, I'll admit. But then one's control over a two-wheeled vehicle is pretty nominal at best, and when that modicum of control decides to disappear, nothing could be less visible. I once rolled a measured hundred feet down East Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena—an unforgettable experience in non-control. One second I was riding, and the next I was six to eight feet in the air, watching my motorcycle's taillight pass beneath me, a rather classic wingding. Both the headlight and taillight were broken in that accident. I tucked. A witness later told me that I resembled an oversized basketball. In that accident I lost some skin, blood, and the position of one kneecap, but not this weird and continuing fascination.

I don't want to go into any sort of amateur analysis of it. Besides, it's probably been done to someone or other's satisfaction. But I do like to remember one warm June night when this love ran true—a night of no particular significance except that I have never forgotten it.

I was twenty-one or twenty-two, an undergraduate who hadn't the slightest idea what he wanted to do in life except that someday it must change into meaning—become heroic, romantic, disciplined by style. I was on the G.I. Bill, drifting from one school to another and finding them more or less the same. At the time I was at the University of New Hampshire; next year I'd be at the University of Chicago. An aimless time, remembered without much nostalgia at all. There were girls to whom, I'm afraid, I could be attentive and then turn cruelly indifferent. I was writing my first novel, but hadn't yet come to believe it might be publishable, so even that possibility of a future seemed as unrealistic as any other daydream.

My motorcycle was an ancient Indian Pony, 1937 model, a two-cylinder four-stroke with a small frame for its time, but quite heavy compared to modern motorcycles. It had the old wide handlebars, and the saddle was farther back and lower than modern ones, so that you had the feeling of being down in, or driving, a beast whose knobs and dials rose up around you. The clutch was foot-operated and the gearshift was manual—a knob on a stick, as in a car. Your left hand controlled the accelerator, and your right the spark. Anyone who rides a motorcycle now will understand how archaic this arrangement was.

My main problem was tires. These were clincher rims, and this kind of tire was extremely scarce. My rear tire was smooth, but the casing was fairly healthy; my front tire was just plain weary and sick. It may have been on the wheel for more than ten years. The rubber was so tacky my fingers would stick to it and come away with a kissing noise, and every few miles the tire would lean sideways, somehow, so that it actually rubbed against the fork. When this happened I'd stop, get off, and kick it back into shape again. Needless to say, I hadn't driven the motorcycle very fast.

But this June evening a friend came into my dormitory room and said that he'd heard two guys saying that a dealer in Sanford, Maine, had two of these tires and they were going to buy them. At the moment, however, they were in a poker game, so I'd have a head start. My exams were over—even if they hadn't been I'd have taken off—and I was just hanging around wondering what I'd do for work that summer. I'd already sent my trunk home, so I packed my duffel bag with what remained of my things, turned in my key, strapped my gear on the Indian Pony and took off—all this in about twenty minutes.

It was one of those evenings when the air is so balmy, so benevolent, especially after a New Hampshire winter and spring, that one feels perhaps the human metabolism evolved correctly for this planet after all. And yet this benevolence of nature usually presages some violent reminder; a "weather breeder," it's called. Huge altocumulus clouds rose up

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along the horizon against the warm blue and in the distance what looked like a continuation of clear sky would flash pink, all in ominous silence, and that deceptive blue would turn out to be the side of still another cloud

I had thirty miles to go to Sanford with stops to reshape my front tire. I wasn't at all sure that the dealer in Sanford would sell me the tires—if he really had them—or if my sick tire would get me there in the first place I had enough money to buy the tires, but very little more

So I headed for Dover five miles away past the new green of the maples alongside the blacktop road, then to Rochester, nine more miles and then into Maine being very attentive to my front tire, riding carefully, with a brittle, nervous attention to bumps in the road Sixteen miles on Maine 202, and I came into Sanford just at dusk Before I'd even stopped to ask directions there was the place—a small shop attached to the owner's house He was there, even at this hour and yes, he did have the tires He even helped me change the front one a terrible job which took us over an hour The old tire came apart along the bead when we pried it off We marveled "Must have been going on habit," the dealer said. He was a young man skinny a motorcycle lover He charged me nothing for helping me change the tire

And since everything here is true, I have to say that the two poker players did turn up before I left just as we were tying the other tire over my duffel bag They were disappointed, but knew of no collusion "First come, first served" said the skinny mechanic. And then I was off the new front tire crisp and solid It was ten o'clock and I was headed for my home in Lebanon, New Hampshire, about a hundred miles away, all on winding blacktop roads through valleys and wild places, through towns that would soon be going dark, heat lightning and the balmy June night. The danger of my machine had suddenly lessened a degree, so I could play with a little speed lean like a flyer into the long turns and let the earth tilt I don't remember sound except for the hiss of the wind and even that was gentle controllable by a movement of my left wrist

I passed through the country towns of Northwood, Epsom, Gossville, Chichester, and then on the heights above Concord I came upon a scene in the road that worked perversely toward that night's pleasure—I don't know how. Several people stood in the road, and a policeman swung a red flashlight I'd slowed down, and was directed on past. But not before I'd seen, beneath the weak headlights of an old car—a Hudson Terraplane—an old woman flat on her back on the road as if laid out for her funeral. Her hair and face were grey as stone, and her hat, a round black thing, sat as solid as a pot beside her head Then I had passed, on down the long hill into Concord across the treacherous bridge over the Merrimack River That was a bridge to make any rider shudder if you fell on the metal gridwork of its roadway it would shred you like a carrot on a cheese grater

In Concord I stopped at the all-night diner for coffee and a hamburger No, I had a fried-egg sandwich which seems important somehow. The pepper shaker had big black grains of pepper in it, much bigger than usual, and I remember exactly how they scattered and stuck across the white

In Penacook I found an all-night gas station, and filled up The old man who ran it at night turned out to be another motorcycle

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lover and he told me how he rode belt drive Indians in 1926, on roads that were mostly gravel. "How far you riding tonight?" he asked. It was past midnight. "Lebanon," I said, conscious of envy. "That's a long ride. Hope the rain don't catch you," he said. Still those thunderheads moved along the horizon, flashing with no sound. I did have an Army poncho in my duffel bag but that wouldn't help much. "You got a chance," he said and I kicked down the starter, set the spark to its smoothest rumble, and went north.

In Boscawen by the big white church I bore left following Route 4 into the hills below Kearsarge through Salisbury, Salisbury Heights—towns of a few old houses, dark now. Few cars were out. Then Andover and Potter Place, small settlements along what was mostly woods with the branches of the trees flicking mile after mile, over my head. The emptiness of the woods is always close, on a motorcycle because if you slow or stop you are alone and naked already in the dark and a part of it. Not like a car, which is a room. Only your speed and the wavery hole your headlight cuts ahead of you give you some slight edge of independence from the night. It's risky; the trees seem to reach toward you as you pass.

Between Danbury and Grafton a car followed me for several miles and with this audience I was more conscious of my graceful lean into the curves, and what a daring figure I must seem as I pierced the darkness. At that age everything is referential; all lights are eyes. Perhaps a lovely girl drove that car, and measured the breadth of my shoulders. But at Grafton the car turned off toward Bristol, to the east, and I was alone again at speed. Grafton, Canaan, Enfield and the long, curving descent into Mascoma by the lake, and then the long hills above Lebanon.

Sometime in the morning I pulled up stiffened by the wind but still hearing its rhythms in my ears, at the White Owl Diner in Lebanon, no more than a few blocks from my home. Home was a place I didn't especially want to be—a destination too much like a starting place, and unworthy of my journey. As I had a cup of coffee in the diner, my Indian Pony waited upon its kickstand at the curb. Dark red, oily and warm, it had freed for me all those deserted miles and carried me across a whole state. I didn't want to stop, but I had nowhere else to go that night.

And of course my real life hadn't yet begun—if there ever was to be such a thing. G.I. Bill bum that I was, I wasn't sure at all, then, and maybe I'm not now. But there is that one spring night my Indian Pony, imperfect yet somehow faithful, carried me past certain borders I cannot forget—small triumphs and real dangers. If all the going of one's life could reverberate like that down through the years. ##

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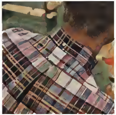

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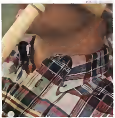

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

The first time I met Noah Greenberg, in 1953, he took me to a rehearsal by his recently formed New York Pro Musica Antiqua, which was preparing a program of vocal pieces by Salomone Rossi, Ebreo a contemporary and friend of Monteverdi e whose very existence had previously been unknown even to quite sophisticated musicians. By then his group had issued a recording of Banchieri's *Festino*, on a label which seemed appropriately named Esoteric. Both were immensely exciting musical events: significant music we had never heard before, professionally performed on pitch with crisp attacks and rhythmic vitality of a kind nobody ever expected to find in an American concert of Renaissance music.

Before Greenberg's group, Bach had been the early limit of our professionalism: the rest was coterie stuff for amateurs or hobbyists or musicologists whose talents lay in the library rather than on the stage. There were a few enlightening recordings from Europe, most notably by the Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels, which was Greenberg's inspiration. But Greenberg and the young artists he chose and trained demonstrated for us for the first time in live performance (which is where it counts) that the music of medieval and Renaissance Europe could be as meaningful to us as its paintings and buildings. As the years passed the New York Pro Musica became the international standard of vitality in this work, and immensely expanded the performable repertory of "early music" particularly from the fifteenth century and before. The story is one of triumphant progress, built on a unique and astonishing combination of talents. That combination is gone now. Noah Greenberg died in January, unbelievably, at the age of forty-six.

Only a man who had been trained as a composer could have worked much of this music into any kind of playable condition. Often enough, what Greenberg started from was simply a collection of pitches, with no length values for the notes, no indication of rhythm or tempo, no assignment of the parts to voices or instruments. Even the Renaissance material which had been published or copied in more sophisticated notation required substantially more than interpretation to revivify the music. A remarkable order of purely technical skill was required to make valid performing editions, and rehearsals were laboratory experiments as well as preparations for a concert.

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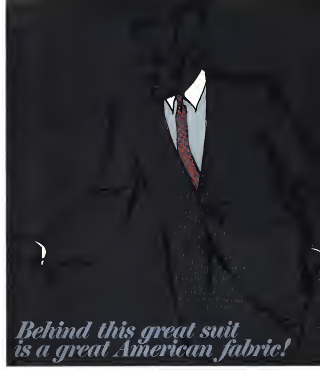
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music before Greenberg had comfortably assumed that a five-part piece by, say, Josquin was simply a matter of five vocal lines. But the paintings and literature of the period were full of instruments, and Greenberg could see no reason to believe that the instruments had not been used to accompany voices as well as to play dances. Unfortunately, none of these instruments except a few viols and recorders existed outside museums and some had disappeared completely. Pro Musica's tiny "portative organ," for example, which supplies a ready foundation for many pieces, was built to Greenberg's orders as a copy of something in a corner of the Ghent altarpiece. Perhaps Greenberg's most remarkable accomplishment was to plan and supervise the reconstruction of the whole Renaissance band and to prove that modern professionals could play these instruments with a fluency that made them convincing.

Performing was the heart of the matter. In his work with the scores, Greenberg seemed able to imagine himself a musician of the period, and then ask himself what he should do next, but all this scholarship and imagination would have counted for little without his breathtaking talent for finding first-rate young artists to whom he could communicate his insights, through whom he could project a performance. Greenberg was also necessarily a showman, in a quiet, serious way. The planning of the program, the arrangement of singers and instrumentalists on the stage, the costuming of the girls—all these elements were invariably right, so right one never noticed they had been carefully managed.

In 1957 Greenberg raised the money to stage a theatre piece, *The Play of Daniel*, which he reconstructed with scholars from a manuscript in the British Museum. (Typically, the scholars had nervous moments about his instrumentation, especially the bright finger bells. When it came time to publish the performing edition, Greenberg suggested to them that perhaps he should eliminate some of the more colorful touches; none of them would hear of it.) Handsomely costumed and cleverly staged, framed by a rhymed narration written by W. H. Auden, *Daniel* became a regular feature of the New York Christmas season, and Pro Musica took it to Europe in 1960. "It was a sure hit," Greenberg liked to say. "It ran a hundred years in Beauvais." In 1963 a second medieval drama, *The Play of Herod*, was successfully added to the repertory.

Greenberg's showmanship was contained within a firm sense of propriety for his productions. The first European trip almost fell through because he would not perform *Daniel* in a theatre. It was a church piece, and he demanded a church. In Paris, Pro Musica played St. Germain-des-Prés; in England it became the first attraction in history for which Westminster Abbey sold tickets. Last spring, *Daniel* was taped at The Cloisters, New York's medieval museum, for educational television. (It was broadcast repeatedly during the Christmas season.) What almost nobody outside the organization knew, because Greenberg did not believe in vulgar publicity, was that he had turned down eight times as much money to tape *Daniel* for a network. The network had insisted that the piece be cut to 52½ minutes, with breaks for commercials, and Greenberg had not put years of his life into scholarship for *that*. When Pro Musica needed money, however, he could operate; over the course of thirteen years he raised close to three-quarters of a million dollars from foundations to support its research and reconstruction activities (the performances were self-sustaining).

In 1963 Greenberg said he had two ambitions: he

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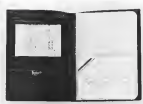

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wanted to make this music a continuing part of the American scene, and he wanted it to be a living for professional performers. These dreams seemed then on the edge of certifiable insanity, but the first of them has now been realized and the second has begun to look plausible. Pro Musica's annual tours have repeatedly carried the ensemble coast-to-coast, with return appearances not only at universities but in Community Concerts, at Chicago's Ravinia, in festivals. (The company draws crowds, too. I once heard them in Albuquerque, in an arena which had held a basketball game the night before and would have the Clay-Liston telecast the night after, and there were almost 4,000 people in the audience.) Subsidiary groups like The Renaissance Band and The Motet Choir are winning an increasing (and deserved) welcome. With the help of the Young Audiences movement, a talented second string for the Pro Musica touring group has been trained through public appearances in schools.

All these activities will continue, and Pro Musica will add next year, as Greenberg had planned, a touring drama group. He built too strongly and too securely for his death to destroy what he had done. It is the ultimate tribute to his quality. There are other tributes. In Germany, in Poland, in Latin America groups have formed in proclaimed imitation of the New York Pro Musica. American conservatories using Pro Musica performing editions have added instruction in this repertory to the standard programs of their students. Russell Oberlin, whose countertenor voice, never forced or falsetto, had been the main audience attraction of Pro Musica's early years, once said that before he met Greenberg he had never even known there was such a repertory; any subsequent Oberlin will have better guidance from the start. Nevertheless, as W. McNeil Lowry of the Ford Foundation said the day Greenberg died, "He comes as close as anyone his age to being irreplaceable in the arts."

There is something else to say, too, though it is perhaps uncanonical to do so here. Noah will also be irreplaceable as a friend in the private lives of literally hundreds of people. Whatever image comes to your mind when you think of a conductor of early music, you can discard it; Noah wasn't like that. There was nothing artsy-craftsy about him at all. He was a big man with a gravelly voice that always had an edge of enthusiasm in it, and he spoke in the accents of the streets of New York. Trained as a musician before the war, he had spent five years as a master machinist in the merchant marine (visiting music libraries in ports of call) and had been an officer of the National Maritime Union—indeed, his career as a choral conductor began when the International Ladies Garment Workers Union hired him into its music-education program after he had

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been thrown out of the N.M.U. for premature anti-communism. His interests were contemporary as well as antiquarian, in both music and politics, and he was an omnivorous reader. His conversation was simultaneously the most serious and the most entertaining of anyone I knew, overflowing with information and observations, a by-product of the great career of an extraordinarily intelligent American who had been all over the intellectual and geographical world—from Kuala Lumpur to Mar del Plata to Tashkent to Oklahoma City—and had kept his eyes open.

When the group returned from its Russian trip in the Fall of 1964, for example, Noah was brimming with the experience of the Hermitage (not only the paintings, but also the rooms of gold *objets*); he had a tape you had to hear of Georgian folk music and a theory that though Russian Medieval music was all monodic, European polyphony had been invented in the Caucasus; he had stories of the eerie day before Khrushchev was ousted, and the music professor in Central Asia who was in the grapevine and had got the word; he was raising money to buy a good French oboe for a skilled Soviet orchestral player whose instrument was a scandal, and much, much else. He must have left behind him in Russia, too, a trail of people who were looking forward to the next time they would see him. I had some indication of what Pro Musica's visits meant when I went to South America last fall, a few months after Noah's tour there and looked up a few people whose names he had mentioned. Those phone calls were an experience in themselves: to come as a friend of Noah's was to be not merely welcome, but in demand.

Pace John Donne, we all stand alone. The loss of Noah Greenberg leaves a separate void in the lives of many more of us than any one of us can know.

Even a record critic will cherish recordings at these moments. The New York Pro Musica was formed originally for recording purposes, and made a record before it ever gave a concert. The discography, which follows, runs twenty-eight items. I have listed at the top the five recordings which strike me as most likely for people who have never heard this sort of music before; thereafter the list is chronological, in reverse order. Out-of-print records, which may be available in your library if not in the store, have been marked with an asterisk.

The Play of Daniel (Decca)
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XVth Century Netherlands Masters (Decca)
Early Baroque Music of Germany (Decca)
Josquin des Pres (Decca)
Spanish Music of the Renaissance (Decca)
Sacred Music of Thomas Tallis (Decca)
Music of the Medieval Court and Countryside (Decca)
**Elizabethan Verse and Its Music* (Columbia)
**Salomone Rossi, Ebreo* (Columbia)
Anthology of Renaissance Music (Period)
Songs of Henry Purcell (Esoteric)
English Medieval Carols and Christmas Music (Esoteric)
Thomas Morley (Esoteric or Counterpoint)
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The Buick Golf Course

(How to play the game—to win. And how to quit gracefully if you don't.)

First, a few general words: try to remember golf is only a game. When your golf score becomes more important than your bank balance, you may be taking the game too seriously. (Or you're too rich.) And when you forget either your wife's first name or what the kids look like, you may be playing too much. Watch it. And good luck.

1 Now then. Always drive a Buick to the golf course. (You knew we were going to say that, didn't you?) And once there, keep your head down. Some experts recommend thinking of your neck as the hub of a wagon wheel, with your swing rotating smoothly around it. Take that suggestion with reservations: bulky things on the neck can impede your swing.

2 Now a few words of encouragement: what could be easier than putting a little white pill into 18 small holes in the ground? Or more healthful? When approaching the ball, think of your left arm and the club handle forming a straight line, shoulder to club-head. (When approaching the clubhouse in your Buick, make sure your seat belt forms a straight line across your lap.)

3 Watch yourself in the backswing, please: try not to let your right knee sway back and forth. If you do, you'll develop what golfers call "right-knee-sway." It's not good.

4 About that new Buick of yours. Do not drive it onto the fairway. Most courses provide electric carts. While not nearly as luxurious as Buicks, they are usually adequate, and have the advantage of not arousing jealousy and other bad feelings among the players. (The 1966 Buick is the tuned car, as you know. You wouldn't want a beautiful thing like that hit by a golf ball, would you?)

5 Try to keep your back straight. Not too straight. Pretty straight. Moderately straight. Sort of... not bent.

6 Keep your head still as you swing. There's another good reason not to park your Buick (beautiful, isn't it?) on the fairway. Looking at it, other players may not keep *their* heads still, and you could be hit with a golf ball.

7 The grip. Relax the 8 carpal bones. Apply left metacarpus to handle, then right metacarpus. (The left posterior, the right, anterior.) Engage the 28 phalanges in general transverse curve—sequentially, but with the right minimus and the left index transposed. (The minimus outside.) The 2 pollex or appositional digits will be contiguous, above the handle, forming complementary extensions of the radial-ulnal projection. Now hang on.

8 Distribute your weight evenly between feet; keep most of it on your heels. (Seems strange, doesn't it?) But not too much. Falling over backwards is not good form.

9 Keep your eye on the ball—before and after shooting. This enables you to hit the ball in the first place and find it in the second. (Stop staring at the Buick Riviera up there. You'll never learn golf that way.)

10 Now—let's face it, these things happen—you may not succeed at golf. (You're probably fine at cribbage.) Do not impulsively wrap those expensive clubs around a tree. Whistle casually. Place the clubs carefully in the trunk of your Buick. Drive home—laughing all the way—and quietly bury them behind the garage. That way, no one need know you've tried and failed, and next Saturday they'll be conveniently at hand when the fever strikes again. Again, good luck. (You might like to know the Buick Open will be June 9-12. Then again, maybe you wouldn't.)

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Where-to-Buy-It? See last page

DWIGHT MACDONALD

Cosa Nostra

I'm not looking forward to the movie version of *In Cold Blood*. Otto Preminger, at least, is out of the running, judging from reports of a recent hot-blooded altercation he had with an agent named Irving (Swifty) Lazar. Mr. Preminger, under the impression he "had been promised first crack at film rights" for this valuable property, learned Swifty had sold it to Columbia Pictures, and when the Lazars ran into the Premingers at the '21' Club (where else), one thing led to another. Mrs. Lazar slapped Mr. Preminger ("suddenly," says the conscientious report in *Newsweek*, lest the reader think it was one of those gradual slaps). Mr. Lazar "smashed a water goblet against Otto's forehead," and it ended with the party of the first part filing a charge of felonious assault against the party of the second part. "He gave me no warning. Talk about cold blood!" Mr. Preminger told the reporters, rising to the occasion as usual—there was also a memorable shot of him, through a taxicab window, clutching his formidable brow with an expression of incredulous outrage as blood trickled down his Stroheimesque man-you-love-to-hate jowls. A great showman. And I'm sure the editors of *Cahiers du Cinema* and other auteur theorists, who detect dramatic virtues in Preminger's movies that I can find only in his personality, will agree that by the time this appears Swifty and Columbia between them will probably have found some even less talented old Hollywood directorial hand into which to drop this plum on the right terms.

Even if the movie is as expertly contrived as the book, which is unlikely because of the commercial passions it arouses—when the box office speaks, the Muses are silent—even then I doubt it will rise above its source. And why should they try? Mr. Capote has constructed with enormous pains and skill an artifact that works efficiently in its own terms, appealing to the whole range of the mass audience, from the most to the least sophisticated. He invested six years of his life on the research and writing and he deserves his millions as much as John D. Rockefeller, Henry Luce, Somerset Maugham and other hard-working hardheaded entrepreneurs deserved theirs. But let's not exaggerate. Mr. Capote talks grandly about "the nonfiction novel" as a breakthrough out of the impasse the novel has reached in our time—and indeed long before our time; the novel has been dying ever since it was invented. Jane Austen and Stendhal revived it from suffocation by the Defoe-Fielding-Richardson tradition, and a small case could also be made for Sir Walter Scott's romantic pulmotor. James and Joyce and Proust rescued it from inanition a century later; the French antinovelists in our time have smothered it with their efforts at resuscitation, and now Mr. Capote. But despite the dedication with which he collected his massive research—"My files would almost fill a whole small room, right up to the ceiling"—and the cleverness with which he has deployed it for maximum effect, including such movie techniques as the Griffith cross-cutting in the first chapter between the Clutter family and the steadily approaching death car, the 'establishing' long shots of the Kansas milieu, the psychological close-ups of the killers, the death-row prison background, with the other condemned killers playing bit

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grotesque counterpointed against the decent normal home life of the chief detective and his wife—despite all this craftsmanship he has achieved not a breakthrough but rather a *tour de force* whose limitations are not apparent because it is *cosa nostra*, our thing. With the unerring touch of a bad dentist he hits and keeps hitting a sensitive nerve of our time, as is obvious from the response—instant best sellerdom, the four issues of *The New Yorker* in which it appeared selling out on the stands faster than any issues in the magazine's forty-year history, *The New York Times* Sunday book section giving six pages to an interview with him by George Plimpton, an absorbing document because of the skill of the questions and the frankness of the answers, plus a less fascinating front-page review by Conrad Knickerbocker which retells the story as reverently as if it were the siege of Troy, contains on close analysis no traces whatever of deleterious criticism, and ends not with a whimper but with a bang: "[Capote] broods with the austerity of a Greek or an Elizabethan. . . . *In Cold Blood* presents the metaphysics of anti-realism through a total evocation of reality." (Earlier he observed "The tragedy was existential.") "Not the least of the book's merits is that it manages a major moral judgment without the author's appearance once on stage. . . . Mr. Capote has restored dignity to the event. His book is also a grieving testament of faith in what used to be called the soul."

Mr Knickerbocker's "total evocation of reality" puzzles me because what seems most dubious to me about Capote's "nonfiction novel" is its claim to documentary truth. I don't doubt every fact in it can be found somewhere in that small room full of data, though I wish he had given some indications of where he got what, nor am I reassured by his remark to Plimpton: "I think I may burn it all. The book is what's important. It exists in its own right. . . . I don't really want people poking around in the material of six years' work and research." But facts can lie as much as the camera can; they are part of the truth but they are not the truth. It makes a difference which facts are chosen ("One must be a 'literary photographer,' though an exceedingly selective one") and also how they are arranged: "In the nonfiction novel one can also manipulate: if I put something in which I don't agree about I can always set it in a context of qualification. . . ." The very qualities that make the book such a remarkable *tour de force*—the author's intelligence, his sense of form and the strength of his personality—play an ambiguous role. The answers he got to his questions, which constitute the bulk of his data, were to some extent shaped by the questions and by his relation to the respondents. In the case of Perry Smith, this was extremely close and lasted for years right up to the day Perry left him, with a kiss, to go out to be hanged. The quote every reviewer includes is Perry's remark about Mr. Clutter: "I thought he was a very nice gentleman. Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat." This is indeed terrific, summing up the dark side of our age, but may not Perry Smith, in that long intimacy with his fascinating and dominating literary friend, have become a Truman Capote character? Interviewing someone many times over a period of years—and Smith wasn't the only informant of which this was true—may set up a feed-back, a ventriloquial effect. "He was a really talented boy, in a limited way," Capote told Plimpton, "he had a genuine sensitivity [and] when he talked about him

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"Then I want to tell you about the really funny thing that happened this afternoon when I was trying to park the car."

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Officer Wilkerson isn't supposed to go after speeders. But one day (in 1965) he chased one. And caught him. It's hard to say who was more suprised.

Car S-5 still averages 29 miles per gallon. It still doesn't use any oil between changes. And it's never had a breakdown.

After a year and a half of continuous use, it had its clutch replaced, and its valves adjusted.

That is all.

self as an artist he wasn't really joking at all He added that when Perry asked him "Why are you writing this book?", he said he had "no moral reasons worthy of calling them such. It was just that I had a strictly aesthetic theory about creating a book which could result in a work of art. And Perry would laugh and say 'What an irony!' And he'd tell me that all he ever wanted to do in his life was to produce a work of art. That's all I ever wanted in my whole life he said And now what has happened? I kill four people and you're going to produce a work of art ' Capote adds with that detachment that is one of his most admirable traits, Well I'd have to agree with him It was a pretty ironic situation. Admirable but kind of creepy too as one reads in *Newsweek*. [The book] will have a fantastically wide readership—cutting across all levels from thriller fans to pundits concerned about the future of man, criminology and art. In the meantime Capote speeds from interview to interview from a thousand-copy book signing to the making of a documentary movie. 'A boy has to hustle his book' he chortles At the moment his prime concern is decorating his new Manhattan apartment.'

The other puzzling thing about Mr Knickerbocker's peroration is that 'moral judgment,' restoring 'dignity to the event,' and "a grieving testament of faith' in 'the soul" are precisely what I don't find in the book. I agree with the author that he wrote it for artistic and not moral reasons—to such an extent that a serious artistic flaw is its failure to present any moral attitude, indeed any attitude to the terrible events it so effectively narrates The title cuts two ways, as I think the admirably frank author has noted somewhere The kind of coldblooded detachment requisite to his conception of 'the nonfiction novel' limits its artistic scope as may be seen by comparing *In Cold Blood* with two fictional novels about neurotically motivated murders *Crime and Punishment* and *The Stranger* Capote has just enough freedom of selection and manipulation to make the result not quite truthful but not enough to make it a work of art He is hobbled by his self-imposed limitation to 'the facts' he can extract from other people ("My feeling is that for the nonfictional novel to be entirely successful the author should not appear in the work") At best his "nonfiction novel" is a virtuoso triumph like a chess master playing twenty opponents blindfolded or a fighter with one hand tied behind his back—or Dr Johnson's comparison of a woman's preaching to a dog walking on its hind legs "It is not done well but you are surprised to find it done at all" Since Dostoevsky and Camus could invent what they needed they could express their ideas about the meaning of their fictions, could make their own moral judgments and give some human relevance, thus dignity to "the event" The former created characters who talk much, and expressively to his purpose—there are plenty of remarks as memorable as Perry Smith's in *Crime and Punishment* The latter used a different method a deliberate sparseness almost banality of description and dialogue that renders his sense of the hero's alienation and anomie better than any transcript however shrewdly edited of sloppy, garrulous contradictory reality.

Coming at last to the movies, I think *In Cold Blood* is a 'natural' for filming today for the same reasons that it is an instant, one might say a pre-frozen, best seller Namely and roughly, (1) its subject is

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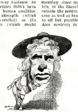
an atrocious crime which found the victims helpless and (2) the motor of the action is abnormal psychology.

(1) It's become unfashionable to object to subject matter and with some reason when one remembers that *Madame Bovary*, *Ulysses* and *Sister Carrie* were once attacked as "sordid," "unpleasant," etc. But I think Capote's subject may be objected to on the same grounds that a cat playing with a mouse may be: that it is morally unedifying—prurient might be a more up-to-date term—and not interesting dramatically. It is a one-way business: no conflict: the Clutters didn't have a chance: their human qualities, the husband's strength (which might have prevailed) or the wife's weakness (which might have aroused pity) didn't and couldn't, given the circumstances and the psychology of the killers, make any difference. Although Capote takes pains to describe them as individuals, the Clutters were depersonalized by the event that overwhelmed them. This is not tragedy where the conflict of character determines the catastrophe, but more like a traffic accident. Homer could make an epic of the bloody, barbarous Trojan war because there was enough equality in the opposing forces for their human qualities to make a difference; the gods intervened, but they had conflicting loyalties. An *Iliad* in which all the gods were on one side would have been like what happened to the Clutter family—not a very interesting *Iliad*. For the same reason the Nazi death camps or our atomization of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are horrors beyond tragedy, unsuitable to art because the victims were helpless before a catastrophe that had no more relation to their characters, motives or actions than an earthquake.

(2) The depersonalization of the victims is matched by that of their executioners, who kill for reasons of abnormal psychology so removed from rationality as to be unpredictable and almost accidental. (The psychotic motives behind the Nazis' massacre of the Jews is obvious, but our government's decision to obliterate those two cities seems to me to also have its peculiar aspects.) These depersonalizations are in terms of plot, of why what happens that does happen. Capote goes to much greater, and more successful efforts to describe the contrasting personalities of the two murderers than he gives to their four victims—the material was, of course, much more extensive, also the actor is in general a more interesting subject than those he acts upon—and each of the six, killers and killed, does emerge as an individual. But this individuality, this humanity played no part in determining the fate of the Clutters and very little in deciding the actions of Perry Smith and Dick Hickock. The objection to introducing a mentally disturbed person into a drama, whether as criminal or as victim, is that he or she is by definition a "wild" card in the pack, unfair artistically, since anything can happen, and severely limiting the human or moral or general meaning, since madness is eccentric, in the literal sense of being outside the central human experience as well as being impenetrable to all but psychiatric specialists. Also contrary to popular belief, the madder, the duller. The cat is no more edifying or interesting than the mouse.



In practical, or box-office, terms however, I must admit the above views are in the minority. Today a little touch of sadomasochism makes the whole world kin. *Cosa nostra.* Alfred Hitchcock, as skilled and cold-blooded a craftsman as Truman Capote, a dealer in shock as another might go in for dry goods, who is constantly experimenting on the nerves of his audience like a mad scientist in the kind of film he has always been too sophisticated to make—Hitchcock began the present cycle with *Psycho*. Like *In Cold Blood*, it had an immediate and enormous success with both the public and the critics (though see my review of October, 1960) and like Capote's book, it fits neatly into the sadomasochistic genre described above. The victims are completely at the mercy of the killer because like the audience they don't *realize* he is crazy, really crazy—he thinks he's his mother—and so the hard-boiled detective is as helplessly surprised when Tony Perkins swoops down on him in drag as Janet Leigh had been in her shower. At the end, Hitchcock made a halfhearted stab at explaining how Tony had gotten that way but his psychiatrist sounded as peculiar as his patient. The customers didn't care: they had gotten the two nasty little shock-thrills they had come for, one of them especially delicious: a pretty naked—thus *really* helpless—young woman stabbed to death in two orgiastic minutes of powerfully cut, angled, lit and photographed film, and involving no human passion or motives; she chanced to stop at a motel run by a homicidal maniac, could happen to anybody, just one of those things. Later Hitchcock

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And in the next few months Grove will publish *Barbarella*, the French comic strip for adults that's too grown up for France; *Story of O*, possibly the most famous underground classic of this era; *491*, the book that inspired the Swedish movie recently forbidden entry by the U.S. Customs; William Burroughs' new novel *The Soft Machine*, and a book by the Swedish doctor Lars Ullerstam which has caused a storm of controversy in Europe, a bill of rights for *The Erotic Minorities*, plus many more.

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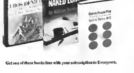

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carried the gears to its nuttiest limit with *The Birds* (see my column of October 1963) which showed man the hitherto unchallenged grand champion of predators as the helpless victim of—birds and not even birds of prey but law-abiding species like gulls and starlings and sparrows which suddenly for unexplained reasons (maybe kind of like a mutation you might say from them bombs and flying saucers and fluoridization and all) attack *Homo sapiens* and definitely have the upper hand by the time the movie ends. It was an ultimate the heavies were even less predictable and harder to reason with than psychotics But there is a limit to everything and *The Birds* didn't repeat the success of *Psycho*

Some recent examples are Wyler's *The Collector*—an obsessed young man captures and imprisons a sane young woman, who finally dies after lingering cat-and-mouse play. Losey's *King and Country*, in which both parties are damaged, the victim being a British private of extraordinary feebleness of mind and will who is finally executed as a deserter after two hours of downhill no-contest chivying about by his officers who are as stupid as he is; and Chabrol's *Landru* a tedious and repellent series of murders by a confidence man who is less attractive and much less sane than any of the wives he murders The steady deterioration of Monica Vitti's psyche in Antonioni's last three films is also alarming In *La Notte* she was a rich young heiress who suffers from some murky trauma but was still gay and whimsical, by *Eclipse* she was much more disoriented—also for unexplained reasons—to such an extent she became bored with Alain Delon, and in *Red Desert* she is going through a complete nervous breakdown—this time the cause is given, an automobile accident that happened before the film begins—and barely reacts to any stimuli from the outside world

The genre is now so well established that it has begun to parody itself like the James Bond movies The pop *Psycho* was Aldrich's *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* which was camp to the cognoscenti and Grand Guignol to the ignoscenti and so made a lot of money. *Hush Hush, Sweet Charlotte* followed by the same director and with two aging stars again making monkeys out of themselves well-paid psychoneurotic monkeys There was also *Strait-Jacket* ("from the author of *Psycho*, the director of *Homicide* and the costar of *Baby Jane*") whose ads began "WARNING! *Strait-Jacket* vividly depicts ax murders."

And now there is

Repulsion,

the purest exercise in homicidal mania yet made and the most singleminded. *Psycho* begins with a deliberately misleading half hour of everyday life, or what passes for such in Hitchcock's world in this case adultery and embezzlement and he keeps bringing us back to the prosaic so his little shocks will be more unexpected But in *Repulsion* there is no compromise the note is struck at once and is held all through the film. Made by Roman Polanski, the clever young Polish director who gave us *Knife in the Water* two years ago financed by an English company, shot in London and acted by an English cast except for the young French actress Catherine Deneuve, who is excellent in the leading part *Repulsion* shows that our thing, *cosa nostra*, is international For two and a half hours Mr Polanski takes us step by step through Miss Deneuve's descent into madness, and with so subtle a mastery of detail that I should think it might make a good training film for classes in abnormal psychology The first hint, for instance, that more was wrong than a tendency to daydream comes during a chat with her older sister in their sunny morning kitchen, the camera moves up close behind her blonde mane as she talks, then abruptly, with no relation to the dialogue her hand darts up and begins to scratch greedily, and somehow insanely, at her shoulder

An interesting film for specialists but why do the rest of us want to see it and why did Polanski want to make it? He keeps himself out of *Repulsion* as antiseptically as Capote and Hitchcock detach themselves from their products which as in their case diminishes the meaning of his work Is he trying to tell us something more than the brutal "facts" In the case and if so what and why? Perhaps he was intrigued by the technical challenge of making something out of a limited subject perhaps he felt some secret unacknowledged attraction to the theme, perhaps he wanted to make an "entertainment" film—the quotes are intentional—in the West that would be successful enough to get him other jobs in the richer, greener, freer pastures this side of the Iron Curtain If the last, it seems to have worked at the box office if the middle, I hope his id enjoyed itself (mine didn't), If the first, he does make mental disease as dramatic as it can be made, which is not very

The first hour of *Repulsion* is as brilliant, fluent inventive and beautifully controlled cinema as I've seen since Bergman's *The Silence*—another example of the genre come to think of it, a milder one, with neurosis instead of psychosis and sexual instead of physical violence Also, while Bergman's symbolism of a society whose people can't communicate with each other didn't work very well at least he tried for a larger meaning, Polanski doesn't even try The note of repulsion—for once a movie is perfectly titled—that is, of the threatening ugliness of life as it looks to the girl (the other players talk and behave in an exaggerated aggressive way, often emphasized by close-ups), is masterfully struck in the opening shot perhaps a trifle too masterfully a withered be-ringed hand hangs down to be clasped by a smooth young hand, camera moves up the scrawny arm dangling limply (operating table? morgue?) to a frightening African witch doctor's mask in white clay with two sodden pads over the eyes, another young hand lifts one pad off, an eye glares at us from a wrinkled face the camera pulls back and we realize we are in nothing more ominous than a beauty parlor. For the next hour, as the girl's psychosis deepens, we see her dislike of her sister's lover, compounded of distaste for his coarseness (and also, perhaps, envy of her sister's enjoyment of his virility), slowly change into a horror of sex, of males including her own romantic—and platonic—young admirer and of life itself. Repulsion It is all done with style and

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economy: the sister's sighs and moans in bed with her lover in the next room that keep the girl awake at night; ribald asides after her of some street workmen cut to a close-up of the tired food on her plate in a cheap restaurant; metaphors that are part of the story, not dragged in, like the skinned rabbit, as gruesome when it is first taken out of the fridge, curled in on itself like an embryo and horribly glistening, as when it later hardens and crusts in decay; or the neglected potatoes on the drainboard sprouting ever more disgustingly—really shocking close-ups—or the street band of three old men shuffling along, one of them bent almost double and perpetually walking backward—which makes it for some reason very depressing; her face distorted into grossness and lunacy by the round bulge of a polished tea kettle; a quarrel with her sister while a brutal all-in wrestling match pounds away on the telly.

The ominous squalor of everyday life has not been photographed with more loving care since *Greed*. But Stroheim was making a comment on existence, not giving us a case history; Trina and McTeague drive each other close to madness but not over the edge; at their most obsessed, they move us because they are not fundamentally different from us. In the first hour of *Repulsion* the girl is still in some contact with reality and so we can at least be interested, even though the director's extreme detachment makes it hard to feel much for her. But after the older sister leaves her alone in the flat to go on a trip to Italy with her man she loses contact, her world shrinks physically to the flat she dares not leave and psychologically to the narrow, repetitive, tedious world of madness, and Polanski begins to be stifled by the eccentricity of his theme. Although she murders first her young admirer and then her landlord in gruesome and well-acted scenes (the English supporting cast is very good), somehow the last hour-plus drags more and more. Some of Polanski's ideas for showing her mental state are very good: the sudden widening of cracks in the walls (with shivery music), her first hallucination of being raped—she sees a door blocked by a wardrobe pushed open, the light from the hall growing as the wardrobe topples noiselessly, and a shadowy man (who looked to me like her sister's lover) runs in grinning and hairy, seizes her and pushes her face down on the bed while she screams silently—the hallucination being indicated by the absence of sound. But then it happens again, and again, and I felt the director was getting as desperate as his heroine, especially when he has her flee down a long hallway while male hands thrust through the walls to grab her. Okay for Cocteau but a discord in Polanski's realistic style, a lapse of taste, what the trade calls too "indicative," also corny. As was the denouement, the discovery by the sister and her man, when they get back from Italy, of what's happened in the flat. A delicate moment because only the most precise, underkeyed direction could have avoided giggles from the audience as they see the reactions to one body submerged in the bathtub and the other lying under an overturned sofa with his feet sticking out. But Polanski loses his cool and begins to direct like Kazan or Visconti. The sister comes in first, glimpses the body in the bath, begins screaming and pointing toward the bathroom; her man comes in with the bags, tells her to shut up and, when she doesn't, cuffs her around Kazanesque. He's a tough guy but I think he might have noticed that wildly stabbing finger and taken a peek into the bathroom before beating her up. Then instead of looking around the flat to see what else has happened and where the sister is, he rushes out to phone the police and she collapses, enabling Elia Kazanski to heighten a scene that needed lowering by bringing in a horde of neighbors attracted by the noise, who carry on like an operatic chorus. One of them, an aged man in a bathrobe, totters into the living room, sees the feet of the other corpse, and totters out registering shock so violently the scene got a laugh that could not have been the director's intention. The last shot is of the sister's man picking up Miss Deneuve, whom somebody discovered under a bed, and bearing off her limp body (whether dead or alive wasn't clear to me) with the same kind of grin her hallucinatory ravisher had had. I hope this similarity was unintentional.

Book List

Movies: the History of an Art and an Institution by Richard Schickel, Basic Books, $4.95. One of many lacunae in cinema literature, a body that consists mostly of holes, is a decent general history. I know because I've been looking for one to use as a text in a course I will be giving in movie history and criticism at the University of Texas by the time this appears. There are three good limited works: Anderson-Richie's *The Japanese Film* (Grove, 1960), Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* (Princeton, 1947) and Lewis Jacobs' *The Rise of the American Film* (Harcourt, 1939—it is good news he is now bringing it up to date). But the only two attempts at a general international history I've found in English are the Bardeche-Brasillach *History of Motion Pictures* translated by Iris Barry, which is both out-of-date (Norton, 1938) and mediocre, and Arthur Knight's *The Liveliest Art*, which is more recent (Macmillan, 1957) and even more mediocre, an undiscriminating mass of tepid pottage—see my review in *The New Yorker*, March 15, 1958—that is useful only for its ten-page index of film titles.

Mr. Schickel had a chance to fill the gap. It's too bad he's merely fallen into it. His work is ambitiously labeled "A Culture & Discovery Book," a series the publishers define, with professional optimism, as "combining sophistication of approach, individuality of style and simplicity of exposition." He achieves the last

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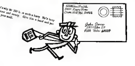
"Unlike Mary Pickford ... Chaplin was a screen artist of genuine distinction. There have been a thousand Pickfords through the years. There has been but one Chaplin." How true. In his once-over-lightly prose, Renoir's *Rules of the Game* is summarized as "a movie that combines farce with elegance"—a peculiar mixture except for Lubitsch, Clair, Chaplin, Keaton, the Marx brothers and a few other film makers, not to mention Congreve, Marivaux and Wilde—nor are matters helped when he continues: "Set at a house party in a country home, it made a devastating comment on the way sexual passions can come to rule men and women." True again, they sure can. The author's problem, with which he grapples manfully, is that while he knows, as a sophisticated Culture & Discovery historian, that all that foreign stuff is Important, he also feels, as an American no-nonsense middlebrow, that Hollywood is no worse than a bad cold—sort of fun, really. *Cosa nostra*. He concedes not much can be said for Charlton Heston ("although he is a very useful performer," he adds, neglecting to define the utility to whom and for what) but he won't be hurried into extreme statements. "But if one is willing to approach [Rock] Hudson and [Tony] Curtis without preconceived attitudes, as do the youngsters who form the nucleus of their audience, there are pleasures to be gained from their presence," he judiciously continues. I'm willing enough but as an oldster with attitudes post-conceived from long exposure to their performances I can't make it, even though Schickel explains that "Hudson's very slowness of wit contrasted with his remarkable handsomeness [a combo I should have thought more congruent than contradictory] makes him an interestingly befuddled *farceur*, and he has lately found his metier in a series of frothy, innocently sexy comedies." I do agree, however, that "Curtis is a tremendously energetic performer."

Schickel's acceptance of Hollywood's amiable *cosa nostra* is the usual midcult blend of nostalgia and condescension. It gives way to an easy suspicion when he has to cope with those unamiable nonindigenous and often, to tell the truth, rather intellectual and even *avant-garde* movies everybody is always talking about. His eighth chapter, "A Regular Succession of Masterpieces," praises Antonioni at the expense of Fellini and Bergman ("In the end, Bergman is both boring and boorish," while Fellini's "bankruptcy" is "confirmed" by 8½") and in terms ("Antonioni's characters live in a real world no more tactile director now at work gorgeously fluid sequence achieves a reality, an intimacy with the environment which vaguer talents like Bergman and Fellini must envy") that made me wonder whether perhaps I have overestimated Antonioni. Earlier he does his duty, at length, by Eisenstein. "He was, very simply, a maker of epics. Not one of his films was a drama in which individual protagonists met in the classic situations of personal conflict." Like Milton or Dante. But after five pages of conscientious appreciation, full of Culture & Discovery, he comes down to earth: "Does all this mean that Eisenstein was the perfect film director? The answer is no. For all their impressiveness as sights to behold, his films were seriously lacking in dramatic interest, suspense, in genuinely interesting character. Teeming with people, they were still often overly abstract works of art." Myself, I'm satisfied with the "impressiveness" of Eisenstein's films as "sights to behold"—I have a weakness for those pictures on the screen—and the last criticism I'd think of is a lack of "dramatic interest." I might have understood his charge of over-abstraction—though I should have disagreed, Eisenstein's work to my eyes today appearing not "overly abstract" but delightfully concrete compared to recent efforts of our 'now' or 'underground' cinema, like Picasso or Matisse or the abstract expressionists. Except that five pages later he writes: "The Bunuel films, perhaps because they are so abstract and general in theme, remain treats to see. *Caligari* and *Blood of a Poet* are difficult to view today [Every time *I* see them I'm struck with how exciting they still are, conceptually and technically.] There is nothing that dates as fast as yesterday's artistic radicalism." Like Giotto, Masaccio, Stendhal, Manet, Cézanne and Joyce.

The last chapter ("Rain, Shine or Kay Francis"—how does he think up such cute titles?) comes down to *terra firma* again, namely Hollywood. After many pages of somewhat jittery euphoria—all these intellectuals breathing down his honest American neck—he concludes with the obligatory burst of optimism, or at least hope, a confused diapason in which the *vox humana* competes with less inspiriting chords: "When producers show a consistent ability to blend these elements ["technical skill," "ideology" and "building the feelings of felt reality about the ordinary life of our times"] then the American screen can lay claim to maturity. For the moment it certainly cannot assert with any conviction that movies are better than ever. They are both better and worse. Like nearly everything at this midpoint of an agonizing century, their future is ambiguous and the feelings of their friends ambivalent." Well, you can't say he's *wrong*, exactly.

There is one sentence in Mr. Schickel's book that I found both unambiguous and true:

"By and large, the world cinema has not been so fortunate in its historians." ###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DINING IN/OUT

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More than one or two of the late Henri Soulé's best customers had been heard to say while the truly great restaurateur was still the autocrat of all the luncheon and dinner tables and everything else at Le Pavillon and La Côte Basque, that he patterned himself in some ways after Napoleon. They didn't say it in his hearing—even the bravest of them preferred not to order cold rage—but if they had Soulé might have been reminded of a letter that Bonaparte was said to have written, appropriately to his Minister of the Interior: "We should endeavor to do something so that we may leave some impress of ourselves on the sands of time."

The impress of himself that Henri Soulé left naturally was on restaurants: his own were all things to him—perfection and high order, fame and power, the ability to transcend in this one way that

The small bar and the entrance to the main dining room at Le Mistral

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which surpassed him in others. Some of the best men who worked for him—no one really worked *with* him—learned enough to open restaurants of their own; they became proprietors in fact or in temperament of great, elegant rooms, or of small luxury places. Or they went on to bigger and better rewards (financial, of course; what could be more satisfying than allowing people to pay handsomely for the pleasure of serving them elegantly?) in multimillion-dollar institutionalized food operations. Many of these offshoots are in New York City; some of them are as far south as Florida: at the Doral Country Club in Miami, for instance, the locale for all the fashion photographs in this issue.

Two of the newest graduates opened their own place only sixteen months ago; they are Jean Larriaga and Joseph Lemerdy, proprietors in fact of Le Mistral, a small, luxury-class restaurant at Fourteen East Fifty-second Street (nearer Madison than Fifth Avenue) that began achieving its fine reputation within a month after opening on November 12, 1964. Both Jean and Joseph worked under Soulé, then went on to La Caravelle when two of Pavillon's other graduates started an impress of their own in those waters. After a while, as Jean says, they had enough money to decide on a place of *their* own; more important they had a following. You can build an ordinary restaurant on a price basis; for a luxury restaurant you must have a following.

Both Jean and Joseph had excellent training in Europe; they were protégés in a way of Raymond Oliver of Le Grand Vefour (when he was here last September as Ambassadeur de la Cuisine Française, a gala banquet was held at Le Mistral). Jean had been a student at the Hotel School of Lausanne; he had done graduate work at fine restaurants in France, and had gone on to London to improve his English at the Savoy Hotel.

Both men have the temperament for owning a restaurant of the luxury class. They both know how to please customers and more important they will accept little short of perfection from their employees. The one should negate the other in the dining room. It doesn't, however, in this, the only business left these days in which anger at shortcomings is still a status symbol, an indication that both giver and receiver are aware of the importance of details others might miss. After all, one of these years people trained by Jean and Joseph will be opening restaurants of *their* own, in an extension of this not-so-minor part of the good life.

The restaurant isn't only for the loyal following, however; anyone who comes in receives the same courteous attention throughout, and one of the proprietors is sure to bid the guest goodbye and to inquire after the enjoyment of the meal. This can be done only in a small place.

Le Mistral seats only eighty-five, yet it is so arranged that it seems much larger. After the small and pleasant bar, presided over by a Frenchman named Jacques who spent some time in the United States Army and thus is aware of the spirituous best of two worlds, there is a narrow main dining room, with comfortable burgundy velvet banquettes. On the walls are murals of Avignon by Jean Pages, who did the murals also at La Cote Basque and La Caravelle. Up a few steps (the serving table for the roast beef is elevated easily several dozen times an evening so the ascent is no chore) is the second level, at the end of which is the immaculate kitchen of Pierre Laverne, who worked under Clement Grangier at Le Pavillon.

Both luncheon and dinner at *(Continued on page 192)*

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

On page 150 you'll find some authoritative advice on how to enjoy Venice by Goffredo Parise, Italy's leading young novelist, who knows Venice like Nelson Algren knows Chicago. Parise's tips are aimed primarily for the summer visitor, but his own private Venice is not the bland travel-poster city that smiles on tourists in the summer sunshine.

He was born in a small city in the Veneto countryside near Venice, and spent a poor boy's life and threadbare student days there.

For him, Venice is a city of moods and tempers, exciting and volatile as a passionate woman, and its seasons are the fall and winter, unknown to most visitors, when there's fog and Venice, he says, "seems to rise and drift suspended between the sea and the sky. That's when you sense the mystery and anachronism of the ancient city, when the light is soft and grey, and all the street sounds seem muted."

Venice was in one of its strangest moods when I visited it with Parise last fall. The skies were dark and the colors all were muted and small springs of water were bubbling up through the iron drains in the middle of the Piazza San Marco as we walked across the square.

"Very high tides and high winds coming in from the sea," he explained. "It happens a couple of times a year. Within a few hours all of San Marco will be under water."

Workmen were already laying out *passarelle*—wooden duckboards—and erecting little bridges over the pavement edging the square. People were making semiserious games of trying to find their way to where they were going before the rising waters cut them off. They ran and danced up and down the narrow streets and alleys, shouting and laughing, and acting like New Yorkers during the early stages of a blizzard or a power

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The Bahamas Police Band marching past stately Government House in Nassau

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Bahama Islands

blackout, when it's still a novelty and not yet a nuisance. Parisse and I walked over to the landing where the gondolas were tied up, and stood in the colonnade of the Chioggia bar, watching the gondolas rearing and bucking on the water like tethered horses, while the wind flung the top of the waves into the Piazzetta.

"When the sun is out, you forget that all of Venice is only a few inches above sea level," Parisse said, "but on a day like this you realize what has gone into making and preserving Venice and you worry about her, even though you know that everything will turn out all right."

I recalled another time I had worried about Venice when I was there while the canals were drained for cleaning, and Venice was a beautiful, stricken mermaid cast up from the sea and dying on the shore.

The fact is though, that Venice is one of the most enduring and unchanging of cities, as I learned from *A Satchel Guide to Europe*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1897. Bound in leather, stamped in gold, the 306 page volume sold for $1.50—which gives you an idea of the sort of other life it came from. Yet the descriptions of sightseeing attractions originally written close to a century ago are as accurate and as valid as the day they were written. Which isn't so surprising, since Venice has been changed very little by the past seven hundred years, and a description of the Piazza San Marco written in 1267 is still exact.

Browsing through the sixty-nine-year-old guidebook hung me up for hours, and I'd like to take time out for some indications of what European travel was like just before the turn of the century, when an early generation of American visitors was enjoying the prosperity resulting from the industrial revolution and the opening of the West.

An advertisement for the White Star Line shows a ship with one smokestack and huge sails billowing out from four masts. A potion called Horsford's Acid Phosphate was being pushed as a seasick preventive, and travelers were advised to take it for several days before embarkation as well as during the voyage.

The Italian lire was at par with the French, Belgian and Swiss francs, so the author didn't bother with lire, but gave Italian prices in francs. You might *tch-tch* over the loss of the purchasing power of the dollar, when you read that you could rent a gondola or hire a guide for a whole day for ninety-seven cents (nowadays a gondola is $5 an hour and a guide is $20 a day); but when you look over the book's currency chart and remember what the years have done to various European currencies, you'll feel like Diamond Jim Brady.

The Italian lira, for instance, was a bit more than five to the dollar then; now your dollar buys about 625 lire. The French franc was worth about twenty cents then—about the same as it is now—but in the meanwhile the French knocked two zeros off the end of their francs and the current franc represents one hundred of the old.

The German mark was worth about twenty cents then and it's worth almost twenty-five cents today, but in the tragic post-World War I inflation the mark blew up to a million, billion, or trillion to one, so they burned the useless currency, declared everything quits and started all over again. The only currency that's done better than the dollar is the Swiss franc, which has risen about seven cents in value without any devaluation or finagling in the meanwhile.

He takes the club away low and slow but there's nothing slow about that soft, combed cotton Jockey sweater shirt. Neat contrasting trim gives it a real go-go look.

At the top, the left shoulder of his coat blue Jockey sportshirt is under Tony's chin, yet the extra long tail is still firmly tucked in.

A split second before impact weight has shifted to the left side to give us a better look at Tony's V neck Orlon* acrylic pullover and red Jockey shirt featuring a high styled mock turtle neck.

Tony finishes high, wide and handsome in his Jockey Dacron polyester/cotton golf jacket. Ventilated back yoke, adjustable side tabs, water repellent. A real swingin' jacket all around.

Maybe you don't smack a ball as far as Tony. Maybe you don't have his classic swing. Maybe you don't even dig champagne. But in the looks department, you're right up there with T. L. himself when you tee off with Tony Lema sportswear by Jockey. Tony helped design them, so you know they're real winners.

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See the whole Jockey Tony Lema line at your favorite store. Then get that Lema look. Who knows what it might do for your game?

JOCKEY—TONY LEMA SPORTSWEAR
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Where-to-Buy-It? See last page.

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"Money for the trip is usually taken in the form of a 'letter of credit' from some trustworthy banking house," the *Satchel Guide* explained. "Take with you in English sovereigns only enough to cover 'extras' on shipboard and the first few days of travel after landing at Queenstown or Liverpool—say ten or fifteen sovereigns if you are travelling alone." (The sovereign was a gold coin worth one pound; it went out of circulation during World War I.)

In its tips on clothing, the *Guide* says, "For lying round on deck, especially if you are seasick, old clothing that you would hardly use elsewhere is to be preferred." It suggests that men pack a black frock coat or "cutaway" to be worn ashore with the trousers of a business suit.

"Shall we take a passport on our tour?" the *Satchel Guide* asks categorically. "On the whole, yes," it answers. "You will not be asked to show it . . . (unless international troubles shall lead to new regulations) but it may be useful as a means of identification at banking houses . . ." In those days you got your passport through a notary public, and it cost you a dollar.

First-class transatlantic steamer accommodations cost from about $50 to $125 round trip, depending on accommodations and ship, and the guidebook suggested that you tip your table steward about $1.25 to $2.50, again depending on the ship and your cabin steward about a half to two-thirds of that.

It estimated the cost of a four-month European trip at about $400 including the round-trip steamer passage, and said "this could be reduced somewhat by one who is familiar with French and German," but warns that the $400 didn't include shopping.

It suggested that the reader buy an all-expense tour through either of two British travel agents: H. Gaze & Son and Thos. Cook. I've never heard of Gaze & Son, so they must be long gone, and there's not a sign of American Express, which didn't get into the travel dodge until 1915.

The Venice hotels listed in the *Satchel Guide* have survived the intervening seventy years remarkably well. Of the nine recommended hotels, the Grand, listed as "best," is still among the city's six deluxe-class hotels, and so are the Royal Danieli and the Europa-Britannia. The San Marco is still doing business, but now it's listed as a third-class hotel, and the Italia, Victoria and Bellevue are either gone or have changed their names.

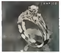
When you get to the Venice sight-seeing section, though, the book could have been written last week. The things to see, and the stories about them, are changeless.

The pigeons are still mooching bread crumbs in the Piazza San Marco as they have been for more than six hundred years and their descendants will continue to do into infinity. They are to be maintained forever by government edict issued in gratitude to the carrier pigeons which brought news from Venetian spies in Candia in 1360 and thus led to the capture of Venice.

Near the boat landing at the end of the Piazzetta, the two great granite columns stand as they have since they were brought from Constantinople eight hundred years ago, but nowadays this is not a place where wrongdoers are beheaded as it was during the Venetian Republic.

The Mercerie behind the Piazza San Marco and the area around the Rialto Bridge are still important shopping centers. (Among Goffredo Parise's recommended sights of Venice is the fish market near the Rialto along the Grand Canal from six in the morning until noon.)

The Engageables go for Keepsake



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For where-to-buy-it information see last page.
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One below

Julius Monk [illegible] Number XV, his sparkling new revue at Plaza 9. (SuPima is the [illegible] mark for products made of Southwestern extra long staple cotton.)

On your gondola rides you can still see the Rezzonico Palace where Robert Browning died the Giustiniani Palace in which Wagner wrote part of *Tristan and Isolde*, the Mocenigo Palace where Byron began *Don Juan* between affairs with a series of temperamental mistresses and visits by Shelley the annex of the Grand Hotel in which Ruskin wrote much of his *Stones of Venice*.

From your gondola you'll hear the clicking of the linotype machines in the office of the *Gazzettino*, the Venetian daily paper which as a monthly magazine was the first periodical ever published It was then called *La Gazzetta*, which clues us onto two theories of the origin of the word gazette from *gazza* a magpie or chatterer, or from *gazzetta* the Venetian coin once the price of the paper

Here, now is a listing of some places that might be useful in rounding out Parise's list of recommendations. Opposite his favorite café Florian in St Mark's are the Quadri and Lavena restaurants Both have huge outdoor cafes similar to Florian's Other leading cafés are La Squela and Dalconte Quadri is listed by many visitors as one of the better restaurants in town and when I was there squads of German beatniks were pavement-sitting just outside the line of tables listening to the orchestra for free Other outstanding restaurants the roof terrace of the Royal Danieli, La Fenice and Al Teatro For shopping, Salviati is another top place to buy glassware, and for laces and embroideries you might try Olga Asta and Jesolmo

Seagoing has improved enormously since the days when the deck of an ocean steamer partook of the nature of a whirlwind The Italian Line's 29 191 ton *Cristoforo Colombo* will take you direct from New York to Venice in fourteen days stopping at Boston Lisbon Málaga, Naples Palermo Messina and Piraeus en route it has accommodations for 208 in first class 304 in cabin class and 558 in tourist class, and minimum one-way fares during the summer season are $466 $364 and $309

Although you can go to Venice direct by ship there's no direct U S -Venice plane service, strangely enough Alitalia has frequent flights to Venice but you have to change planes somewhere en route Flying to Venice from the U S, I'd recommend that you fly to London where you can get one of Alitalia's Caravelles which make the nonstop flight in about two hours and twenty minutes. British European Airways also fly from London to Venice making the flight in their Trident jets in about the same time Air France flies to Venice from Munich and from Nice, and Austrian Airlines fly from Vienna. Alitalia has four flights a day from Rome to Venice its Viscounts and Friendship turboprops make the hop in seventy-five minutes

You can include a stopover in Venice on your New York Rome round trip fare, but one thing I'd un recommend is that you fly from the U S. to Venice via Milan despite the fact that there's frequent service on this route However, Milan's international airport and the Forlanini airport, used for domestic flights are a boring ninety-minute bus ride apart and there are easier ways of getting there if your air connections are right ###

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POKER

JACK RICHARDSON

The Cincinnati Kid, whatever its defects as a film, did justify its existence by putting a real Metrocolor five-card-stud game on the screen. To those who are not card players this may seem less than a formidable accomplishment, but to poker enthusiasts who so often have seen their game abused to suit the needs of a bad scenario, it is an achievement that warrants a small nod of respect. For more than thirty minutes, the public, uninterrupted by gunfights or saloon brawls, could observe the methods and effects of first-rate card playing—up to a point. I have to qualify because, except for Steve McQueen as The Kid and Edward G. Robinson as Lancey Howard, The Man, the rest of the players, in order to be draped with what scriptwriters consider character, behaved in such bizarre fashion that it is difficult to believe they would take chairs in a nickel-and-dime affair, much less a no-limit professional session. One actor, depicting nervousness under the threat of three-of-a-kind against his aces up, sweated so profusely that you could almost read his cards by counting the number of pores that opened with each bet. A second player named "Yeller" and played by Cab Calloway beamed and sputtered over every good hand as though he wanted to telegraph the contents home to his wife. He was also fond of injecting emancipated apothegms like "This king and my natural rhythm say twenty dollars." In a serious game he would have been asked to hone his wit or lose the rest of his money in a quiet manner.

The main confrontation, however, between The Kid and Lancey Howard was handled adeptly, and managed, following the outline laid down in the book by Richard Jessup to ferret out the essentials of a long poker game. Here were two players who had long since mastered the necessary conditions for winning at five-card stud: they would not overpay to buy a third card even with only two players in the game; they knew when and how to bet when percentages favored them, and they had the instincts to make an incisive bluff-raise against players nursing a small stake at the table. They played to a rhythm and kept it, knowing that any break, any hesitant offbeat, furnishes an astute opponent with what well may prove to be lethal knowledge. In short, what the audience witnessed for nine-tenths of a filmed stud game was tight, almost adhesive playing until the final hand. Then quickly the game shifted places. A transcendental leap was taken, percentage poker was left behind and the mysticism of cards arrived.

It was at this point that I'm certain many good poker players dropped their suspension of disbelief and began to mutter. They could not take as credible the game's terminal hand in which Lancey's straight flush wins against an aces-over-full house. On the third card The Kid has two tens showing against two diamonds held by Lancey with one more, a jack, in the hole. All the collected caveats by experts on the game demand that three diamonds, even with the jack hole-card and a queen up, retire before a heavy bet from the two tens. But Lancey does not turn his cards over; indeed he raises, and then begins to chase what he knows has him beaten on the board. In high-stake poker this is a move that betokens in the minds of card empiricists either inveterate lunacy or plain suicidal tendencies. And then when Lancey goes on actually to make his straight flush, snapping the jack of diamonds over so that it seems, in a camera close-up, to be a sanguinary judgment against logic, many as poker players would cry foul, and as critics, melodrama.

However, to those like me who are benighted poker mystics, the ending was perfectly consonant with what it means to be a great, that is to say a graced, poker player. Percentages and odds necessary as they are for any success at gambling will only take you pedestrian lengths. Even the ability to make highly probable deductions from the twitches and sighs of your opponents — even this, coupled with an adroitness at anticipating thought processes, whether or not they be prehistoric or Kantian in their subtlety, will work at best against mediocre players who allow patterns of betting to emerge. No, no matter how schooled or cautious a man is at poker, there comes a time in every game when he must go back to the roots of gambling and read the stars. Those who do it well, who feel the slight tremor in their nerves when heaven tilts toward them on a third card, will be the ones who sweep the night's decisive pots to their side of the table. It should be emphasized, however, that divination is not a method and will become dulled if used too often in a game. For ninety-nine hands out of a hundred, ordinary good poker strategy will suffice. It will be that special situation where one discovers from his cards the opportunity for an extraordinary win, that one must try for quick communion with the gods and hope to be rewarded with certainty that the next two cards drawn will fall into place and beat the opponent's hand that looked so impregnable after the third card. Just to chase every hand hopefully to the end or call a raise each time it occurs is fanatic rather than controlled mysticism and is justly condemned by poker catechisms and church dogma alike. One must be patient and disciplined, but when the call is truly felt, and not created, that is the time to act upon it.

Of course, I confess, for those of

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Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand

Where-to-Buy-It? See last page

let us wait a reasonable time Every golfer has said, or will say "Just wait until I put together eighteen holes like that—I'll break the club record." Thus golf is known as a waiting game, and golfers are waiters waiting only on themselves. While we wait, let us examine Tom Kelley's photograph of the splendid golf sweaters and golf shirts, taken on the Waialae country club practice green. These are the new golf styles designed to create colorful foursomes. They are comfortable during the backswing, and they look good no matter what your handicap. Frank Gifford and Dave Marr wear 100 percent worsted wool cardigans of new texture and colors. Jerry West and Paul Hornung have on Orlon links and links. These are just a few of the many colors, all coordinate with Jantzen golf shirts

*footnote

***footwear** as well as sportswear for sportsmen Note the new Jantzen casual shoes roosting on Frank Gifford, membership committee chairman. Everything from sandals to sportmocs. On the shoulder is Sun 'n Surf sandal in tan waxhide — also comes in white or jet black nero grain. This style has black ribbed foam crepe sole and heel. The blue Sunburst Suede sportmocc also is available in seven other colors, in soft suede and smooth combinations. The deck stitch suede tie (at left) comes in shamrock green or honey tan. Natural latex crepe sole and heel. Jantzen casuals are comfortable, good looking, and designed to go with sportswear. Join the club

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you who look for instruction in this column, that in poker, as in religion, certain mystics are more successful than others. Everyone, no matter how devout, cannot find the secret channels open to a St. John of the Cross on his pilgrimage to God or to a Lancey Howard in pursuit of a straight flush. Most of us, in theology or gambling, must content ourselves with uninspired guesses, and, often when we do feel a fateful nudge we discover that we are only being wishful where we thought we were blessed. I certainly have found in my card playing that I am possessed of only minimal occult powers, and it is unfortunate that the only way to uncover one's potential in this cloudy area is by experiments which can be painful and costly. Still, I maintain for those who believe poker is more than a way to win a week's salary, it is just this extramundane experience—angel whispers, when one feels one is no more than an amanuensis to a celestial mind—that is the true moment of the game.

This superb attunement that Lancey Howard is supposed to possess in *The Cincinnati Kid* I have witnessed only once. Its possessor was a Georgia Negro named Hays whom I met on a bleak troopship crossing from New York to Bremerhaven thirteen years ago. Everyone who has voyaged under similar conditions knows that for the length of the trip the Army's theory of work therapy falters, since there are just too many men for the number of shipboard details that even an ingenious Duty Officer can devise. To forestall more explosive outbursts from over two thousand confined and idle men, officers look the other way as cards and dice appear and the ship becomes a floating casino.

Hays, a corporal with eight years Army service behind him, had taken a slight proprietary interest in me for two reasons: one, I could sing approximately certain Charlie Parker solos, two, I was pathetically inexpert at avoiding making myself noticeable to those with duty rosters tucked under their arms. Hays, to whom the Army meant a profession of avoiding, could not bear to see such slipshod craftsmanship and became my tutor.

This solicitude stopped, however, when the poker games began. At the trip's beginning there must have been more than two hundred of them in action. This number gradually decreased until some six or seven large winners, having worked their way up on the ruins of smaller games, sat down to play. Hays was one of these. He had begun by busting our quarter-and-a-half game, and in seven days had moved up to this no-limit session. The way he dealt and handled cards showed he had established rapport with them long ago and he was the first player I had met who did not consider it ignoble to fold a small pair in five-card stud. But it was when the pot was large, the hands tight and the bet a breaking one that Hays showed he had the touch to know it all. Faced with a large raise and an unreadable opponent he would nod, close his eyes and let a second or so pass. Then he would smile, murmur a soft, "Uh huh," flick his eyes open and fold or raise the bettor—he hardly ever called. Every time he raised, he won, and though I cannot be certain about the folds I had a good idea from the slight curls of disappointment that spread across his opponents' faces when Hays turned his cards, that he had an excellent average here too. He mumbled that same soft 'Uh huh' just before breaking the final shipboard game and stuffing some eight thousand dollars in an extra duffel bag he now carried about as a bank. Everyone watched a little stunned as he smiled, gave each of the players fifty dollars Tap

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City money hoisted the bag to his shoulder and strolled off. He had hardly made a single error in the game, and each time the eyes closed and the "Uh huh" was heard quick bankruptcy had followed for another player.

That night—the night before we arrived in Bremerhaven—I sat up with Hays guarding the smaller duffel bag. All that money in it—thirty dollars of which belonged to me—and it didn't seem to affect Hays's view of the future at all. He still talked in terms of years to go in the Army, finding easy assignments where "avoiding" would not be too complicated.

"Hays," I finally asked, "I doubt if we'll ever play another game of poker together. What are you figuring when you close your eyes and come out with that 'Uh-huh'?"

I was still very much the rationalist at seventeen and expected an answer dealing with card counts and percentages. Instead Hays said he waited and listened.

"To what?" I asked.

"To my granddaddy, man. He was gone on poker and the best at it. Even though he's dead, he still hangs around stud and draw sessions—right here, in my head. He's watching it all."

"So you just close your eyes and ask him what to do?"

"Well, now," Hays said respectfully, "I can't go asking him stupid questions the answers to which I'm supposed to know just by not sleeping at the table. But if it's real tight skin, I go to him. He taught me the game, and he knows. Not always right, but he knows."

The next morning we were waiting on deck in formation to disembark. A German band on shore "welcomed" us with a choppy version of *Auf Wiedersehen*. Hays's utilitarian duffel bag was at his feet; the other, containing a Brigadier General's annual salary, rested at his side.

I didn't see the three soldiers as they pushed their way toward us. They just appeared—two pinning Hays against the deck rail, the other with a knife slashing open the duffel bag. I had been with Hays in every game he played. Not one of the three had lost money directly to him.

"We say you cheated," the one with the knife drawled. He then lifted and tossed the split bag over the side and, with his two confederates, ran off and disappeared among the rest of the regiment. The duffel bag had hit the wharf and bona fide American money was escaping, blowing toward the Bremerhaven band. Tubas and trombones were dropped as the musicians scurried in pursuit. Quickly a group of M.P.'s pulled up and covered the gutted bag with a blanket. Whatever happened now, Hays could not admit it was his money without explaining just how he came by it. Gambling, even if unofficially sanctioned, was a breach of official orders. And to explain or cajole was not within Hays's definition of "avoiding."

The money was gone. I glanced at Hays; his eyes were closed and his head nodded gently.

"Uh huh," he said, and turned his back to the railing. Those around him stepped back as he sat down on the second duffel bag and folded his arms around his knees. He was now smiling as though about to raise a bet.

"And so what did granddaddy say?" I asked after almost a minute.

Hays looked up and then shook his head slowly.

"Can't tell you that, Jack. You ain't family. You ain't nowhere near family."

I've never met a Lancey Howard or another Hays, but it's important for anyone who plays poker to be on the watch for them. It's difficult for a gambler's ego, but it adds spice to his profession to know there is magic in it and that there are those who, because of grace or grandfathers, can't lose. ###

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Truman Capote's reconstruction of a crime committed in Holcomb, Kansas, on November 15, 1959 (*In Cold Blood*, Random House, $5.95), is a brilliant piece of writing and, what is more, the equivalent of a whole shelf full of sociopsychological textbooks. It combines the best kind of thriller with the best kind of tract for the times. I defy anyone to stop reading it once started, or to lay it down without a heavy heart, if not a feeling of choking disgust, at the world we have brought to pass.

The facts are simple enough. Two men in a penitentiary, Dick Hickock and Perry Smith, hear from another man there of an affluent Holcomb farmer, Herbert William Clutter, and his family, for whom this other boy had worked. Embroidering the tale (all criminals are liars), he gives the impression that Clutter has a safe in which he keeps at any given time as much as ten thousand dollars. Dick and Perry register this information; it enters into their fantasies (all criminals are fantasists), and when they are released they make their way to Holcomb and murder Clutter, his neurotic wife, his pretty daughter Nancy and his studious son Kenyon. There is no safe; the net financial yield of the operation is forty dollars, or ten dollars a head.

Out of these bare facts, plus what emerges at the subsequent trial of Dick and Perry, plus his own researches and investigations, Capote weaves a complete tale as logical, as inexorable, as terrible as Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. We are taken inside the Clutter household: prosperous, Germanic, abstemious and public-spirited; happy in the American style except for the mother's mental instability and proneness to breakdown. It is, by virtue of its very embodiment of all the American virtues, a perfect target for some crazy anarchist, some poor man's Oswald. Perhaps that is what Dick and Perry really are; not looking for a safe at all, but taking their revenge on the society which has excluded them as pariahs.

Then Capote tells us about the boys themselves, Perry a half-caste Indian from a broken hopeless home, the mother promiscuous and a boozer, the father feckless and futile; Dick the son of a small farmer and a placid worthy mother, both perfectly respectable, but Dick from the beginning delinquent, lazy, possessed of charm of sorts, sexually attracted by little girls. (Ah! If only he'd been a professor, and able to write a long novel! How different, then, his subsequent fate!) Both the boys are no good. They lie, they steal, they won't work; they live on tawdry dreams of fame and wealth and pleasure coming to them out of the sky, via television screens and the colored glory of a glossy page. As beats they would do, hairy and parasitic along the Californian coast, or as the umpteenth consort for some aging millionairess or millionaire for that matter (Perry, particularly, seems to have homosexual tendencies, and both no doubt engaged in homosexual practices in their penitentiary—those havens of sodomy). They are not, however, advanced enough for such *recherché* exploitation of their temperaments. They just murder the Clutters.

It is tempting, of course (Capote wisely resists the temptation), to suggest that had the boys been given a better chance in life, had they met some sagacious, understanding psychiatrist at the penitentiary, they might have turned out better. Any such suggestion is confuted by the much larger number of delinquents produced by well-to-do, loving, enlightened families; also, from among the clientele of the most reputable psychiatrists.

I believe myself, and it seems to me that *In Cold Blood* points to the same conclusion, that there is a violence, a criminality, a death wish at the very heart of our kind of society. We breed destroyers like Dick and Perry because we need them, as we have made nuclear weapons because we need them. Having reached a sort of dead end, or *reductio ad absurdum*, not able to live by bread alone and yet having nothing but bread, fancy bread at that—masses and masses and masses of it, confronted at every turn with contradictions, as between an amiable wish to live at peace and the inevitability of war in remote places and against nebulous foes, or as between an abundance which requires astounding feats of persuasion to match it up with consumption and want, grinding and anguished, of the very necessities of life elsewhere—in such circumstances, in our dark little individ-

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nal ego cells and in the larger one of our collective being, we shout and grimace and tear our hair like the madmen in Bedlam before they had drugs to hide away their fury in stupefaction.

Even more remarkable than the case of Perry and Dick, the Clutter murderers, is that of a boy they met—Lowell Lee Andrews—in Death Row, the special cells in Kansas State Penitentiary for those awaiting execution. Andrews is described in *In Cold Blood* as "an enormous weak-eyed boy of eighteen who wore horn-rimmed glasses and weighed almost three hundred pounds. He had been a sophomore at the University of Kansas, an honor student majoring in biology." Though "a solitary creature, withdrawn and seldom communicative," he was generally regarded as "exceptionally gentle and 'sweet-natured.'" The local paper, indeed, published an article about him entitled *The Nicest Boy in Wolcott.*

Yet, observes Capote, "Inside the quiet young scholar there existed a second, unsuspected personality, one with stunted emotions and a distorted mind through which cold thoughts flowed in cruel directions." Andrews, in fact, was planning the murder of his highly respectable, doting family—father, mother and sister Jennie Marie, first by arsenic, and then, as he actually carried it out, by shooting. He did it in Thanksgiving week, on the evening of November 28, 1958. Jennie Marie and her parents were watching television. Andrews, locked in his bedroom, had just finished the last chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov.* He shut the book, unlocked the door and, having shaved and changed into his neat clothes, shot the three of them dead using a Ruger .22-caliber revolver and a semiautomatic .22-caliber rifle. Under subsequent cross-examination, he said that he "didn't feel anything about it. The time came and I was doing what I had to do. That's all there is to it." He went on diligently reading and studying, in a state of apparent equanimity, until he too was executed. Altogether a very mid-twentieth-century little episode, I should say.

I have done less than justice to the range of Capote's book: the minute and breathtaking narrative, for instance, of the travels of the two criminals when they were on the run, and the careful account of the police investigation and the trial. The minor characters are as meticulously portrayed as the major ones. Perry, particularly, emerges as quite terrifyingly alive—his life with his father, his relations with his eminently respectable married sister, his bouts of self-pity, his vapid dreams and his cold crazy malignancy. He and Dick belong to the world of the automobile and the broad highway, of sunbathing and Benzedrine, of playmates and supermarkets and soft drinks and packs of cigarettes. At one point they paid for their supper by gathering up discarded bottles as they drove across the Nevada desert, looking out for them from their car like huntsmen. I thought of an earlier American wastrel, Huck Finn, my favorite childhood hero and surely one of the most enchanting in all fiction. From Huck to Dick and Perry is quite a span; from Twain to Capote, too, for that matter. If Huck was the beginning of the American Dream, Dick and Perry are perhaps its end.

Someone is bound one day to do a thorough demolition job on the grotesquely inflated reputation of the late T. S. Eliot. In any such worthy endeavor a posthumous collection of Eliot's essays on literature and education (*To Criticize the Critic*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $4.95) will prove

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highly serviceable. Even in the lowest, darkest caverns of Eng. Lit. I have seldom read anything quite so tedious, portentous, long-winded and empty. Education is, admittedly, a subject which brings out the worst in anyone, but Eliot sets up what must surely be a world record for dreariness in *The Aims of Education* originally delivered as a series of lectures at the University of Chicago in 1950. All the worst clichés, commonly used by visiting notabilities at speech days and other academic occasions, come rolling out. We've all slept through such dissertations—to be asked to read one is too much.

It is true that out of Eliot's published verses one can get together, say, twenty pages (*The Waste Land, The Hollow Men, Ash Wednesday*, and a few others) of creditable achievement—a very small *oeuvre* for fame so mighty. Otherwise, what is there? The plays, inconceivably flat-footed, and already largely forgotten except for *Murder in the Cathedral*, the critical writings not really much better than *To Criticize the Critic*, and a number of public addresses of appalling pedantry and pomposity. I had occasion the other day to listen to a tape of a talk Eliot had given on religion and politics. It was agonizing in its deadness, of the delivery, the content and the language alike. I have seldom heard anything so sepulchral.

As a human being Eliot was really rather nice, though with that same sepulchral quality about his very flesh. A carved old skeleton, Frieda Lawrence irreverently called him. He was courteous, kindly, charitable, but a kind of parody of an old-school English scholar and gentleman. I am inclined to think that his fame rested a good deal on this very circumstance. He, an upper-class American, had come to live in England when our fortunes were evidently declining. It was all very well for someone like Henry James; he came among us when we were still seemingly on top of the world. The compliment was all on our side. By the time Eliot settled in London and took British nationality, we were pathetically grateful for the gesture, more particularly as he combined it with certain conservative attitudes (like announcing himself to be a royalist in politics, a classicist in literature) after which we secretly hankered but dared not publicly profess. The key to Eliot's fame, it seems to me, must be looked for in Anglo-American relations rather than in his works; certainly not in *To Criticize the Critic*.

How refreshing to turn from Eliot's dry, second-hand academicism to the lively comments on writers and books of Edmund Wilson (*The Bit Between My Teeth*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $7.50). Most of these pieces I had already read, in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere, greatly enjoying them at the time. I enjoyed them even more on rereading them. Wilson, in my opinion, has the most acute mind and judgment of any critic on either side of the Atlantic writing today; he writes better, and carries his erudition more lightly, and is less burdened with the extraneous complications of nationality, class or coterie.

I said earlier on that someone will one day do a thorough demolition job on Eliot. Wilson has already largely done it in *Miss Buffle and Mr. Eliot*. "The point is," he writes, "that Eliot's work is fatally suited to the needs of American teachers of courses in English. In the first place, there is very little of it; you can get through it in all the evenings of a week. These English professors are lazy."

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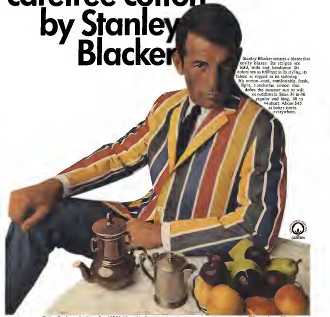
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Frank Sinatra Has A Cold

by Gay Talese

And some of the most important people in some of the most important places in New York, New Jersey, Southern California and Las Vegas are suddenly developing postnasal drip

FRANK SINATRA, holding a glass of bourbon in one hand and a cigarette in the other, stood in a dark corner of the bar between two attractive but fading blondes who sat waiting for him to say something. But he said nothing; he had been silent during much of the evening, except now in this private club in Beverly Hills he seemed even more distant, staring out through the smoke and semidarkness into a large room beyond the bar where dozens of young couples sat huddled around small tables or twisted in the center of the floor to the clamorous clang of folk rock music blaring from the stereo. The two blondes knew, as did Sinatra's four male friends who stood nearby, that it was a bad idea to force conversation upon him when he was in this mood of sullen silence, a mood that had hardly been uncommon during this first week of November, a month before his fiftieth birthday.

Sinatra had been working in a film that he now disliked, could not wait to finish; he was tired of all the publicity attached to his dating the twenty-year-old Mia Farrow, who was not in sight tonight; he was angry that a CBS television documentary of his life, to be shown in two weeks, was reportedly prying into his privacy, even speculating on his possible friendship with Mafia leaders; he was worried about his starring role in an hour-long NBC show entitled *Sinatra—A Man And His Music*, which would require that he sing eighteen songs with a voice that at this particular moment, just a few nights before the taping was to begin, was weak and sore and uncertain. Sinatra was ill. He was the victim of an ailment so common that most people would consider it trivial. But when it gets to Sinatra it can plunge him into a state of anguish, deep depression, panic, even rage. Frank Sinatra had a cold.

Sinatra with a cold is Picasso without paint, Ferrari without fuel—only worse. For the common cold robs Sinatra of that uninsurable jewel, his voice, cutting into the core of his confidence, and it affects not only his own psyche but also seems to cause a kind of psychosomatic nasal drip within dozens of people who work for him, drink with him, love him, depend on him for their own welfare and stability. A Sinatra with a cold can, in a small way, send vibrations through the entertainment industry and beyond as surely as a President of the United States, suddenly sick, can shake the national economy.

For Frank Sinatra was now involved with many things involving many people—his own film company, his record company, his private airline, his missile-parts firm, his real-estate holdings across the nation, his personal staff of seventy-five—which are only a portion of the power he is and has come to represent. He seemed now to be also the embodiment of the fully emancipated male, perhaps the only one in America, the man who can do anything he wants, *anything*, can do it because he has the money, the energy, and no apparent guilt. In an age when the very young seem to be taking over, protesting and picketing and demanding change, Frank Sinatra survives as a national phenomenon, one of the few prewar products to withstand the test of time. He is the champ who made the big comeback, the man who had everything, lost it, then got it back, letting nothing stand in his way, doing what few men can do: he uprooted his life, left his family, broke with everything that was familiar, learning in the process that one way to hold a woman is not to hold her. Now he has the affection of Nancy and Ava and Mia, the fine female produce of three generations, and still has the adoration of his children, the freedom of a bachelor, he does not feel old, he makes old men feel young, makes them think that if Frank Sinatra can do it, it can be done; not that *they* could do it, but it is still nice for other men to know, at fifty, that it can be done.

But now, standing at this bar in Beverly Hills, Sinatra had a cold, and he continued to drink quietly and he seemed miles away in his private world, not even reacting when suddenly the stereo in the other room switched to a Sinatra song, *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*.

It is a lovely ballad that he first recorded ten years ago, and it now inspired many young couples who had been sitting, tired of twisting, to get up and move slowly around the dance floor, holding one another very close. Sinatra's intonation, precisely clipped, yet full and flowing, gave a deeper meaning to the simple lyrics—"In the wee small hours of the morning/while the whole wide world is fast asleep/you lie awake, and think about the girl . . ."*—it was, like so many of his classics, a song that evoked loneliness and sensuality, and when blended with the dim light and the alcohol and nicotine and late-night needs it became a kind of airy aphrodisiac. Undoubtedly the words from this song, and others like it, had put millions in the mood, it was music to make love by, and doubtless much love had been made by it all over America at night in cars, while the batteries burned down, in cottages by the lake, on beaches during

* © Redd Evans Music Corp.

balmy summer evenings, in secluded parks and exclusive penthouses and furnished rooms in cabin cruisers and cabs and cabanas—in all places where Sinatra's songs could be heard were these words that warmed women, wooed and won them snipped the final thread of inhibition and gratified the male egos of ungrateful lovers; two generations of men had been the beneficiaries of such ballads, for which they were eternally in his debt for which they may eternally hate him. Nevertheless here he was, the man himself, in the early hours of the morning in Beverly Hills out of range

The two blondes who seemed to be in their middle thirties, were preened and polished, their matured bodies softly molded within tight dark suits. They sat, legs crossed perched on the high bar stools. They listened to the music. Then one of them pulled out a Kent and Sinatra quickly placed his gold lighter under it and she held his hand, looked at his fingers they were nubby and raw, and the pinkies protruded being so stiff from arthritis that he could barely bend them He was, as usual immaculately dressed He wore an oxford grey suit with a vest a suit conservatively cut on the outside but trimmed with flamboyant silk within his shoes, British seemed to be shined even on the bottom of the soles He also wore as everybody seemed to know a remarkably convincing black hairpiece, one of sixty that he owns, most of them under the care of an inconspicuous little grey-haired lady who, holding his hair in a tiny satchel follows him around whenever he performs. She earns $400 a week The most distinguishing thing about Sinatra's face are his eyes clear blue and alert eyes that within seconds can go cold with anger, or glow with affection, or, as now, reflect a vague detachment that keeps his friends silent and distant

Leo Durocher, one of Sinatra's closest friends, was now shooting pool in the small room behind the bar. Standing near the door was Jim Mahoney, Sinatra's press agent, a somewhat chunky young man with a square jaw and narrow eyes who would resemble a tough Irish plainclothesman if it were not for the expensive continental suits he wears and his exquisite shoes often adorned with polished buckles Also nearby was a big broad-shouldered two-hundred-pound actor named Brad Dexter who seemed always to be thrusting out his chest so that his gut would not show

Brad Dexter has appeared in several films and television shows, displaying fine talent as a character actor, but in Beverly Hills he is equally known for the role he played in Hawaii two years ago when he swam a few hundred yards and risked his life to save Sinatra from drowning in a riptide Since then Dexter has been one of Sinatra's constant companions and has been made a producer in Sinatra's film company He occupies a plush office near Sinatra's executive suite. He is endlessly searching for literary properties that might be converted into new starring roles for Sinatra. Whenever he is among strangers with Sinatra he worries because he knows that Sinatra brings out the best and worst in people—some men will become aggressive, some women will become seductive, others will stand around skeptically appraising him, the scene will be somehow intoxicated by his mere presence, and maybe Sinatra himself if feeling as badly as he was tonight, might become intolerant or tense, and then headlines So Brad Dexter tries to anticipate danger and warn Sinatra in advance. He confesses to feeling very protective of Sinatra admitting in a recent moment of self-revelation "I'd kill for him"

While this statement may seem outlandishly dramatic, particularly when taken out of context, it nonetheless expresses a fierce fidelity that is quite common within Sinatra's special circle It is a characteristic that Sinatra, without admission, seems to prefer *All the Way*, *All or Nothing at All*. This is the Sicilian in Sinatra he permits his friends, if they wish to remain that, none of the easy Anglo-Saxon outs But if they remain loyal, then there is nothing Sinatra will not do in turn—fabulous gifts, personal kindnesses, encouragement when they're down adulation when they're up They are wise to remember, however, one thing He is Sinatra. The boss. *Il Padrone*

I had seen something of this Sicilian side of Sinatra last summer at Jilly's saloon in New York, which was the only other time I'd gotten a close view of him prior to this night in this California club Jilly's, which is on West Fifty-second Street in Manhattan is where Sinatra drinks whenever he is in New York and there is a special chair reserved for him in the back room against the wall that nobody else may use When he is occupying it, seated behind a long table flanked by his closest New York friends—who include the saloonkeeper, Jilly Rizzo and Jilly's azure-haired wife, Honey, who is known as the "Blue Jew"—a rather strange ritualistic scene develops. That night dozens of people some of them casual friends of Sinatra's some mere acquaintances some neither appeared outside of Jilly's saloon They approached it like a shrine They had come to pay respect They were from New York Brooklyn Atlantic City Hoboken They were old actors young actors former prizefighters tired trumpet players politicians a boy with a cane There was a fat lady who said she remembered Sinatra when he used to throw the *Jersey Observer* onto her front porch in 1933 There were middle-aged couples who said they had heard Sinatra sing at the Rustic Cabin in 1938 and "We knew then that he really had it!" Or they had heard him when he was with Harry James's band in 1939, or with Tommy Dorsey in 1941 ("Yeah that's the song *I'll Never Smile Again*—he sang it one night in this dump near Newark and we danced . . ."), or they remembered that time at the Paramount with the swooners and him with those bow ties *The Voice*, and one woman remembered that awful boy she knew then—Alexander Doragokupetz an eighteen-year-old heckler who had thrown a tomato at Sinatra and the bobby-soxers in the balcony had tried to flail him to death Whatever became of Alexander Doragokupetz? The lady did not know

And they remembered when Sinatra was a failure and sang trash like *Mairzy Doats* and they remembered his comeback and on this night they were all standing outside Jilly's saloon dozens of them, but they could not get in So some of them left But most of them stayed, hoping that soon they might be able to push or wedge their way into Jilly's between the elbows and backsides of the men drinking three-deep at the bar and they might be able to peek through and *see* him sitting back there This is all they really wanted they wanted to see him And for a few moments they gazed in silence through the smoke and they stared Then they turned, fought their way out of the bar went home.

Some of Sinatra's close friends, all of whom are known to the men guarding Jilly's door, do manage to get an escort into the back room. But once they are there they, too, must fend for themselves. On the particular evening, Frank Gifford, the former football player, got only seven yards in three tries. Others who had somehow been close enough to shake Sinatra's hand did *not* shake it instead they just touched him on the shoulder or sleeve, or they merely stood close enough for him to see them and after he'd given them a wink of recognition or a wave or a nod or called out their names (he has a fantastic memory for first names) they would then turn and leave. They had checked in They had paid their respects And as I watched this ritualistic scene, I got the impression that Frank Sinatra was dwelling simultaneously in two worlds that were not contemporary

On the one hand he is the swinger—as he is when talking and joking with Sammy Davis, Jr , Richard Conte, Liza Minelli Bernice Massi or any of the other show-business people who get to sit at *the* table; on the other, as when he is nodding or waving to his *paisanos* who are close to him (Al Silvani, a boxing manager who works with Sinatra's film company; Dominic Di Bona, his wardrobe man; Ed Pucci, a 300-pound former football lineman who is his aide-de-camp). Frank Sinatra is *Il Padrone*. Or better still, he is what in traditional Sicily have long been called *uomini rispettati*—men of respect men who are both majestic and humble men who are loved by all and are very generous by nature, men whose hands are kissed as they walk from village to village men who would *personally* go out of their way to redress a wrong

Frank Sinatra does things *personally* At Christmas time, he will personally pick dozens of presents for his close friends and family, remembering the type of jewelry they like, their favorite colors, the sizes of their shirts and dresses. When a musician friend's house was destroyed and his wife was killed in a Los Angeles mud slide a little more than a year ago Sinatra personally came to his aid, finding the musician a new home, paying whatever hospital bills were left unpaid by the insurance then personally supervising the furnishing of the new home down to the replacing of the silverware, the linen, the purchase of new clothing

The same Sinatra who did this can within the same hour, explode in a towering rage of intolerance should a small thing be incorrectly done for him by one of his *paisanos*. For example, when one of his men brought him a frankfurter with catsup on it which Sinatra apparently abhors, he angrily threw the bottle at the man, splattering catsup all over him Most of the men who work around Sinatra are big But this never seems to intimidate Sinatra nor curb his impetuous behavior with them when he is mad They will never take a swing back at him He is *Il Padrone*

At other times aiming to please his men will overreact to his desires when he casually observed that his big orange desert jeep in Palm Springs seemed in need of a new painting the word was swiftly passed down through channels becoming ever more urgent as it went until finally it was a *command* that the jeep be painted *now* immediately yesterday To accomplish this would require the hiring of a special crew of painters to work all night, at overtime rates, which in turn meant that the order had to be bucked back up the line for further approval When it finally got back to Sinatra's desk, he did not know what it was all about after he had figured it out he confessed with a tired look on his face, that he did not care when the hell they painted his jeep

Yet it would have been unwise for anyone to anticipate his reaction, for he is a wholly unpredictable man of many moods and great dimension, a man who responds instantaneously to instinct—suddenly, dramatically, wildly he responds, and nobody can predict what will follow A young lady named Jane Hoag, a reporter at *Life*'s Los Angeles bureau who had attended the same school as Sinatra's daughter, Nancy, had once been invited to a party at Mrs Sinatra's California home at which Frank Sinatra, who maintains very cordial relations with his former wife acted as host. Early in the party Miss Hoag, while leaning against a table accidentally with her elbow knocked over one of a pair of alabaster birds to the floor, smashing it to pieces. Suddenly, Miss Hoag recalled, Sinatra's daughter cried, "Oh that was one of mother's favorite . . ."—but before she could complete the sentence, Sinatra glared at her, cutting her off and while forty other guests in the room all stared in silence, Sinatra walked over quickly with his finger flicked the *other* alabaster bird off the table smashing it to pieces, and then put an arm gently around Jane Hoag and said in a way that put her completely at ease, "That's okay kid"

NOW SINATRA said a few words to the blondes Then he turned from the bar and began to walk toward the poolroom One of Sinatra's other men friends moved in to keep the girls company. Brad Dexter, who had been standing in the corner talking to some other people now followed Sinatra.

The room cracked with the click of billiard balls. There were about a dozen spectators in the room most of them young men who were watching Leo Durocher shoot against two other aspiring hustlers who were not very good This private drinking club has among its membership many actors, directors writers models nearly all of them a good deal younger than Sinatra or Durocher and much more casual in the way they dress for the evening Many of the young women, their long hair flowing loosely below their shoulders wore tight, fanny-fitting Jax pants and very expensive sweaters; and a few of the young men wore blue or green velour shirts with high collars and narrow tight pants and Italian loafers

It was obvious from the way Sinatra looked at these people in the poolroom that they were not his style, but he leaned back against a high stool that was against the wall holding his drink in his right hand, and said nothing just watched Durocher slam the billiard balls back and forth The younger men in the room accustomed to seeing Sinatra at this club treated him without deference, although they said nothing offensive They were a cool young group very California-cool and casual and one of the coolest seemed to be a little guy, very quick of movement who had a sharp profile pale blue eyes, blondish hair, and squared eyeglasses He wore a pair of brown corduroy slacks a green shaggy-dog Shetland sweater, a tan suede jacket and Game Warden boots for which he had recently paid $60

Frank Sinatra leaning against the stool, sniffling a bit from his cold, could not take his eyes off the Game Warden boots Once, after gazing at them for a few moments, he turned away; but now he was focused on them again The owner of the boots, who was just standing in them watching the pool game, was named Harlan Ellison, a writer who had just completed work on a screenplay, *The Oscar*

Finally Sinatra could not contain himself

"Hey " he yelled in his slightly harsh voice that still had a soft, sharp edge. "Those Italian boots?"

"No," Ellison said.

"Spanish?"

"No."

"Are they *English* boots?"

"Look, I donno, man" Ellison shot back, frowning at Sinatra, then turning away again.

Now the poolroom was suddenly silent. Leo Durocher who had been poised behind his cue stick and was bent low just froze in that position for a second Nobody moved Then Sinatra moved away from the stool and walked with that slow, arrogant swagger of his toward Ellison the hard tap of Sinatra's shoes the only sound in the room Then looking down at Ellison with a slightly raised eyebrow and a tricky little smile Sinatra asked "You expecting a *storm*?"

Harlan Ellison moved a step to the side. "Look is there any reason why you're talking to me?"

"I don't like the way you're dressed" Sinatra said

"Hate to shake you up" Ellison said "but I dress to suit myself"

Now there was some rumbling in the room and somebody said "Com'on Harlan let's get out of here," and Leo Durocher made his pool shot and said, "Yeah com'on"

But Ellison stood his ground

Sinatra said, "What do you do?"

"I'm a plumber," Ellison said.

"No no he's not," another young man quickly yelled from across the table. "He wrote *The Oscar*"

"Oh yeah " Sinatra said, "well I've seen it, and it's a piece of crap."

"That's strange," Ellison said, "because they haven't even released it yet"

"Well I've seen it," Sinatra repeated "and it's a piece of crap"

Now Brad Dexter, very anxious, very big opposite the small figure of Ellison said, "Com'on kid I don't want you in this room."

"*Hey*" Sinatra interrupted Dexter, "can't you see I'm talking to this guy?"

Dexter was confused Then his whole attitude changed and his voice went soft and he said to Ellison, almost with a plea, "*Why do you persist in tormenting me?*"

The whole scene was becoming ridiculous and it seemed that Sinatra was only half serious, perhaps just reacting out of sheer boredom or inner despair; at any rate after a few more exchanges Harlan Ellison left the room By this time the word had gotten out to those on the dance floor about the Sinatra-Ellison exchange, and somebody went to look for the manager of the club But somebody else said that the manager had already heard about it—and had quickly gone out the door, hopped in his car and drove home. So the assistant manager went into the poolroom

"I don't want anybody in here without coats and ties," Sinatra snapped.

The assistant manager nodded, and walked back to his office

IT WAS the morning after It was the beginning of another nervous day for Sinatra's press agent, Jim Mahoney Mahoney had a headache and he was worried but not over the Sinatra-Ellison incident of the night before At the time Mahoney had been with his wife at a table in the other room and possibly he had not even been aware of the little drama The whole thing had lasted only about three minutes And three minutes after it was over Frank Sinatra had probably forgotten about it for the rest of his life—as Ellison will probably remember it for the rest of *his* life he had had as hundreds of others before him, at an unexpected moment between darkness and dawn, a scene with Sinatra

Drawings by Ed Sorel

It was just as well that Mahoney had not been in the poolroom; he had enough on his mind today. He was worried about Sinatra's cold and worried about the controversial CBS documentary that, despite Sinatra's protests and withdrawal of permission, would be shown on television in less than two weeks. The newspapers this morning were full of hints that Sinatra might sue the network, and Mahoney's phones were ringing without pause, and now he was plugged into New York talking to the *Daily News*'s Kay Gardella, saying: ". . . that's right, Kay . . . they made a gentleman's agreement to not ask certain questions about Frank's private life, and then Cronkite went right ahead: 'Frank, tell me about those associations.' *That* question, Kay—*out!* That question should never have been asked. . . ."

As he spoke, Mahoney leaned back in his leather chair, his head shaking slowly. He is a powerfully built man of thirty-seven; he has a round, ruddy face, a heavy jaw, and narrow pale eyes, and he might appear pugnacious if he did not speak with such clear, soft sincerity and if he were not so meticulous about his clothes. His suits and shoes are superbly tailored, which was one of the first things Sinatra noticed about him, and in his spacious office opposite the bar is a red-muff electrical shoe polisher and a pair of brown wooden shoulders on a stand over which Mahoney can drape his jackets. Near the bar is an autographed photograph of President Kennedy and a few pictures of Frank Sinatra, but there are none of Sinatra in any other rooms in Mahoney's public-relations agency; there once was a large photograph of him hanging in the reception room but this apparently bruised the egos of some of Mahoney's other movie-star clients and, since Sinatra never shows up at the agency anyway, the photograph was removed.

Still, Sinatra seems ever present, and if Mahoney did not have legitimate worries about Sinatra, as he did today, he could invent them—and, as worry aids, he surrounds himself with little mementos of moments in the past when he did worry. In his shaving kit there is a two-year-old box of sleeping tablets dispensed by a Reno druggist—the date on the bottle marks the kidnapping of Frank Sinatra Jr. There is on a table in Mahoney's office a mounted wood reproduction of Frank Sinatra's ransom note written on the aforementioned occasion. One of Mahoney's mannerisms, when he is sitting at his desk worrying, is to tinker with the tiny toy train he keeps in front of him—the train is a souvenir from the Sinatra film *Von Ryan's Express*; it is to men who are close to Sinatra what the PT-109 tie clasps are to men who were close to Kennedy—and Mahoney then proceeds to roll the little train back and forth on the six inches of track; back and forth, back and forth, click-*clack* click-*clack*. It is his Queeg-thing.

Now Mahoney quickly put aside the little train. His secretary told him there was a *very* important call on the line. Mahoney picked it up, and his voice was even softer and more sincere than before. "Yes, Frank," he said. "Right . . . right . . . yes, Frank. . . ."

When Mahoney put down the phone, quietly, he announced that Frank Sinatra had left in his private jet to spend the weekend at his home in Palm Springs, which is a sixteen-minute flight from his home in Los Angeles. Mahoney was now worried again. The Lear jet that Sinatra's pilot would be flying was identical, Mahoney said, to the one that had just crashed in another part of California.

ON THE following Monday, a cloudy and unseasonably cool California day, more than one hundred people gathered inside a white television studio, an enormous room dominated by a white stage, white walls, and with dozens of lights and lamps dangling: it rather resembled a gigantic operating room. In this room, within an hour or so, NBC was scheduled to begin taping a one-hour show that would be televised in color on the night of November 24 and would highlight, as much as it could in the limited time, the twenty-five-year career of Frank Sinatra as a public entertainer. It would not attempt to probe, as the forthcoming CBS *Sinatra* documentary allegedly would, that area of Sinatra's life that he regards as private. The NBC show would be mainly an hour of Sinatra singing some of the hits that carried him from Hoboken to Hollywood, a show that would be interrupted only now and then by a few film clips and commercials for Budweiser beer. Prior to his cold, Sinatra had been very excited about this show; he saw here an opportunity to appeal not only to those nostalgic, but also to communicate his talent to some rock-and-rollers—in a sense, he was battling The Beatles. The press releases being prepared by Mahoney's agency stressed this, reading: "If you happen to be tired of kid singers wearing mops of hair thick enough to hide a crate of melons . . . it should be refreshing to consider the entertainment value of a video special titled *Sinatra—A Man And His Music* . . ."

But now in this NBC studio in Los Angeles, there was an atmosphere of anticipation and tension because of the uncertainty of the Sinatra voice. The forty-three musicians in Nelson Riddle's orchestra had already arrived and some were up on the white platform warming up. Dwight Hemion, a youthful sandy-haired director who had won praise for his television special on Barbra Streisand, was seated in the glass-enclosed control booth that overlooked the orchestra and stage. The camera crews, technical teams, security guards, Budweiser ad men were also standing between the floor lamps and cameras, waiting, as were a dozen or so ladies who worked as secretaries in other parts of the building but had sneaked away so they could watch this.

A few minutes before eleven o'clock, word spread quickly through the long corridor into the big studio that Sinatra was spotted walking through the parking lot and was on his way, and was looking fine. There seemed great relief among the group that was gathered; but when the lean, sharply dressed figure of the man got closer, and closer, they saw to their dismay that it was not Frank Sinatra. It was his double, Johnny Delgado.

Delgado walks like Sinatra, has Sinatra's build, and from certain facial angles does resemble Sinatra. But he seems a rather shy individual. Fifteen years ago, early in his acting career, Delgado applied for a role in *From Here To Eternity*. He was hired, finding out later that he was to be Sinatra's double. In Sinatra's latest film, *Assault on a Queen*, a story in which Sinatra and some fellow conspirators attempt to hijack the *Queen Mary*, Johnny Delgado doubles for Sinatra in some water scenes; and now, in this NBC studio, his job was to stand under the hot television lights marking Sinatra's spots on the stage for the camera crews.

Five minutes later, the real Frank Sinatra walked in. His face was pale, his blue eyes seemed a bit watery. He had been unable to rid himself of the cold, but he was going to try to sing anyway because the schedule was tight and thousands of dollars were involved at this moment in the assembling of the orchestra and crews and the rental of the studio. But when Sinatra, on his way to his small rehearsal room to warm up his voice, looked into the studio and saw that the stage and orchestra's platform were not close together, as he had specifically requested, his lips tightened and he was obviously very upset. A few moments later, from his rehearsal room, could be heard the pounding of his fist against the top of the piano and the voice of his accompanist, Bill Miller, saying, softly, "Try not to upset yourself, Frank."

Later Jim Mahoney and another man walked in, and there was talk of Dorothy Kilgallen's death in New York earlier that morning. She had been an ardent foe of Sinatra for years, and he became equally uncomplimentary about her in his nightclub act, and now, though she was dead, he did not compromise his feelings. "Dorothy Kilgallen's dead," he repeated, walking out of the room toward the studio. "Well, guess I got to change my whole act."

When he strolled into the studio the musicians all picked up their instruments and stiffened in their seats. Sinatra cleared his throat a few times and then, after rehearsing a few ballads with the orchestra, he sang *Don't Worry About Me* to his satisfaction and, being uncertain of how long his voice could last, suddenly became impatient.

"Why don't we tape this mother?" he called out, looking up toward the glass booth where the director, Dwight Hemion, and his staff were sitting. Their heads seemed to be down, focusing on the control board.

"Why don't we tape this mother?" Sinatra repeated.

The production stage manager, who stands near the camera wearing a headset, repeated Sinatra's words exactly into his line to the control room: "Why don't we tape this mother?"

Hemion did not answer. Possibly his switch was off. It was hard to know because of the obscuring reflections the lights made against the glass booth.

"Why don't we put on a coat and tie," said Sinatra, then wearing a high-necked yellow pullover, "and tape this. . . ."

Suddenly Hemion's voice came over the sound amplifier, very calmly: "Okay, Frank, would you mind going back over . . ."

"Yes I *would* mind going back," Sinatra snapped.

The silence from Hemion's end, which lasted a second or two, was then again interrupted by Sinatra saying, "When we stop doing things around here the way we did them in 1950, maybe we . . ." and Sinatra continued to tear into Hemion, condemning as well the lack of modern techniques in putting such shows together; then, possibly not wanting to use his voice unnecessarily, he stopped. And Dwight Hemion, very patient, so patient and calm that one would assume he had not heard anything that Sinatra had just said, outlined the opening part of the show. And Sinatra a few minutes later was reading his opening remarks, words that would follow *Without a Song*, off the large idiot-cards being held near the camera. Then, this done, he prepared to do the same thing on camera.

"Frank Sinatra Show, Act I, Page 10, Take 1," called a man with a clapboard, jumping in front of the camera—*clap*—then jumping away again.

"Did you ever stop to think," Sinatra began, "what the world would be like without a song? . . . It would be a pretty dreary place. . . . Gives you something to think about, doesn't it? . . ."

Sinatra stopped.

"Excuse me," he said, adding, "*Boy, I need a drink*."

They tried it again.

"Frank Sinatra Show, Act I, Page 10, Take 2," yelled the jumping guy with the clapboard.

"Did you ever stop to think what the world would be like without a song? . . ." Frank Sinatra read it through this time without stopping. Then he rehearsed a few more songs, once or twice interrupting the orchestra when a certain instrumental sound was not quite what he wanted. It was hard to tell how well his voice was going to hold up, for this was early in the show; up to this point, however, everybody in the room seemed pleased, particularly when he sang an old sentimental favorite written more than twenty years ago by Jimmy Van Heusen and Phil Silvers—*Nancy*, inspired by the first of Sinatra's three children when she was just a few years old.

"If I don't see her each day
I miss her . . .
Gee what a thrill
Each time I kiss her . . ."

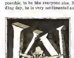
As Sinatra sang these words, though he has sung them hundreds and hundreds of times in the past, it was suddenly obvious to everybody in the studio that something quite special must be going on inside the man, because something quite special was coming out. He was singing now, cold or no cold, with power and warmth, he was letting himself go, the public arrogance was gone, the private side was in this song about the girl who, it is said, understands him better than anybody else, and is the only person in front of whom he can be unashamedly himself.

Nancy is twenty-five. She lives alone, her marriage to singer Tommy Sands having ended in divorce. Her home is in a Los Angeles suburb and she is now making her third film and is recording for her father's record company. She sees him every day; or, if not, he telephones, no matter if it be from Europe or Asia. When Sinatra's singing first became popular on radio, stimulating the swooners, Nancy would listen at home and cry. When Sinatra's first marriage broke up in 1951 and he left home, Nancy was the only child old enough to remember him as a father. She also saw him with Ava Gardner, Juliet Prowse, Mia Farrow, many others, has gone on double dates with him. . . .

"She takes the winter
And makes it summer . . .
Summer could take
Some lessons from her . . ."

Nancy now also sees him visiting at home with his first wife, the former Nancy Barbato, a plasterer's daughter from Jersey City whom he married in 1939 when he was earning $25 a week singing at the Rustic Cabin near Hoboken.

The first Mrs. Sinatra, a striking woman who has never remarried ("When you've been married to Frank Sinatra . . ." she once explained to a friend), lives in a magnificent home in Los Angeles with her younger daughter, Tina, who is seventeen. There is no bitterness, only great respect and affection between Sinatra and his first wife, and he has long been welcome in her home and has even been known to wander in at odd hours, stoke the fire, lie on the sofa and fall asleep. Frank Sinatra can fall asleep anywhere, something he learned when he used to ride bumpy roads with band buses; he also learned at that time, when sitting in a tuxedo, how to pinch the trouser creases in the back and tuck the jacket under and out, and fall asleep perfectly pressed. But he does not ride buses anymore, and his daughter Nancy, who in her younger days felt rejected when he slept on the sofa instead of giving attention to her, later realized that the sofa was one of the few places left in the world where Frank Sinatra could get any privacy, where his famous face would neither be stared at nor cause an abnormal reaction in others. She realized, too, that things normal have always eluded her father: his childhood was one of loneliness and a drive toward attention, and since attaining it he has never again been certain of solitude. Upon looking out the window of a home he once owned in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, he would occasionally see the faces of teen-agers peeking in; and in 1944, after moving to California and buying a home behind a ten-foot fence on Lake Toluca, he discovered that the only way to escape the telephone and other intrusions was to board his paddle boat with a few friends, a card table and a case of beer, and stay afloat all afternoon. But he has tried, insofar as it has been possible, to be like everyone else, Nancy says. He wept on her wedding day, he is very sentimental and sensitive. . . .



WHAT THE HELL are you doing up there, Dwight?"

Silence from the control booth.

"Got a party or something going on up there, *Dwight*?"

Sinatra stood on the stage, arms folded, glaring up across the cameras toward Hemion. Sinatra had sung *Nancy* with probably all he had in his voice on this day. The next few numbers contained raspy notes, and twice his voice completely cracked. But now Hemion was in the control booth out of communication; then he was down in the studio walking over to where Sinatra stood. A few minutes later they both left the studio and were on the way up to the control booth. The tape was replayed for Sinatra. He watched only about five minutes of it before he started to shake his head. Then he said to Hemion: "Forget it, just forget it. You're wasting your time. What you got there," Sinatra said, nodding to the singing image of himself on the television screen, "is a man with a cold." Then he left the control booth, ordering that the whole day's performance be scrubbed and future taping postponed until he had recovered.

SOON THE WORD spread like an emotional epidemic down through Sinatra's staff, then fanned out through Hollywood, then was heard across the nation in Jilly's saloon, and also on the other side of the Hudson River in the homes of Frank Sinatra's parents and his other relatives and friends in New Jersey.

When Frank Sinatra spoke with his father on the telephone and said he was feeling awful, the elder Sinatra reported that *he* was also feeling awful: that his left arm and fist were so stiff with a circulatory condition he could barely use them, adding that the ailment might be the result of having thrown too many left hooks during his days as a bantamweight almost fifty years ago.

Martin Sinatra, a ruddy and tattooed little blue-eyed Sicilian born in Catania, boxed under the name of "Marty O'Brien." In those days, in those places, with the Irish running the lower reaches of city life, it was not uncommon for Italians to wind up with such names. Most of the Italians and Sicilians who migrated to America just prior to the 1900's were poor and uneducated, were excluded from the building-trades unions dominated by the Irish, and were somewhat intimidated by the Irish police, Irish priests, Irish politicians.

One notable exception was Frank Sinatra's mother, Dolly, a large and very ambitious woman who was brought to this country at two months of age by her mother and father, a lithographer from Genoa. In later years Dolly Sinatra, possessing a round red face and blue eyes, was often mistaken for being Irish, and surprised many at the speed with which she swung her heavy handbag at anyone uttering "Wop."

By playing skillful politics with North Jersey's Democratic machine, Dolly Sinatra was to become, in her heyday, a kind of Catherine de Medici of Hoboken's third ward. She could always be counted upon to deliver six hundred votes at election time from her Italian neighborhood, and this was her base of power. When she told one of the politicians that she wanted her husband to be appointed to the Hoboken Fire Department, and was told "But, Dolly, we don't have an opening," she snapped, "*Make* an opening."

They did. Years later she requested that her husband be made a captain, and one day she got a call from one of the political bosses that began, "Dolly, congratulations!"

"For what?"

"*Captain* Sinatra."

"Oh, you finally made him one—thank you very much."

Then she called the Hoboken Fire Department.

"Let me speak to *Captain* Sinatra," she said. The fireman called Martin Sinatra to the phone, saying, "Marty, I think your wife has gone nuts." When he got on the line, Dolly greeted him:

"Congratulations, *Captain* Sinatra!"

Dolly's only child, christened Francis Albert Sinatra, was born and nearly died on December 12, 1915. It was a difficult birth, and during his first moment on earth he received marks he will carry till death—the scars on the left side of his neck being the result of a doctor's clumsy forceps, and Sinatra has chosen not to obscure them with surgery.

After he was six months old, he was reared mainly by his grandmother. His mother had a full-time job as a chocolate dipper with a large firm and was so proficient at it that the firm once offered to send her to the Paris office to train others. While some people in Hoboken remember Frank Sinatra as a lonely child, one who spent many hours on the porch gazing into space, Sinatra was never a slum kid, never in jail, always well-dressed. He had so many pants that some people in Hoboken called him "Slacksey O'Brien."

Dolly Sinatra was not the sort of Italian mother who could be appeased merely by a child's obedience and good appetite. She made many demands on her son, was always very strict. She dreamed of his becoming an aviation engineer. When she discovered Bing Crosby pictures hanging on his bedroom walls one evening, and learned that her son wished to become a singer too, she became infuriated and threw a shoe at him. Later, finding she could not talk him out of it—"he takes after me"—she encouraged his singing.

Many Italo-American boys of his generation were then shooting for the same star—they were strong with song, weak with words, not a big novelist among them: no O'Hara, no Bellow, no Cheever, nor Shaw; yet they could communicate *bel canto*. This was more in their tradition, no need for a diploma; they could, with a song, someday see their names in lights . . . *Perry Como* . . . *Frankie Laine* . . . *Tony Bennett* . . . *Vic Damone* . . . but none could see it better than *Frank Sinatra*.

Though he sang through much of the night at the Rustic Cabin, he was up the next day singing without a fee on New York radio to get more attention. Later he got a job singing with Harry James's band, and it was there in August of 1939 that Sinatra had his first recording hit—*All or Nothing at All*. He became very fond of Harry James and the men in the band, but when he received an offer from Tommy Dorsey, who in those days had probably the best band in the country, Sinatra took it; the job paid $125 a week, and Dorsey knew how to feature a vocalist. Yet Sinatra was very depressed at leaving James's band, and the final night with them was so memorable that, twenty years later, Sinatra could recall the details to a friend: ". . . the bus pulled out with the rest of the boys at about half-past midnight. I'd said good-bye to them all, and it was snowing, I remember. There was nobody around and I stood alone with my suitcase in the snow and watched the taillights disappear. Then the tears started and I tried to run after the bus. There was such spirit and enthusiasm in that band, I hated leaving it . . ."

But he did—as he would leave other warm places, too, in search of something more, never wasting time, trying to do it all in one generation, fighting under his own name, defending underdogs, terrorizing top dogs. He threw a punch at a musician who said something anti-Semitic, espoused the Negro cause two decades before it became fashionable. He also threw a tray of glasses at Buddy Rich when he played the drums too loud.

Sinatra gave away $50,000 worth of gold cigarette lighters before he was thirty, was living an immigrant's wildest dream of America. He arrived suddenly on the scene when DiMaggio was silent, when paisanos were mournful, were quietly defensive about Hitler in their homeland. Sinatra became, in time, a kind of one-man Anti-Defamation League for Italians in America, the sort of organization that would be unlikely for them because, as the theory goes, they rarely agreed on anything, being extreme individualists: fine as soloists, but not so good in a choir; fine as heroes, but not so good in a parade.

When many Italian names were used in describing gangsters on a television show, *The Untouchables*, Sinatra was loud in his disapproval. Sinatra and many thousands of other Italo-Americans were resentful as well when a small-time hoodlum, Joseph Valachi, was brought by Bobby Kennedy into prominence as a Mafia expert, when indeed, from Valachi's testimony on television, he seemed to know less than most waiters on Mulberry Street. Many Italians in Sinatra's circle also regard Bobby Kennedy as something of an Irish cop, more dignified than those in Dolly's day, but no less intimidating. Together with Peter Lawford, Bobby Kennedy is said to have suddenly gotten "cocky" with Sinatra after John Kennedy's election, forgetting the contribution Sinatra had made in both fund raising and in influencing many anti-Irish Italian votes. Lawford and Bobby Kennedy are both suspected of having influenced the late President's decision to stay as a house guest with Bing Crosby instead of Sinatra, as originally planned, a social setback Sinatra may never forget. Peter Lawford has since been drummed out of Sinatra's "summit" in Las Vegas.

"Yes, my son is like me," Dolly Sinatra says, proudly. "You cross him, he never forgets." And while she concedes his power, she quickly points out, "He can't make his mother do anything she doesn't want to do," adding, "Even today, he wears the same brand of underwear I used to buy him."

Today Dolly Sinatra is seventy-one years old, a year or two younger than Martin, and all day long people are knocking on the back door of her large home asking her advice, seeking her influence. When she is not seeing people and not cooking in the kitchen, she is looking after her husband, a silent but stubborn man, and telling him to keep his sore left arm resting on the sponge she has placed on the armrest of a soft chair. "Oh, he went to some terrific fires, this guy did," Dolly said to a visitor, nodding with admiration toward her husband in the chair.

Though Dolly Sinatra has eighty-seven godchildren in Hoboken, and still goes to that city during political campaigns, she now lives with her husband in a beautiful sixteen-room house in Fort Lee, New Jersey. This home was a gift from their son on their fiftieth wedding anniversary three years ago. The home is tastefully furnished and is filled with a remarkable juxtaposition of the pious and the worldly—photographs of Pope John and Ava Gardner, of Pope Paul and Dean Martin, several statues of saints and holy water, a chair autographed by Sammy Davis, Jr., and bottles of bourbon. In Mrs. Sinatra's jewelry box is a magnificent strand of pearls she had just received from Ava Gardner, whom she liked tremendously as a daughter-in-law and still keeps in touch with and talks about; and hung on the wall is a letter addressed to Dolly and Martin: "The sands of time have turned to gold, yet love continues to unfold like the petals of a rose, in God's garden of life . . . may God love you thru all eternity. I thank Him, I thank you for the being of one. Your loving son, Francis . . ."

Mrs. Sinatra talks to her son on the telephone about once a week, and recently he suggested that, when visiting Manhattan, she make use of his apartment on East Seventy-second Street on the East River. This is an expensive neighborhood of New York even though there is a small factory on the block, but this latter fact was seized upon by Dolly Sinatra as a means of getting back at her son for some unflattering descriptions of his childhood in Hoboken.

"What—you want me to stay in your apartment, in *that* dump?" she asked. "You think I'm going to spend the night in *that* awful neighborhood?"

Frank Sinatra got the point, and said, "Excuse *me*, Mrs. Fort Lee."

After spending the week in Palm Springs, his cold much better, Frank Sinatra returned to Los Angeles, a lovely city of sun and sex, a Spanish discovery of Mexican misery, a star land of little men and lithe women sliding in and out of convertibles in tense tight pants.

Sinatra returned in time to see the long-awaited CBS documentary with his family. At about nine p.m. he drove to the home of his former wife, Nancy, and had dinner with her and their two daughters. Their son, whom they rarely see these days, was out of town.

Frank Jr., who is twenty-two, was touring with a band and moving cross country toward a New York engagement at Basin Street East with The Pied Pipers, with whom Frank Sinatra sang when he was with Dorsey's band in the 1940's. Today Frank Sinatra, Jr., whom his father says he named after Franklin D. Roosevelt, lives mostly in hotels, dines each evening in his nightclub dressing room, and sings until two a.m., accepting graciously, because he has no choice, the inevitable comparisons. His voice is smooth and pleasant, and improving with work, and while he is very respectful of his father, he discusses him with objectivity and in an occasional tone of subdued cockiness.

Concurrent with his father's early fame, Frank, Jr., said, was the creation of a "press-release Sinatra" designed to "set him apart from the common man, separate him from the realities: it was suddenly Sinatra, the electric magnate, Sinatra who is supernormal, not super*human*, but super*normal*. And here," Frank, Jr., continued, "is the great fallacy, the great bullshit, for Frank Sinatra is normal, is the guy whom you'd meet on a street corner. But this other thing, the supernormal guise, has affected Frank Sinatra as much as anybody who watches one of his television shows, or reads a magazine article about him.

"Frank Sinatra's life in the beginning was so normal," he said, "that nobody would have guessed in 1934 that this little Italian kid with the curly hair would become the giant, the monster, the great living legend. . . . He met my mother one summer on the beach. She was Nancy Barbato, daughter of Mike Barbato, a Jersey City plasterer. And she meets the fireman's son, Frank, one summer day on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey. Both are Italian, both Roman Catholic, both lower-middle-class summer sweethearts—it is like a million bad movies starring Frankie Avalon. . . .

"They have three children. The first child, Nancy, was the most normal of Frank Sinatra's children. Nancy was a cheerleader, went to summer camp, drove a Chevrolet, had the easiest kind of development centered around the home and family. Next is me. My life with the family is very, very normal up until September of 1958 when, in complete contrast to the rearing of both girls, I am put into a college-preparatory school. I am now away from the inner family circle, and my position within has never been remade to this day. . . . The third child, Tina. And to be dead honest, I really couldn't say what her life is like. . . ."

The CBS show, narrated by Walter Cronkite, began at ten p.m. A minute before that, the Sinatra family, having finished dinner, turned their chairs around and faced the camera, united for whatever disaster might follow. Sinatra's men in other parts of town, in other parts of the nation, were doing the same thing. Sinatra's lawyer, Milton A. Rudin, smoking a cigar, was watching with a keen eye, an alert legal mind. Other sets were watched by Brad Dexter, Jim Mahoney, Ed Pucci, Sinatra's makeup man, "Shotgun" Britton, his New York representative, Henri Giné, his haberdasher, Richard Carroll, his insurance broker, John Lillie, his valet, George Jacobs, a handsome Negro who, when entertaining girls in *his* apartment, plays records by Ray Charles.

And like so much of Hollywood's fear, the apprehension about the CBS show all proved to be without foundation. It was a highly flattering hour that did not deeply probe, as rumors suggested it would, into Sinatra's love life, or the Mafia, or other areas of his private province. While the documentary was not authorized, wrote Jack Gould in the next day's New York *Times*, "it could have been."

Immediately after the show, the telephones began to ring throughout the Sinatra system conveying words of joy and relief—and from New York came Jilly's telegram: "WE RULE THE WORLD!"

THE NEXT DAY, standing in the corridor of the NBC building where he was about to resume taping his show, Sinatra was discussing the CBS show with several of his friends, and he said, "Oh, it was a gas."

"Yeah, Frank, a helluva show."

"But I think Jack Gould was right in The *Times* today," Sinatra said. "There should have been more on the man, not so much on the music. . . ."

They nodded, nobody mentioning the past hysteria in the Sinatra world when it seemed CBS was zeroing in on the man; they just nodded and two of them laughed about Sinatra's apparently having gotten the word "bird" on the show—this being a favorite Sinatra word. He often inquires of his cronies, "How's your bird?"; and when he nearly drowned in Hawaii he later explained, "Just got a little water on my bird"; and under a large photograph of him holding a whisky bottle, a photo that hangs in the home of an actor friend named Dick Bakalyan, the inscription reads: "Drink, Dickie! It's good for your bird." In the song, *Come Fly With Me*, Sinatra sometimes alters the lyrics—". . . just say the words and we'll take our birds down to Acapulco Bay. . . ."

Ten minutes later Sinatra, following the orchestra, walked into the NBC studio which did not resemble in the slightest the scene here of eight days ago. On this occasion Sinatra was in fine voice, he cracked jokes between numbers, nothing could upset him. Once, while he was singing *How Can I Ignore the Girl Next Door*, standing on the stage next to a tree, a television camera mounted on a vehicle came rolling in too close and plowed against the tree.

"Kee-rist!" yelled one of the technical assistants.

But Sinatra seemed hardly to notice it.

"We've had a slight accident," he said, calmly. Then he began the song all over from the beginning.

When the show was over, Sinatra watched the rerun on the monitor in the control room. He was very pleased, shaking hands with Dwight Hemion and his assistants. Then the whisky bottles were opened in Sinatra's dressing room. Pat Lawford was there, and so were Andy Williams and a dozen others. The telegrams and telephone calls continued to be received from all over the country with praise for the CBS show. There was even a call, Mahoney said, from the CBS producer, Don Hewitt, with whom Sinatra had been so angry a few days before. And Sinatra was *still* angry, feeling that CBS had betrayed him, though the show itself was not objectionable.

"Shall I drop a line to Hewitt?" Mahoney asked.

"Can you send a fist through the mail?" Sinatra asked.

He has everything, he cannot sleep, he gives nice gifts, he is not happy, but he would not trade, even for happiness, what he is. . . .

He is a piece of our past—but only we have aged, he hasn't . . . we are dogged by domesticity, he isn't . . . we have compunctions, he doesn't . . . it is our fault, not his. . . .

He controls the menus of every Italian restaurant in Los Angeles; if you want North Italian cooking, fly to Milan. . . .

Men follow him, imitate him, fight to be near him . . . there is something of the locker room, the barracks about him . . . bird . . . bird . . .

He believes you must play it big, wide, expansively—the more open you are, the more you take in, your dimensions deepen, you grow, you become more what you are—bigger, richer. . . .

"He is better than anybody else, or at least they think he is, and he has to live up to it."
—Nancy Sinatra, Jr.

"He is calm on the outside—inwardly a million things are happening to him."
—Dick Bakalyan

"He has an insatiable desire to live every moment to its fullest because, I guess, he feels that right around the corner is extinction."
—Brad Dexter

"All I ever got out of any of my marriages was the two years Artie Shaw financed on an analyst's couch." —Ava Gardner

"We weren't mother and son—we were buddies." —Dolly Sinatra

"I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel." —Frank Sinatra

Frank Sinatra was tired of all the talk, the gossip, the theory—tired of reading quotes about himself, of hearing what people were saying about him all over town. It had been a tedious three weeks, he said, and now he just wanted to get away, go to Las Vegas, let off some steam. So he hopped in his jet, soared over the California hills across the Nevada flats, then over miles and miles of desert to The Sands and the Clay-Patterson fight.

On the eve of the fight he stayed up all night and slept through most of the afternoon, though his recorded voice could be heard singing in the lobby of The Sands, in the gambling casino, even in the toilets, being interrupted every few bars however by the paging public address: "... Telephone call for Mr. Ron Fish, Mr. Ron Fish ... *with a ribbon of gold in her hair* ... Telephone call for Mr. Herbert Rothstein, Mr. Herbert Rothstein ... *memories of a time so bright, keep me sleepless through dark endless nights* ..."

Standing around in the lobby of The Sands and other hotels up and down the strip on this afternoon before the fight were the usual prefight prophets: the gamblers, the old champs, the little cigar butts from Eighth Avenue, the sportswriters who knock the big fights all year but would never miss one, the novelists who seem always to be identifying with one boxer or another, the local prostitutes assisted by some talent in from Los Angeles, and also a young brunette in a wrinkled black cocktail dress who was at the bell captain's desk crying, "But I want to speak to Mr. Sinatra."

"He's not here," the bell captain said.

"Won't you put me through to his room?"

"There are no messages going through, Miss," he said, and then she turned, unsteadily, seeming close to tears, and walked through the lobby into the big noisy casino crowded with men interested only in money.

Shortly before seven p.m., Jack Entratter, a big grey-haired man who operates The Sands, walked into the gambling room to tell some men around the blackjack table that Sinatra was getting dressed. He also said that he'd been unable to get front-row seats for everybody, and so some of the men—including Leo Durocher, who had a date, and Joey Bishop, who was accompanied by his wife—would not be able to fit in Frank Sinatra's row but would have to take seats in the third row. When Entratter walked over to tell this to Joey Bishop, Bishop's face fell. He did not seem angry; he merely looked at Entratter with an empty silence, seeming somewhat stunned.

"Joey, I'm *sorry*," Entratter said when the silence persisted, "but we couldn't get more than six together in the front row."

Bishop still said nothing. But when they all appeared at the fight, Joey Bishop was in the front row, his wife in the third.

The fight, called a holy war between Muslims and Christians, was preceded by the introduction of three balding ex-champions, Rocky Marciano, Joe Louis, Sonny Liston—and then there was *The Star-Spangled Banner* sung by another man from out of the past, Eddie Fisher. It had been more than fourteen years ago, but Sinatra could still remember every detail: Eddie Fisher was then the new king of the baritones, with Billy Eckstine and Guy Mitchell right with him, and Sinatra had been long counted out. One day he remembered walking into a broadcasting studio past dozens of Eddie Fisher fans waiting outside the hall, and when they saw Sinatra they began to jeer, "Frankie, Frankie, I'm *swooning*, I'm *swooning*." This was also the time when he was selling only about 30,000 records a year, when he was dreadfully miscast as a funny man on his television show, and when he recorded such disasters as *Mama Will Bark* with Dagmar.

"I growled and barked on the record," Sinatra said, still horrified by the thought. "The only good it did me was with the dogs."

His voice and his artistic judgment were incredibly bad in 1952, but even more responsible for his decline, say his friends, was his pursuit of Ava Gardner. She was the big movie queen then, one of the most beautiful women in the world. Sinatra's daughter Nancy recalls seeing Ava swimming one day in her father's pool, then climbing out of the water with that fabulous body, walking slowly to the fire, leaning over it for a few moments, and then it suddenly seemed that her long dark hair was all dry, miraculously and effortlessly back in place.

With most women Sinatra dates, his friends say, he never knows whether they want him for what he can do for them now—or will do for them later. With Ava Gardner, it was different. He could do nothing for her later. She was on top. If Sinatra learned anything from his experience with her, he possibly learned that when a proud man is down a woman cannot help. Particularly a woman on top.

Nevertheless, despite a tired voice, some deep emotion seeped into his singing during this time. One particular song that is well remembered even now is *I'm A Fool to Want You*, and a friend who was in the studio when Sinatra recorded it recalled: "Frank was really worked up that night. He did the song in one take, then turned around and walked out of the studio and that was that. ..."

Sinatra's manager at that time, a former song plugger named Hank Sanicola, said, "Ava loved Frank, but not the way he loved her. He needs a great deal of love. He wants it twenty-four hours a day, he must have people around—Frank is that kind of guy." Ava Gardner, Sanicola said, "was very insecure. She feared she could not really hold a man ... twice he went chasing her to Africa, wasting his own career. ..."

"Ava didn't want Frank's men hanging around all the time," another friend said, "and this got him mad. With Nancy he used to be able to bring the whole band home with him, and Nancy, the good Italian wife, would never complain—she'd just make everybody a plate of spaghetti."

In 1953, after almost two years of marriage, Sinatra and Ava Gardner were divorced. Sinatra's mother reportedly arranged a reconciliation, but if Ava was willing, Frank Sinatra was not. He was seen with other women. The balance had shifted. Somewhere during this period Sinatra seemed to change from the kid singer, the boy actor in the sailor suit, to a man. Even before he had won the Oscar in 1953 for his role in *From Here to Eternity*, some flashes of his old talent were coming through—in his recording of *The Birth of the Blues*, in his Riviera-nightclub appearance that jazz critics enthusiastically praised; and there was also a trend now toward L.P.'s and away from the quick three-minute deal, and Sinatra's concert style would have capitalized on this with or without an Oscar.

In 1954, totally committed to his talent once more, Frank Sinatra was selected Metronome's 'Singer of the Year,' and later he won the U.P.I. disc-jockey poll, unseating Eddie Fisher—who now, in Las Vegas, having sung *The Star-Spangled Banner*, climbed out of the ring, and the fight began.

Floyd Patterson chased Clay around the ring in the first round, but was unable to reach him, and from then on he was Clay's toy, the bout ending in a technical knockout in the twelfth round. A half hour later, nearly everybody had forgotten about the fight and was back at the gambling tables or lining up to buy tickets for the Dean Martin-Sinatra-Bishop nightclub routine on the stage of The Sands. This routine, which includes Sammy Davis, Jr. when he is in town, consists of a few songs and much cutting up, all of it very informal, very special, and rather ethnic—Martin, a drink in hand, asking Bishop: "Did you ever see a Jew jitsu?"; and Bishop playing a Jewish waiter, warning the two Italians to watch out "because I got my own group—the *Matzia*."

Then after the last show at The Sands, the Sinatra crowd, which now numbered about twenty—and included Jilly, who had flown in from New York; Jimmy Cannon, Sinatra's favorite sports columnist; Harold Gibbons, a Teamster official expected to take over if Hoffa goes to jail—all got into a line of cars and headed for another club. It was three o'clock. The night was young.

They stopped at The Sahara, taking a long table near the back, and listened to a baldheaded little comedian named Don Rickles, who is probably more caustic than any comic in the country. His humor is so rude, in *such* bad taste, that it offends no one—it is too offensive to be offensive. Spotting Eddie Fisher among the audience, Rickles proceeded to ridicule him as a lover, saying it was no wonder that he could not handle Elizabeth Taylor; and when two businessmen in the audience acknowledged that they were Egyptians, Rickles cut into them for their country's policy toward Israel; and he strongly suggested that the woman seated at one table with her husband was actually a hooker.

When the Sinatra crowd walked in, Don Rickles could not be more delighted. Pointing to Jilly, Rickles yelled: "How's it feel to be Frank's tractor? ... Yeah, Jilly keeps walking in front of Frank clearing the way." Then, nodding to Durocher, Rickles said, "Stand up, Leo, show Frank how you slide." Then he focused on Sinatra, not failing to mention Mia Farrow, nor that he was wearing a toupee, nor to say that Sinatra was washed up as a singer, and when Sinatra laughed, everybody laughed, and Rickles pointed toward Bishop: "Joey Bishop keeps checking with Frank to see what's funny."

Then, after Rickles told some Jewish jokes, Dean Martin stood up and yelled, "Hey, you're always talking about the Jews, never about the Italians," and Rickles cut him off with, "What do we need the Italians for—all they do is keep the flies off our fish."

Sinatra laughed, they all laughed, and Rickles went on this way for nearly an hour until Sinatra, standing up, said, "All right, com'on, get this thing over with. I gotta go."

"Shaddup and sit down!" Rickles snapped. "I've had to listen to you sing ..."

"Who do you think you're talking to?" Sinatra yelled back.

"Dick Haymes," Rickles replied, and Sinatra laughed again, and then Dean Martin, pouring a bottle of whisky over his head, entirely drenching his tuxedo, pounded the table.

"Who would ever believe that staggering would make a star?" Rickles said, but Martin called out, "Hey, I wanna make a speech."

"Shaddup."

"No, Don, I wanna tell ya," Dean Martin persisted, "that I think you're a great performer."

"Well, thank you, Dean," Rickles said, seeming pleased.

"But don't go by me," Martin said, plopping down into his seat, "I'm drunk."

"I'll buy that," Rickles said.

Y FOUR A.M. Frank Sinatra led the group out of The Sahara, some of them carrying their glasses of whisky with them, sipping it along the sidewalk and in the cars; then, returning to The Sands, they walked into the gambling casino. It was still packed with people, the roulette wheels spinning, the crapshooters screaming in the far corner.

Frank Sinatra, holding a shot glass of bourbon in his left hand, walked through the crowd. He, unlike some of his friends, was perfectly pressed, his tuxedo tie precisely pointed, his shoes unsmudged. He never seems to lose his dignity, never lets his guard completely down no matter how much he has drunk, nor how long he has been up. He never sways when he walks, like Dean Martin, nor does he ever dance in the aisles or jump up on tables, like Sammy Davis.

A part of Sinatra, no matter where he is, is never there. There is always a part of him, though sometimes a small part, that remains *Il Padrone*. Even now, resting his shot glass on the blackjack table, facing the dealer, Sinatra stood a bit back from the table, not leaning against it. He reached under his tuxedo jacket into his trouser pocket and came up with a thick but clean wad of bills. Gently he peeled off a one-hundred-dollar bill and placed it on the green-felt table. The dealer dealt him two cards. Sinatra called for a third card, overbid, lost the hundred.

Without a change of expression, Sinatra put down a second hundred-dollar bill. He lost that. Then he put down a third, and lost that. Then he placed two one-hundred-dollar bills on the table and lost those. Finally, putting his sixth hundred-dollar bill on the table, and losing it, Sinatra moved away from the table, nodding to the man, and announcing, "Good dealer."

The crowd that had gathered around him now opened up to let him through. But a woman stepped in front of him, handing him a piece of paper to autograph. He signed it and then *he* said, "Thank you."

In the rear of The Sands' large dining room was a long table reserved for Sinatra. The dining room was fairly empty at this hour, with perhaps two dozen other people in the room, including a table of four unescorted young ladies sitting near Sinatra. On the other side of the room, at another long table, sat seven men shoulder-to-shoulder against the wall, two of them wearing dark glasses, all of them eating quietly, speaking hardly a word, just sitting and eating and missing nothing.

The Sinatra party, after getting settled and having a few more drinks, ordered something to eat. The table was about the same size as the one reserved for Sinatra whenever he is at Jilly's in New York, and the people seated around this table in Las Vegas were many of the same people who are often seen with Sinatra at Jilly's or at a restaurant in California, or in Italy, or in New Jersey, or wherever Sinatra happens to be. When Sinatra sits to dine, his trusted friends are close, and no matter where he is, no matter how elegant the place may be, there is something of the neighborhood showing because Sinatra, no matter how far he has come, is still something of the boy from the neighborhood—only now he can take his neighborhood with him.

In some ways, this quasi-family affair at a reserved table in a public place is the closest thing Sinatra now has to home life. Perhaps, having had a home and left it, this approximation is as close as he cares to come, although this does not seem precisely so because he speaks with such warmth about his family, keeps in close touch with his first wife, and insists that she make no decision without first consulting him. He is always eager to place his furniture or other mementos of himself in her home or his daughter Nancy's, and he also is on amiable terms with Ava Gardner. When he was in Italy making *Von Ryan's Express*, they spent some time together, being pursued wherever they went by the *paparazzi*. It was reported then that the *paparazzi* had made Sinatra a collective offer of $16,000 if he would pose with Ava Gardner; Sinatra was said to have made a counter offer of $32,000 if he could break one *paparazzi* arm and leg.

While Sinatra is often delighted that he can be in his home completely without people, enabling him to read and think without interruption, there are occasions when he finds himself alone at night, and not by choice. He may have dialed a half dozen women, and for one reason or another they are all unavailable. So he will call his valet, George Jacobs.

"I'll be coming home for dinner tonight, George."

"How many will there be?"

"Just myself," Sinatra will say. "I want something light, I'm not very hungry."

George Jacobs is a twice-divorced man of thirty-six who resembles Billy Eckstine. He has traveled all over the world with Sinatra and is devoted to him. Jacobs lives in a comfortable bachelor's apartment off Sunset Boulevard around the corner from Whiskey à Go Go, and he is known around town for the assortment of frisky California girls he has as friends—a few of whom, he concedes, were possibly drawn to him initially because of his closeness to Frank Sinatra.

When Sinatra arrives, Jacobs will serve him dinner in the dining room. Then Sinatra will tell Jacobs that he is free to go home. If Sinatra, on such evenings, should ask Jacobs to stay longer, or to play a few hands of poker, he would be happy to do so. But Sinatra never does.

HIS WAS his second night in Las Vegas, and Frank Sinatra sat with friends in The Sands' dining room until nearly eight a.m. He slept through much of the day, then flew back to Los Angeles, and on the following morning he was driving his little golf cart through the Paramount Pictures movie lot. He was scheduled to complete two final scenes with the sultry blonde actress, Virna Lisi, in the film *Assault on a Queen*. As he maneuvered the little vehicle up the road between the big studio buildings, he spotted Steve Rossi who, with his comedy partner Marty Allen, was making a film in an adjoining studio with Nancy Sinatra.

"Hey, Dago," he yelled to Rossi, "stop kissing Nancy."

"It's part of the film, Frank," Rossi said, turning as he walked

"In the garage?"

"It's my Dago blood, Frank."

"Well cool it." Sinatra said, winking, then cutting his golf cart around a corner and parking it outside a big drab building within which the scenes for *Assault* would be filmed.

"Where's the fat director?" Sinatra called out, striding into the studio that was crowded with dozens of technical assistants and actors all gathered around cameras. The director, Jack Donohue, a large man who has worked with Sinatra through twenty-two years on one production or other, has had headaches with this film. The script had been chopped, the actors seemed restless, and Sinatra had become bored. But now there were only two scenes left—a short one to be filmed in the pool, and a longer and passionate one featuring Sinatra and Virna Lisi to be shot on a simulated beach.

The pool scene, which dramatizes a situation where Sinatra and his hijackers fail in their attempt to sack the *Queen Mary*, went quickly and well. After Sinatra had been kept in the water shoulder high for a few minutes, he said, "Let's move it, fellows—it's cold in this water, and I've just gotten over one cold."

So the camera crews moved in closer, Virna Lisi splashed next to Sinatra in the water, and Jack Donohue yelled to his assistants operating the fans, "Get the waves going," and another man gave the command, "*Agitate!*" and Sinatra broke out in song, "Agitate in rhythm," then quieted down just before the cameras started to roll.

Frank Sinatra was on the beach in the next situation, supposedly gazing up at the stars, and Virna Lisi was to approach him, toss one of her shoes near him to announce her presence, then sit near him and prepare for a passionate session. Just before beginning, Miss Lisi made a practice toss of her shoe toward the prone figure of Sinatra sprawled on the beach. As she tossed her shoe, Sinatra called out, "Hit me in my bird and I'm going home."

Virna Lisi, who understands little English and certainly none of Sinatra's special vocabulary, looked confused, but everybody behind the camera laughed. She threw the shoe toward him. It twirled in the air, landed on his stomach.

"Well, that's about three inches too high," he announced. She again was puzzled by the laughter behind the camera.

Then Jack Donohue had them rehearse their lines, and Sinatra, still very charged from the Las Vegas trip, and anxious to get the cameras rolling, said, "Let's try one." Donohue, not certain that Sinatra and Lisi knew their lines well enough, nevertheless said okay, and an assistant with a clapboard called "419, Take 1," and Virna Lisi approached with the shoe, tossed it at Frank lying on the beach. It fell short of his thigh, and Sinatra's right eye raised almost imperceptibly, but the crew got the message, smiled.

"What do the stars tell you tonight?" Miss Lisi said, delivering her first line, and sitting next to Sinatra on the beach.

"The stars tell me tonight I'm an idiot," Sinatra said, "a gold-plated idiot to get mixed up in this thing . . ."

"Cut!" Donohue said. There were some microphone shadows on the sand, and Virna Lisi was not sitting in the proper place near Sinatra.

"419, Take 2," the clapboard man called.

Miss Lisi again approached, threw the shoe at him, this time falling short—Sinatra exhaling only slightly—and she said, "What do the stars tell you tonight?"

"The stars tell me I'm an idiot, a gold-plated idiot to get mixed up in this thing . . ." Then, according to the script, Sinatra was to continue, ". . . do you know what we're getting into? The minute we step on the deck of the *Queen Mary*, we've just tattooed ourselves," but Sinatra, who often improvises on lines, recited them: ". . . do you know what we're getting into? The minute we step on the deck of that mother's-ass ship . . ."

"*No, no*," Donohue interrupted, shaking his head, "I don't think that's right."

The cameras stopped, some people laughed, and Sinatra looked up from his position in the sand as if he had been unfairly interrupted.

"I don't see why that can't work . . ." he began, but Richard Conte, standing behind the camera, yelled, "It won't play in London."

Donohue pushed his hand through his thinning grey hair and said, but not really in anger, "You know, that scene was pretty good until somebody blew the line . . ."

"Yeah," agreed the cameraman, Billy Daniels, his head popping out from around the camera, "it was a pretty good piece . . ."

"Watch your language," Sinatra cut in. Then Sinatra, who has a genius for figuring out ways of not reshooting scenes, suggested a way in which the film could be used and the "mother" line could be rerecorded later. This met with approval. Then the cameras were rolling again, Virna Lisi was leaning toward Sinatra in the sand, and then he pulled her down close to him. The camera now moved in for a close up of their faces, ticking away for a few long seconds, but Sinatra and Lisi did not stop kissing, they just lay together in the sand wrapped in one another's arms, and then Virna Lisi's left leg just slightly began to rise a bit, and everybody in the studio now watched in silence, not saying anything until Donohue finally called out:

"If you ever get through, let me know. I'm running out of film."

Then Miss Lisi got up, straightened out her white dress, brushed back her blonde hair and touched her lipstick, which was smeared. Sinatra got up, a little smile on his lips, and headed for his dressing room.

Passing an older man who stood near a camera, Sinatra asked, "How's your Bell & Howell?"

The older man smiled.

"It's fine, Frank."

"Good."

In his dressing room Sinatra was met by an automobile designer who had the plans for Sinatra's new custom-built model to replace the $25,000 Ghia he has been driving for the last few years. He also was awaited by his secretary, Tom Conroy, who had a bag full of fan mail, including a letter from New York's Mayor John Lindsay, and by Bill Miller, Sinatra's pianist, who would rehearse some of the songs that would be recorded later in the evening for Sinatra's newest album, *Moonlight Sinatra*.

While Sinatra does not mind hamming it up a bit on a movie set, he is extremely serious about his recording sessions; as he explained to a British writer, Robin Douglas-Home: "Once you're on that record singing, it's you and you alone. If it's bad and gets you criticized, it's you who's to blame—no one else. If it's good, it's also you. With a film it's never like that; there are producers and scriptwriters, and hundreds of men in offices and the thing is taken right out of your hands. With a record, you're *it* . . ."

But now the days are short
I'm in the autumn of the year
And now I think of my life
As vintage wine
From fine old kegs

It no longer matters what song he is singing, or who wrote the words—they are all *his* words, *his* sentiments, they are chapters from the lyrical novel of his life.

Life is a beautiful thing
As long as I hold the string

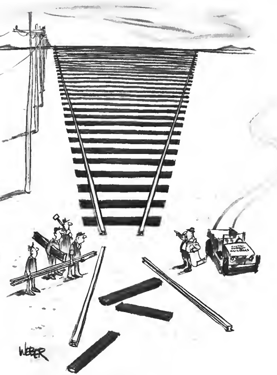
When Frank Sinatra drives to the studio, he seems to dance out of the car across the sidewalk into the front door; then, snapping his fingers, he is standing in front of the orchestra in an intimate, airtight room, and soon he is dominating every man, every instrument, every sound wave. Some of the musicians have accompanied him for twenty-five years, have gotten old hearing him sing *You Make Me Feel So Young*.

When his voice is on, as it was tonight, Sinatra is in ecstasy, the room becomes electric, there is an excitement that spreads through the orchestra and is felt in the control booth where a dozen men, Sinatra's friends, wave at him from behind the glass. One of the men is the Dodgers' pitcher, Don Drysdale ("Hey, Big D," Sinatra calls out, "*hey, baby*!"); another is the professional golfer, Bo Wininger; there are also numbers of pretty women standing in the booth behind the engineers, women who smile at Sinatra and softly move their bodies to the mellow mood of his music:

"Will this be moon love
Nothing but moon love
Will you be gone when the dawn
Comes stealing through . . ."

After he is finished, the record is played

(Continued on page 152)



"Look here, men, shouldn't that be the other way around?"

COULD THIS JEW BE PRESIDENT?

by Milton Viorst

Devoted older brother behind him,
spirited wife slightly ahead, Senator Jack Javits may update Horatio Alger
in America, nothing's too good for a mensch

Ida Littman Javits, citizen of the Lower East Side by way of Palestine and Vienna, never doubted that there was reality in the American dream. But she wasted no time in wondering whether her youngest boy, whom they called Jakela at home, would ever be President of the United States. No matter how hard things were, God forbid she should have given in to such vanity. With a husband who lived in the Talmud, but worked as a janitor? With a flat crowded with greenhorn *mishpocha*, who paid board only when the sweatshops were at full employment? With a brothel in the adjoining tenement, rats in the cellar, and the kids arriving home from school with faces bloodied by the Wops from the gang on the next block? President of the United States—yet? A lawyer maybe or, with God's help, even a doctor. But President of the United States—even in America that's only for *goyim*.

But Ida Littman Javits would not have believed either that a plaque would be put up in her honor in Safad, where she was born, simply because she was Jakela's mother. So maybe, if she were alive, she wouldn't be so pessimistic. Jews are very stylish these days. There's got to be a first Jewish President, after all. Suppose the Republicans in 1968, desperate for a candidate, admitted that a bloodless Anglo-Saxon hadn't a chance and decided, by whatever unintelligible process they follow, on a Lower East Side Jew. Haven't they done crazier things before? Then suppose that the Democratic candidate got caught in a scandal or dropped dead the day before the election or sold out Chiang Kai-shek to Mao Tse-tung. Why, then Jacob K. Javits would be President of the United States! And wouldn't Ida Littman Javits be surprised and proud.

Jack—as he's always been called outside the family—is one of the few Jewish politicians to become a recognized figure from coast to coast. And what's so amazing about it is that he's such a Jewish Jew. Javits is not a white-collar New England Jew like Ribicoff, a pioneer Alaskan Jew like Gruening, a Western, conservationist Jew like the late Dick Neuberger, or even a multi-generation German Jew like the late Herbert Lehman. He's not even a rich Jew, though he is, as they say, "well-to-do." Jack Javits is a genuine, one-hundred-percent, all-wool-gabardine, Yiddish-speaking Old Country Jew, the kind who knows how to cut a matzoh ball with the side of the spoon without splashing the soup. Javits is a regular Huckleberry Finn Jew. Who knows if someday schoolboys won't learn about George Washington's hatchet, Abe Lincoln's log cabin and Jack Javits' *cheder*? Jacob K. Javits is a folk hero, as American as apples, nuts and raisins on Saturday morning at the synagogue.

Javits is now the most powerful Republican in New York, the most politically potent of states. When it was announced recently that he'd had enough of supporting a perennial loser for President, Nelson Rockefeller took the hint and replied that he no longer would be a candidate. Javits is now for all practical purposes the leader of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention. He'll go to the convention as New York's favorite son. He makes no claim to being the object of a great popular ground swell, but he says, adopting a pose meant to be both jaunty and humble: "Republicans take me very seriously indeed."

At sixty-one, Javits is beyond the ideal age for a Presidential candidate, but he is still young. The gym, the swimming pool and a measured diet keep him at about 175 pounds, distributed as they might be on a wrestler. Javits is far from handsome but—important to a politician—he has presence that commands attention. His face wears the lines of anxiety. His head is almost completely bald. He dresses in well-cut, expensive suits, without looking foppish. Javits long ago shed the inhibiting self-consciousness of the private man and is now regarded as an excellent platform speaker and hand-shaker. As a candidate he would be a formidable competitor.

Javits maintains that if, in 1960, Nixon had picked him instead of Lodge, the outcome of the election probably would have been different. But at the time, he walked in Rockefeller's shadow. Equally significant, he had been linked with the abortive "dump-Nixon" plot in 1956 and concedes that even four years later "maybe I couldn't have stomached Nixon." Today, Javits is on his own, having demonstrated in the 1962 election that, in New York at least, he is a far more appealing candidate than Rockefeller. While winning reelection by almost a million votes, he became the first Republican in modern times to carry the city of New York. Without Javits there probably would have not been a Lindsay as mayor. Javits appears to have found the secret of getting both the Republican vote and the minority vote. With this key to the cities in his pocket, Javits seems to have a weapon that Nixon lacked and which no other Republican possesses.

Javits acknowledges that he could use New York's convention votes to bargain for the Vice-Presidential nomination, which may be a more realistic aspiration for him. But his current plan is to feel his way around the political terrain and count himself out of nothing. He'll speak as often as he can, mostly on college campuses, where, he explains, "there aren't many votes but lots of ferment." Without a blush, Javits announces that his current strategy for achieving higher office is "to project myself into national discussion." After that, he declares, as if he were the plaything of fate, "what's in the cards is."

But Jack Javits has never been the plaything of fate. Kids from the Lower East Side get to the top in politics only by pouncing on fate and beating it into submission. Javits by himself may not have been tough enough to do it on his own. He's smart and shrewd, but he lacks the killer instinct. If he didn't have an older brother named Ben, he might today be a successful insurance executive or cloak and suiter. But Ben was utterly relentless in his determination that both of them were going to make it big. Ben gave Jack the drive. Ben gave him the objectives, the ambition, the conviction that he could really be somebody. If Jack is Cinderella, then Ben is the fairy godmother. It was the older brother who wrestled fate to the ground so the kid brother could hustle on by.

When Jack was born in 1904, his mother had no place to put him except in Ben's bed. Ben, who was ten, accepted his brother immediately, not as a burden but as a responsibility. He had already begun to dominate the family. The boys' father, Morris, was gentle and dignified, even as a janitor, but his qualities were not enough for a family that was frantic to quit the slums. Ben filled the void. Taking Jack by the hand, he led him through the exciting, babbling world of the Lower East Side, a world crowded with generosity and misery and hope and determination. Ben introduced the kid to the concert hall and the Yiddish theatre, street baseball and boxing, the settlement house and socialism, then on to capitalism. Ben, as a boy, was a fiery idealist, mesmerized by Hilquit and Debs and Eastman and the beautiful goals of the Young People's Socialist League. He was a voracious reader and an intense thinker, tantalized by philosophical as well as pragmatic problems. Whatever Ben knew, he told to Jack. Ben trained Jack to read and ponder, scheme and fight and dream. Until Bar Mitzvah age, Jack remained in Ben's bed. By that time, Ben was ready to get Jack a bed of his own.

One Sunday afternoon, Ben informed the old man that he was moving the family out of the Lower East Side and into Brooklyn. Ben had a good job as a bill collector. He even went to law school at night. Ben told his father that he was welcome to join them but, like it or not, he was taking the family away. Too proud to accept the ultimatum, the old man refused to go. For a few months he lived alone, exchanging visits with the family, pushing his broom daily up and down the tenement steps. Then Morris Javits, never reconciled to his failure to make it as a rabbi, took sick and died. His eldest son was by now established in his own business, collecting bad debts. Every night he attended classes at the Fordham Law School in downtown Manhattan. So that he could devote more time to studying, his brother dutifully rode the trolley in from Brooklyn each evening to bring him supper from home in a brown-paper bag. In 1919, a year after Ben received his law degree, he moved the family out of Brooklyn to the Upper West Side of Manhattan. With Ben as their leader, the Javitses were making remarkable strides.

As Jack grew up, he, too, worked hard. At first he helped his mother sell crockery out of a pushcart. Then he ran errands for a Fifth Avenue candy shop. After he finished high school, he tested pipes at a factory in Elizabeth. Then he went on the road to sell printing products from Philadelphia to Roanoke. For a while, he collected bad debts for his brother and, while Ben sought to drum up legal fees, he took his own turn supporting the family. When he had time, he attended night school at Columbia. But he abandoned the B.A. as a goal and shifted to N.Y.U., to emulate his brother in getting a law degree. Jack put in his year of clerkship, naturally, in Ben's office on Chambers Street, and in 1927 was admitted to the bar. The two brothers immediately established the law firm of Javits and Javits and moved into an office that seemed almost splendid on Lower Broadway.

During the dozen years between the stock-market crash and Pearl Harbor, Jack Javits and his brother prospered at the practice of law, without attracting much attention in one way or another. Their specialty was corporate bankruptcy and reorganization work. Ben was particularly adept at the research, Jack at the advocacy. While Jack was developing his genius for debate, Ben was exercising his for making money and, lean as the years were, gathered in a modest fortune for the partnership. Having long since lost his Socialist zeal, Ben was now persuaded that the salvation of the world lay in high finance. Jack, at this juncture, was of no definable persuasion, either political or philosophical. He was liberal, but a registered Republican. He was enthusiastic about LaGuardia, but supported Roosevelt in 1940. "I had," he says with some remorse, "no real involvement in such important issues of the day as the Spanish Civil War, as so many people properly did. I didn't go off to fight with the Lincoln Brigade." He read a great deal and, in contrast to his *heimische* brother, played a bit at being a gay blade. In 1936, he married Marjorie Ringling, the circus heiress, but when she divorced him three years later, it was a matter of indifference to him. Javits concedes that as he approached forty, he was bored with the routine of small-time society and a law practice that was getting him nothing but rich. When the war broke out, he saw it as an opportunity to break away and get out into the world.

Javits regards the beginning of the war in Europe as the turning point in his life. It galvanized him into a realization that he wanted to do more than just watch passively as the world went by. He tried several times to enlist but was rejected because of age. After a chance meeting with a general at a dinner party, he volunteered as a dollar-a-year civilian in the Army's Chemical Warfare branch in Washington. By the Fall of 1941, he was working full time in Chemical Warfare at a dollar a year. In the Spring of 1942, when it became clear that he could no longer perform his functions as a civilian, he was commissioned as a major. Though he was average, he insisted on taking six weeks of basic training with the teen-age recruits. Then he returned to Washington to reorganize an important segment of the Chemical Warfare branch, an assignment for which he received the Legion of Merit and as a consequence of which he collapsed of exhaustion and remained hospitalized for two months. When he recovered, he went into training for a field command and was sent overseas to plan ordnance requirements for the invasions of both Europe and Japan. Javits' experiences in the war were exactly the tonic he needed to escape the torpor that had overcome him in his professional and social life in New York.

It was in Washington during the war that Javits first fell victim to the political contagion. One of his closest friends during these years was David Niles, the tough young liberal who served as an adviser to Franklin Roosevelt. Javits had nothing of his own to recommend him in the status-conscious capital, but his friendship with Niles was enough to open most political doors for him. It admitted him to a circle of young liberals and intellectuals, most of whom were Jewish and somehow involved in government. When Javits got out of the Army late in 1945, he knew he couldn't go back to practicing law. His new life, he decided, could only be politics.

Ben, by now a Republican of some small prominence, has insisted that it was he who arranged his brother's appointment as chief of research for Judge Jonah Goldstein, the candidate for mayor in 1945 against William O'Dwyer. Others, in the wake of the Javits success story, have also claimed the credit. Javits himself takes a more realistic position. Who wanted to be an unpaid, unloved research director in a losing mayoralty campaign? The job was there. Javits was free and he took it. He performed so loyally that when the Republicans began searching for a candidate for Congress from the Upper West Side, Javits looked like a good possibility. Ben applied some muscle, but once again the key factor was the scarcity of competition. In a district so overwhelmingly Democratic, any Republican with enough money and energy to make a decent fight of it could have had the nomination. Methodically, Javits surveyed the possibilities. The district was largely Jewish and liberal; the Democratic incumbent was Irish and conservative. The American Labor Party, far to the left, also ran a candidate. When Javits concluded that he could win a three-way race, he volunteered to run. The Liberal Party's decision to endorse him—which Ben once again claims to have engineered—may have been decisive. Javits spent his money wisely and copiously. He campaigned like a dynamo. He even hired the Roper poll and tailored his speeches to the results of its canvass. To the surprise of almost everyone but himself, Javits carried the election.

Once in Washington, Javits wasted no time in establishing a reputation for being intelligent, ambitious, unconventional and brash. Contemptuous of the rule that freshmen should keep their mouths shut, he talked on anything and everything that struck his fancy. He has never departed from the practice. In his eight years in the House, Javits managed to alienate himself from most of his colleagues by his presumptuousness and from his party leaders by voting consistently against them. He was one of eleven Republicans who voted to defeat Taft-Hartley. ("When I was growing up," he explained, "the sight I remember most vividly was the stove covered with pots—during the three or four months of the 'season' when my greenhorn relatives worked night and day. The rest of the year they starved. Yet for all their slavery, they were beaten by the machines and, if they got interested in unions, they were beaten over the heads by goons, too. And in the House they wanted me to vote for Taft-Hartley?") He was one of the eight who voted against Mundt-(Richard M.) Nixon, the Communist-registration act. He voted in favor of the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, against the McCarran Immigration Act and the Tidelands oil giveaway. He voted in favor of F.E.P.C. long before civil rights was stylish, and even had the audacity to ignore the predictions of imminent ruin from New York's shipping interests to vote in favor of construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway. While the regular Republicans denounced him from the right as an apostate, the American Labor Party, a force to be reckoned with in his Congressional district, denounced him from the left as a phony liberal and a bourgeois fink. But, thanks as much to his enemies as to his friends, he won each successive election by a bigger majority. By 1954, Javits had become well enough known in New York to

Photograph by Pete Turner

go on to something bigger and better.

Because of Marion, Javits wasn't completely happy in the House. He had met her—Marion Ann Borris—when he was working on the Goldstein campaign. Twenty years younger than he, she was pretty, with dark hair and dark eyes, freckles on her face and a fine shape. She was full of life, laughed easily and cultivated a kind of zany eccentricity which men enjoy more than women. Like Jack, Marion was relentlessly ambitious but the chief agent of her ambitions was by no means the intellect. Marion, too, had started out in the slums. Her way to escape had been the theatre, and every nickel she could find she put into drama lessons. Shortly after the war started she took it into her mind to go to the Coast, where she hoped to be discovered. When she failed as an actress, she took flying lessons and thought of becoming an Army ferry pilot. But then she decided she wasn't cut out for the service and went back home. Not long after his first Congressional election, Javits married her. Marion didn't make it any easier for him to be a Congressman.

Marion took the position from the beginning that Washington was too dull and boring for her. She loved New York and remained passionate about the theatre. Being married to a Congressman was all right but she had no intention of being simply a Congressman's wife. Javits quickly learned that if he was going to keep Marion, he would have to adjust to her, since she wouldn't adjust to him. It meant lonely nights in Washington, too much time on airplanes and a life more orientated to society than social problems. A year after their marriage Joy was born. She was followed two years later by Joshua. Javits found that he liked the family, perhaps better than Congress. The prospect of alienation from Marion and the children—to perform petty congressional chores, to campaign endlessly, to travel, to hold the same office as 434 others—was decisive in persuading Javits to submit to his ambition and play for bigger stakes.

Javits wanted to run for Mayor in 1953 but the city's Republican bosses, who preferred to lose with a candidate they could dominate than win with one they couldn't, refused him the nomination. The following year, the gamble was more precarious. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., possessor of the most popular name in New York and a politician apparently on the rise, was running for state's Attorney General. Republicans scarcely rushed forward to oppose him. Javits, perhaps sensing something that escaped the others, agreed to take Roosevelt on. His chances for winning were not regarded as good. But not only did Javits win by a substantial margin but he was the only Republican winner that year in any statewide contest. A plausible explanation of the collapse of F.D.R., Jr. still remains elusive but, for Javits, beating a Roosevelt was like blowing down the walls of Jericho. It seemed almost anticlimactic when Javits, in a race two years later against another New Deal scion, beat Robert F. Wagner, Jr. and became Senator from the State of New York.

It was in the contest for the Senate that Jack Javits came close to being destroyed forever as a politician. While the American Labor Party continued to denounce him from the left the McCarthyites were sharpening their claws for him on the right. The claws fell at the very moment that Javits was trying to persuade Tom Dewey and the other bosses of New York Republican politics that he was the man for the Senatorial nomination. The claws belonged to the pudgy hands of one Jay Sourwine, who had been and is once again today the chief bird of prey for the Internal Security Subcommittee of Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi. Sourwine, campaigning in a Nevada primary for the Democratic Senatorial nomination, plucked some raw accusations from secret files made available by the F.B.I. and from testimony by Bella Dodd, the professional exposer. He charged that Javits had sought Communist support in his early Congressional races and had spoken to some Communists at San Francisco in 1946 while he was attending the U.N.-charter session. Sourwine's accusations broke just in time to circulate wildly though the hotel corridors of an otherwise boring convention that the Republicans were conducting to renominate Dwight Eisenhower. The feeling in the New York delegation at the time was that Javits was doomed, like a pike dropped into the gefilte fish.

Back in New York, Javits went off with Marion to Fire Island for the weekend to lie on the beach and think. Behind the charges, quite clearly, were Eastland and Republican Senator William Jenner of Indiana. In desperation and, as it turned out, in vain, they were fighting to keep the Senate from slipping out of the right wing's grasp. Among the potential candidates from New York, Javits represented the most substantial threat to the right's domination. Their objective was to drive him out of the contest. Eisenhower, with his usual blurred perception and creampuff audacity, would say only of Javits that "as of this moment, I think he is a fine American." Dewey and his New York pals, whose enthusiasm for Javits stopped at the exit to the polling places, kept quiet. Javits' best testimonial came from Representative Walter Judd of Minnesota, a Republican of impeccable anti-Communist and reactionary credentials, who went out on a limb to wire that "if any Communist supported you politically it certainly was a bad bargain for them, because . . . no one has been more intelligently and effectively anti-Communist than you." Judd, however, didn't have much of a constituency in New York. Javits decided, during his weekend on Fire Island, that he alone could turn back this mortal threat to his future.

Javits demanded of Eastland the opportunity to testify in open session on the charges, however nebulous, that had been made against him. Eastland, in no hurry to give Javits a forum, put off an answer for more than a month. Finally, a few days before the Republican State Convention in New York, Javits took the stand. His performance, if not brilliant, was adequate to discredit most of the substance and all of the seeming of the innuendo that had been cast against him. Any meetings he may have had with Bella Dodd, who lived in his Congressional district, were clearly casual encounters. He did not know her nor was he aware that she was a high Communist functionary. He had not sought Communist support, if only because it would have been self-defeating. Whatever cocktails he had sipped with Reds in San Francisco had been sipped inadvertently, and even if it hadn't been inadvertent, so what? Javits emerged from the hearings a vindicated hero. Even Dewey didn't try to stop him now. Javits overwhelmed the state convention and took the nomination effortlessly. Sourwine, by the way, ran last in Nevada in a field of four.

Despite the happy outcome, Javits still regards the episode as the most painful of his political career. It was American politics at its worst and even Javits did not show up at his best. Enough residue of the incident remains so that right-wing nut groups unrelentingly torment him with it. By dialing the telephone, you could have heard during the Goldwater campaign a recorded message which said that "Jacob Javits has had many associations with notorious Communists and . . . received the all-out support of the Communist Party." As recently as last October, for a dollar you could have placed an order by phone for a kit on Javits and the Reds. To this day, Javits refuses to talk about the episode. Obviously, it settled into a weak spot in his tough political hide and bored its way in.

When Javits reached the Senate in January, 1957, his Republican colleagues were scarcely waiting for him with open arms. A team of uninspired conservatives, they knew he would be with them rarely and against them frequently. Javits at once found he had a community of interests with Case of New Jersey, Kuchel of California and a handful of others, but, even if he wanted a haven they were too few to have provided one. After the Democratic sweep of 1958, the relative importance of the nonconforming Republicans increased it little. Kuchel was elected Minority Whip. But Javits, the loner, the individualist, the anti-team man, remained isolated. From the moment he first arrived in the Senate until today, the Republican powers in the Senate have practiced on Javits a policy of quarantine. It is only because Javits has had *chutzpah* enough to challenge them that they have not succeeded in rendering him impotent.

"When Jack got down here," said one of his few Washington friends, "he saw that they were going to close him out of the committee structure. So do you know what he decided? He decided he was going to be on all possible committees."

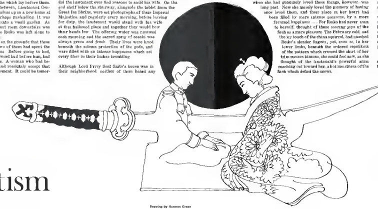
That, in effect, is what Javits has done. He has fixed his attention not on one or two specialties, like most Senators, but on every conceivable subject that crosses the agenda. He has become the best-informed man in the Senate. His range is prodigious. Over the course of a few days, he may talk about civil rights, Federal assistance to the arts, banking regulations, automation, air pollution, the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the intricacies of the tax codes. His knowledge of legislation has *(Continued on page 146)*

"Look here, Henderson, you just show me the word 'stampede' in this script!"

Patriotism

by Yukio Mishima

Love of country, like the love of a woman, can be as sharp and as painful as a knife in the stomach



Drawing by Herman Green

On the twenty-eighth of February, 1936 (on the third day, that is, of the February 26 Incident), Lieutenant Takeyama Shinji of the Konoe Transport Battalion—profoundly disturbed by the knowledge that his closest colleagues had been with the mutineers from the beginning, and indignant at the imminent prospect of Imperial troops attacking Imperial troops—took his officer's sword and ceremonially disemboweled himself in the eight-mat room of his private residance in the Sixth Block of Aoba-chō, in Yotsuya Ward. His wife, Reiko, followed him, stabbing herself to death. The lieutenant's farewell note was of one sentence: "Long live the Imperial Forces." His wife's, after apologies for her unfilial conduct in thus preceding her parents to the grave, concluded: "The day which, for a soldier's wife, had to come, has come. . . ." The last moments of this heroic and dedicated couple were such as to make the gods themselves weep. The lieutenant's age, it should be noted, was thirty-one, his wife's twenty-three; and it was not half a year since the celebration of their marriage.

Those who saw the bride and bridegroom in the commemorative photograph—perhaps no less than those actually present at the lieutenant's wedding—had exclaimed in wonder at the bearing of this handsome couple. The lieutenant, majestic in military uniform, stood protectively beside his bride, his right hand resting upon his sword, his officer's cap held at his left side. His expression was severe, and his dark brows and wide-gazing eyes well conveyed the clear integrity of youth. For the beauty of the bride in her white over-robe no comparisons were adequate. In the eyes, round beneath soft brows, in the slender, finely shaped nose, and in the full lips, there was both sensuousness and refinement. One hand, emerging shyly from a sleeve of the over-robe, held a fan, and the tips of the fingers, clustering delicately, were like the bud of a moonflower.

After the suicide, people would take out this photograph and examine it, and sadly reflect that too often there was a curse on these seemingly flawless unions. Perhaps it was no more than imagination, but looking at the picture after the tragedy it almost seemed as if the two young people before the gold-lacquered screen were gazing, each with equal clarity, at the deaths which lay before them.

Thanks to the good offices of their go-between, Lieutenant General Ozeki, they had been able to set themselves up in a new home at Aoba-chō in Yotsuya. "New home" is perhaps misleading. It was an old three-room rented house backing onto a small garden. As neither the six- nor the four-and-a-half-mat room downstairs was favored by the sun, they used no maid, so Reiko was left alone to guard the house in her husband's absence.

The honeymoon trip was dispensed with on the grounds that these were times of national emergency. The two of them had spent the first night of their marriage at this house. Before going to bed, Shinji, sitting erect on the floor with his sword laid before him, had bestowed upon his wife a soldierly lecture. A woman who had become the wife of a soldier should know and resolutely accept that her husband's death might come at any moment. It could be tomorrow. It could be the day after. But, no matter when it came—he asked—was she steadfast in her resolve to accept it? Reiko rose to her feet, pulled open a drawer of the cabinet, and took out what was the most prized of her new possessions, the dagger her mother had given her. Returning to her place, she laid the dagger without a word on the mat before her, just as her husband had laid his sword. A silent understanding was achieved at once, and the lieutenant never again sought to test his wife's resolve.

In the first few months of her marriage, Reiko's beauty grew daily more radiant, shining serene like the moon after rain.

As both were possessed of young, vigorous bodies, their relationship was passionate. Nor was this merely a matter of the night. On more than one occasion, returning home straight from maneuvers, and begrudging even the time it took to remove his mud-splashed uniform, the lieutenant had pushed his wife to the floor almost as soon as he had entered the house. Reiko was equally ardent in her response. For a little more or a little less than a month, from the first night of their marriage Reiko knew happiness, and the lieutenant, seeing this, was happy too.

Reiko's body was white and pure, and her swelling breasts conveyed a firm and chaste refusal; but, upon consent, those breasts were lavish with their intimate, welcoming warmth. Even in bed these two were frighteningly and awesomely serious. In the very midst of wild, intoxicating passions, their hearts were sober and serious.

By day the lieutenant would think of his wife in the brief rest periods between training, and all day long, at home, Reiko would recall the image of her husband. Even when apart, however, they had only to look at the wedding photograph for their happiness to be once more confirmed. Reiko felt not the slightest surprise that a man who had been a complete stranger until a few months ago should now have become the sun about which her whole world revolved.

All these things had a moral basis, and were in accordance with the Education Rescript's injunction that "husband and wife should be harmonious." Not once did Reiko contradict her husband, nor did the lieutenant ever find reasons to scold his wife. On the god shelf below the stairway, alongside the tablet from the Great Ise Shrine, were set photographs of their Imperial Majesties, and regularly every morning, before leaving for duty, the lieutenant would stand with his wife at this hallowed place and together they would bow their heads low. The offering water was renewed each morning, and the sacred sprig of *sasaki* was always green and fresh. Their lives were lived beneath the solemn protection of the gods, and were filled with an intense happiness which set every fiber in their bodies trembling.

Although Lord Privy Seal Saito's house was in their neighborhood, neither of them heard any noise of gunfire on the morning of February 26. It was a bugle, sounding muster in the dim, snowy dawn, when the ten-minute tragedy had already ended, which first disrupted the lieutenant's slumbers. Leaping at once from his bed, and without speaking a word, the lieutenant donned his uniform, buckled on the sword held ready for him by his wife, and hurried swiftly out into the snow-covered streets of the still-darkened morning. He did not return until the evening of the twenty-eighth.

Later, from the radio news, Reiko learned the extent of this sudden eruption of violence. Her life throughout the subsequent two days was lived alone, in complete tranquillity, and behind locked doors.

In the lieutenant's face, as he hurried silently out into the snowy morning, Reiko had read the determination to die. If her husband did not return, her own decision was made: she too would die. Quietly she attended to the disposition of her personal possessions. She chose her sets of visiting kimonos as keepsakes for friends and she wrote a name and address on the stiff paper wrapping in which each was folded. Constantly admonished by her husband never to think of the morrow, Reiko had not even kept a diary and was now denied the pleasure of assiduously rereading her record of the happiness of the past few months and consigning each page to the fire as she did so. Ranged across the top of the radio were a small china dog, a rabbit, a squirrel, a bear, and a fox. There were also a small vase and a water pitcher. These comprised Reiko's one and only collection. But it would hardly do, she imagined, to give such things as keepsakes. Nor again would it be quite proper to ask specifically for them to be included in the coffin. It seemed to Reiko, as these thoughts passed through her mind, that the expressions on the small animals' faces grew even more lost and forlorn.

Reiko took the squirrel in her hand and looked at it. And then, her thoughts turning to a realm far beyond these childlike affections, she gazed up into the distance at the great sunlike principle which her husband embodied. She was ready, and happy, to be hurtled along to her destruction in that gleaming sun chariot—but now, for these few moments of solitude, she allowed herself to luxuriate in this innocent attachment to trifles. The time when she had genuinely loved these things, however, was long past. Now she merely loved the memory of having once loved them, and their place in her heart had been filled by more intense passions, by a more frenzied happiness. . . . For Reiko had never, even to herself, thought of those soaring joys of the flesh as a mere pleasure. The February cold, and the icy touch of the china squirrel, had numbed Reiko's slender fingers; yet, even so, in her lower limbs, beneath the ordered repetition of the pattern which crossed the skirt of her trim *meisen* kimono, she could feel now, as she thought of the lieutenant's powerful arms reaching out toward her, a hot moistness of the flesh which defied the snows.

She was not in the least afraid of the death hovering in her mind. Waiting alone at home, Reiko firmly believed that everything her husband was feeling or thinking now, his anguish and distress, was leading her—just as surely as the power in his flesh—to a welcome death. She felt as if her body could melt away with ease and be transformed to the merest fraction of her husband's thought.

Listening to the frequent announcements on the radio, she heard the names of several of her husband's colleagues mentioned among those of the insurgents. This was news of death. She followed the developments closely, wondering anxiously, as the situation became daily more irrevocable, why no Imperial ordinance was sent down, and watching what had at first been taken as a movement to restore the nation's honor come gradually to be branded with the infamous name of mutiny. There was no communication from the regiment. At any moment, it seemed, fighting might commence in the city streets, where the remains of the snow still lay.

Toward sundown on the twenty-eighth Reiko was startled by a furious pounding on the front door. She hurried downstairs. As she pulled with fumbling fingers at the bolt, the shape dimly outlined beyond the frosted-glass panel made no sound, but she knew it was her husband. Reiko had never known the bolt on the door to be so stiff. Still it resisted. The door just would not open.

In a moment, almost before she knew she had succeeded, the lieutenant was standing before her on the cement floor inside the porch, muffled in a khaki greatcoat, his top boots heavy with slush from the streets. Closing the door behind him, he returned the bolt once more to its socket. With what significance, Reiko did not understand.

"Welcome home."

Reiko bowed deeply, but her husband made no response. As he had already unfastened his sword and was about to remove his greatcoat, Reiko moved around behind to assist. The coat, which was cold and damp and had lost the odor of horse dung it normally exuded when exposed to the sun, weighed heavily upon her arm. Draping it across a hanger, and cradling the sword and leather belt in her sleeves, she waited while her husband removed his top boots and then followed behind him into the "living room." This was the six-mat room downstairs.

Seen in the clear light from the lamp, her husband's face, covered with a heavy growth of bristle, was almost unrecognizably wasted and thin. The cheeks were hollow, their luster and resilience gone. In his normal good spirits he would have changed into old clothes as soon as he was home and have pressed her to get supper at once, but now he sat before the table still in his uniform, his head drooping dejectedly. Reiko refrained from asking whether she should prepare the supper.

After an interval the lieutenant spoke.

"I knew nothing. They hadn't asked me to join. Perhaps out of consideration, because I was newly married. Kanō, and Homma too, and Yamaguchi."

Reiko recalled momentarily the faces of high-spirited young

"Please, Carter—isn't there enough senseless violence in the world?"

officers, friends of her husband, who had come to the house occasionally as guests.

"There may be an Imperial ordinance sent down tomorrow. They'll be posted as rebels, I imagine. I shall be in command of a unit with orders to attack them. . . . I can't do it. It's impossible to do a thing like that."

He spoke again.

"They've taken me off guard duty, and I have permission to return home for one night. Tomorrow morning, without question, I must leave to join the attack. I can't do it, Reiko."

Reiko sat erect with lowered eyes. She understood clearly that her husband had spoken of his death. The lieutenant was resolved. Each word, being rooted in death, emerged sharply and with powerful significance against this dark, unmovable background. Although the lieutenant was speaking of his dilemma, already there was no room in his mind for vacillation.

However, there was a clarity, like the clarity of a stream fed from melting snows, in the silence which rested between them. Sitting in his own home after the long two-day ordeal, and looking across at the face of his beautiful wife, the lieutenant was for the first time experiencing true peace of mind. For he had at once known, though she said nothing, that his wife divined the resolve which lay beneath his words.

"Well, then. . . ." The lieutenant's eyes opened wide. Despite his exhaustion they were strong and clear, and now for the first time they looked straight into the eyes of his wife. "Tonight I shall cut my stomach."

Reiko did not flinch.

Her round eyes showed tension, as taut as the clang of a bell.

"I am ready," she said. "I ask permission to accompany you."

The lieutenant felt almost mesmerized by the strength in those eyes. His words flowed swiftly and easily, like the utterances of a man in a delirium, and it was beyond his understanding how permission in a matter of such weight could be expressed so casually.

"Good. We'll go together. But I want you as a witness, first, for my own suicide. Agreed?"

When this was said a sudden release of abundant happiness welled up in both their hearts. Reiko was deeply affected by the greatness of her husband's trust in her. It was vital for the lieutenant, whatever else might happen, that there should be no irregularity in his death. For that reason there had to be a witness. The fact that he had chosen his wife for this was the first mark of his trust. The second, and even greater mark, was that though he had pledged that they should die together he did not intend to kill his wife first—he had deferred her death to a time when he would no longer be there to verify it. If the lieutenant had been a suspicious husband he would doubtless, as in the usual suicide pact, have chosen to kill his wife first.

When Reiko said, "I ask permission to accompany you," the lieutenant felt these words to be the final fruit of the education he had given his wife, starting on the first night of their marriage, and which had schooled her, when the moment came, to say what had to be said without a shadow of hesitation. This flattered the lieutenant's opinion of himself as a self-reliant man. He was not so romantic or conceited as to imagine that the words were spoken spontaneously out of love for her husband.

With happiness welling almost too abundantly in their hearts, they could not help smiling at each other. Reiko felt as if she had returned to her wedding night.

Before her eyes was neither pain nor death. She seemed to see only a free and limitless expanse opening out into vast distances.

"The water is hot. Will you take your bath now?"

"Ah yes, of course."

"And supper?"

The words were delivered in such level, domestic tones that the lieutenant came near to thinking, for the fraction of a second, that everything had been a hallucination.

"I don't think we'll need supper. But perhaps you could warm some sake?"

"As you wish."

As Reiko rose and took a *tanzen* gown from the cabinet for after the bath, she purposely directed her husband's attention to the opened drawer. The lieutenant rose, crossed to the cabinet, and looked inside. From the ordered array of paper wrappings he read, one by one, the addresses of the keepsakes. There was no grief in the lieutenant's response to this demonstration of heroic resolve. His heart was filled with tenderness. Like a husband who is proudly shown the childish purchases of a young wife, the lieutenant, overwhelmed by affection, lovingly embraced his wife from behind and implanted a kiss upon her neck.

Reiko felt the roughness of the lieutenant's unshaven skin against her neck. This sensation, more than being just a thing of this world, was for Reiko almost the world itself, but now—with the feeling that it was soon to be lost forever—it had freshness beyond all her experience. Each moment had its own vital strength, and the senses in every corner of her body were reawakened. Accepting her husband's caresses from behind, Reiko raised herself on the tips of her toes, letting the vitality seep through her entire body.

"First the bath, and then, after some sake . . . lay out the bedding upstairs, will you?" The lieutenant whispered the words into his wife's ear. Reiko silently nodded.

Flinging off his uniform, the lieutenant went to the bath. To faint background noises of slopping water Reiko tended the charcoal brazier in the living room and began warming the sake.

Taking the *tanzen*, a sash, and some underclothes, she went to the bathroom to ask how the water was. In the midst of a coiling cloud of steam the lieutenant was sitting cross-legged on the floor, shaving, and she could dimly discern the rippling movements of the muscles on his damp, powerful back as they responded to the movement of his arms.

There was nothing to suggest a time of any special significance. Reiko, going busily about her tasks, was preparing side dishes from odds and ends in stock. Her hands did not tremble. If anything, she managed even more efficiently and smoothly than usual. From time to time, it is true, there was a strange throbbing deep within her breast. Like distant lightning, it had a moment of sharp intensity and then vanished without trace. Apart from that, nothing was in any way out of the ordinary.

The lieutenant, shaving in the bathroom, felt his warmed body miraculously healed at last of the desperate tiredness of the days of indecision and filled—in spite of the death which lay ahead—with pleasurable anticipation. The sound of his wife going about her work came to him faintly. A healthy physical craving, submerged for two days, reasserted itself.

The lieutenant was confident there had been no impurity in that joy they had experienced when resolving upon death. They had both sensed at that moment—though not, of course, in any clear and conscious way—that those permissible pleasures which they shared in private were once more beneath the protection of Righteousness and Divine Power, and of a complete and unassailable morality. On looking into each other's eyes and discovering there an honorable death, they had felt themselves safe once more behind steel walls which none could destroy, encased in an impenetrable armor of Beauty and Truth. Thus, so far from seeing any inconsistency or conflict between the urges of his flesh and the sincerity of his patriotism, the lieutenant was even able to regard the two as parts of the same thing.

Thrusting his face close to the dark, cracked, misted wall mirror, the lieutenant shaved himself with great care. This would be his death face. There must be no unsightly blemishes. The clean-shaven face gleamed once more with a youthful luster, seeming to brighten the darkness of the mirror. There was a certain elegance, he even felt, in the association of death with this radiantly healthy face.

Just as it looked now, this would become his death face! Already, in fact, it had half departed from the lieutenant's personal possession and had become the bust above a dead soldier's memorial! As an experiment he closed his eyes tight. Everything was wrapped in blackness, and he was no longer a living, seeing creature.

Returning from the bath, the traces of the shave glowing faintly blue beneath his smooth cheeks, he seated himself beside the now well kindled charcoal brazier. Busy though Reiko was, he noticed, she had found time lightly to touch up her face. Her cheeks were gay and her lips moist. There was no shadow of sadness to be seen. Truly, the lieutenant felt, as he saw this mark of his young wife's passionate nature, he had chosen the wife he ought to have chosen.

As soon as the lieutenant had drained his sake cup he offered it to Reiko. Reiko had never before tasted sake, but she accepted without hesitation and sipped timidly.

"Come here," the lieutenant said.

Reiko moved to her husband's side and *(Continued on page 166)*

Meet Me in the Middle of the Air

by Jim Morris

Meet me, Jesus, meet me
Meet me in the middle of the air
And if these wings should fail me, Lord
Meet me with another pair. . . .
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed.
—Josh White

Here, where death is a zero and quitting is a minus, the best deal is to go ahead and jump

We were running across the hard surface of the old Japanese runway while the airplane revved up on the other side. The heavy nylon straps of the parachute harness dug into my crotch and the weight of the backpack and reserve turned the run into a half-waddle.

The other jumpers in the stick were running too and we formed a loose echelon formation across the wide scarred concrete, all of us waddling awkwardly like the chase scene in a Donald Duck cartoon. Orange coveralls ballooned out over our jump boots and we carried our white leather helmets by the chin straps like buckets.

The aircraft was an Otter, a high-wing, single-engine olive-drab job with the stubby utilitarian appearance of a farm tractor. The big radial engine revved and the airplane bucked and slewed on the runway. We ran around to the door and stood there in a mob, the slipstream whipping orange nylon against our legs while Brown, the jumpmaster, pulled us aboard, one by one. I was third and sat in one of the seats across from the door and strapped in.

Inside there were spaces for eight men and we crammed in solid on the heavy canvas bench seats, leaning back against the net that kept us off the bare bulkhead. It was dark except right at the empty doorway and the small circular portholes that filtered light through the net and around the heads of the men on the benches, illuminating an ear and a patch of hair and leaving the rest of the man's face in darkness.

The engine revved louder and then, with a jolt that threw us rearward, we were moving. Through the door the landscape turned into two blurs, a grey concrete one on the bottom and a green grass one on top.

Then the grey one dropped out of sight and the green one slowed down and developed perspective and we could see all the way across the potato patches and the old Japanese taxi strips to the small village of Yomitan, all steep red-tile roofs close together with green hedges in between, and beyond that Highway One with its insane traffic of three-wheel Mazda trucks, little Nissan taxis, U.S. Army buses and G.I. wives in Buicks and bubble hairdos, all moving at the island's snakelike thirty-miles-an-hour speed limit.

Past that climbed the coral mountainous center spine of the island and further the rice paddies and more villages and then the Pacific Ocean with nothing beyond until Oahu.

The airplane banked and turned left. I put the welder's goggles over my glasses and strapped the white-leather helmet, with its built-in metal skullcap, over that. The coastline passed underneath. Highway One had bent to run along the coastline and it formed a ribbon between the high cliffs on the right and the slender width of coral beach and the East China Sea. Strange outcroppings of jagged coral lined the beach and in the mountains the spiny plants grew among small gnarled trees and hard sharp grass.

We passed over the coast, the shallow inland waters with greenish patches of coral reef beneath, and then there was nothing but blue. It didn't look like water. It looked like pale-blue plastic, rippling softly, with everchanging hard yellow glimmers, on out to the horizon, where it faded into an indiscriminate blur and came back on top a paler blue with clouds.

The airplane banked and turned left again, and I thought, I am calm and calm and calm again, and breath came in great gulps through the mouth.

My hand was on the stopwatch over the reserve, waiting. The old nervous, anxious, ready-to-go adrenalin feeling was creeping through my body again and I could feel that wolfish grin you wear at the start of a combat patrol coming back.

The altimeter read thirty-five-hundred feet and it was cold in the aircraft. I took my right hand off the stopwatch and put it carefully on the seat. With my left I touched the rip-cord handle that hung free beside the reserve then reached down to check the position of the small orange knob called a lollipop, that activates the automatic opening device.

The airplane banked once more and soon we were flying over Okinawa again, coastline, military installations, highways, little villages and the great quarries that bordered the drop zone. It was about fifty degrees and wind was swirling around in the cabin.

Brown motioned the first man into the door. The other two got up and I took the number-four position. The other four jumpers sat waiting for the second pass over the drop zone. We crouched in line in a kind of Jackie Gleason away we go posture, left hand on the lollipop, right hand over the stopwatch. The door was blocked by the number-one man and it became very dark in the aircraft. Brown knelt and looked out the door, waiting for the aircraft to pass the exit point. The wind turned his face even redder than usual and fluttered his right cheek. He looked and kept looking and it seemed the moment would never come. I thought, Goddamit, if we're going to go, let's do it.

Brown pulled his head back in and motioned the first man. He had not chosen his position well. The first man pulled his lollipop and hurled it into the cabin with one swift motion, smashing Brown right in the mouth. Then he was gone.

The next two caught Brown too and his nose was covered with blood when I was alone by the door. I whipped mine straight out to the side to miss him and then I was free.

Falling and falling and falling away, head back, back arched hard, arms straight out and legs apart, a brief glimpse of paddy and counting, one thousand—Christ, I did it, thousand three—here it comes, reach for the rip-cord handle thousand and *pull* thousand. Flare again into the cross position for a second before the giant grabs your back and it is all over.

I was hanging in the harness with the T-shaped blast handle in my hand, snaky coil of rip cord, dangling, bouncing, from that and the chute moving away from the target.

I reached up, grabbed the risers, and looked up to check the canopy. It was an inverted half globe of nylon, the sun shining through turning the olive drab into a pale evanescent green. The big football-shaped opening in back let a constant jet of air escape driving the chute forward.

Lots of work to do and not much time to do it in. I unhooked the chest strap on the harness and snapped the rip-cord handle into that, freeing both hands. Then reached right hand to left shoulder and vice versa to pull the cords on the two forks that held the risers fixed in their slip rings. The risers free, I grabbed the right rear one and pulled hard. The chute made a U-turn in the air and soon came around in line with the target. I pushed the riser back into its normal position and the chute stopped turning.

It wasn't a very hot rig and was only getting about six knots forward speed. I was going to come in around a hundred feet short of the big white X of the target on the ground. The potato patch moved by underneath. At a hundred and fifty feet I grabbed the riser again and turned to face into the wind, which slowed the chute enough so that it was dropping almost straight down, with only some backward movement.

The fields became a field and that field developed rows and furrows and weeds, and I brought my feet and knees together, toes pointed down, and reached for the risers. My toes touched, and then right thigh, buttock, back, and I was up and running around to collapse the air out of the chute to keep it from running with the wind like a giant sail.

When the canopy collapsed it became an olive-drab blob on the ground with twigs and grass tangled in the spaghetti running from it to me. I started unhooking snaps and rolling it up to throw in the heavy canvas bag.

The legs were a little shaky as I threw the kit bag on my back and started hoofing it back to the runway.

The weight of the kit bag was heavy and the plowed ground soft and spongy underneath. The aircraft was on the ground again almost half a mile away and the sound was small and thin as it took off with the second stick. It circled higher and higher. I stopped and watched, hands over eyes, as it made its final pass across the face of the sun and the exit point. The engine drone deepened as it throttled back, seeming to stand almost still in the air. They should be coming out any second now and the black hole of the empty door was clearly visible.

Where are they? Why don't they—there a small dot appeared beneath the aircraft, then another and then there were four falling, spread out diagonally across the sky. The first feet-falling dot popped and became a slow-falling green blossom as the jumper pulled. The other three blossomed when they came even with him. Then they broke, made their turns and started their runs inward the target.

I was almost back to the runway when the airplane completed its circle and came back over the exit point to put out the last four jumpers.

They appeared again, four dots beneath the aircraft and fell for five seconds. The blossoms started appearing, one, two, three, in the order of their exit. I waited for the fourth to appear but the dot kept falling. It grew larger and developed arms and legs as it neared the ground.

There was no point in yelling. He couldn't hear. But my mouth formed the words, "Pull, babe! Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull!" He went a full twelve seconds and must have been about fifteen hundred feet when his chute was fully deployed.

The airplane was on the ground and idling. Another line of orange-clad jumpers with olive-drab humps on their backs scuttled across the runway. Other jumpers were straggling into the turn in point, faces flushed, hair soggy with sweat, and dirt from their falls ground into their coveralls.

I handed Montano, the smiling rigger, my rip cord and threw the kit bag in back of the trailer behind the three-quarter ton truck. "Who was it that opened late?"

"Your buddy, I think," Montano said.

My buddy was an officer I had known since we were both second lieutenants pushing basic trainees through Fort Dix.

I went over to the stack of parachutes and snatched one up for the second jump. Brown was standing by the chutes, nursing his bleeding upper lip with a handkerchief. He was a short sturdy-looking man in orange coveralls and an Air Force flight jacket, red-faced and full of taut, nervous energy that seemed always ready to explode. Normally his mouth carried the signs of a wry, hard humor, but right then he didn't look very humorous with the handkerchief under his nose.

I bent over and unzipped the kit bag and pulled out the fresh chute. "How's the mouth?" I said, unsnapping the leg straps and laying the rig out to put on.

"Aaaahhh!" he said.

"Hazards of the trade."

"Grrrmmpf." He walked off toward the rigger truck. I swung the backpack over on my back and folded the kit bag into thirds and snapped it under the leg straps. Then I hooked the chest strap and started looking for somebody to tighten the belly band on the reserve. One of the guys just coming in cinched it up for me and I started looking through the zipper pockets on the coveralls for cigarettes. There was one entire stick to go before my bunch went up again.

My buddy, the other captain, came over with a kit bag dangling from one hand and his reserve and helmet from the other.

"Was that you took the long delay?"

He nodded. He was a good-looking guy in kind of an ugly way. He had the tight muscular body of a college athlete, which he had been, and a curly blond crew cut, a wide mouth over strong teeth and a nose broken in two or three or four places. He was a good man and I would hate to see him have trouble in this course. I didn't ask him what happened. He would tell me if he wanted me to know.

"Thought I had a good position," he said, "but I was all over the sky like a spider. I was on my back and trying to go for the blast handle when the timer caught me."

"It's good you were pulling though. You going up again?"

"Sure."

I was glad. He needed a good jump now that his first one had been bad.

He reached down and unzipped his kit bag and started pulling out the chute. "Wind's coming up," he said.

"It always starts to pick up on this old drop zone around nine-thirty in the morning. Be doing good if we get in one more today."

Montano had the clipboard with him and he called out my stick number from back by the rigger truck. I heaved myself to my feet and started over toward the airplane again.

You're always tired on the second jump and the adrenal glands have done their trick for the day. So you just sit there and when the jumpmaster says get ready, you get ready, and when he says go, you go.

My friend was in the air by the time my chute was turned in. I waited for him and we walked down to the old hardstand where the cars were parked. His was a Rambler wagon and we threw our reserves and helmets in the back and got in the car.

"How'd your second one go?"

He started the car and gunned off the ramp down toward the highway. "Not much better than the first," he said. "I pulled in time, but the position was still bad.

"How the hell am I going to bring my team in from forty thousand feet at night with equipment when I can't even hold a good position on a lousy five-second delay?"

"Don't worry about it. You're probably doing one little something wrong and as soon as you find it you'll straighten right out."

He had that anxious, trying-too-hard look. "I sure hope so," he said. "What's bugging me is I had a buddy go all the way in at Bragg last year. Wife and two kids."

"What happened?"

"I don't know. He was sky diving and didn't have a timer. Maybe he got interested in the scenery and just laid out there and watched the trees go by. Anyway he's dead."

After lunch we went back to the quonset hut that housed the 1st Special Forces Group (Airborne) High Altitude-Low Opening parachute detachment. HALO they call it.

At one o'clock we were all gathered in the classroom. Brown read off the names of the guys who had lost their rip cords that morning and announced that by ancient and honorable custom among free-fall parachutists it was going to cost each a case of beer.

Then we packed. Outside I went to work on the shakeout detail with a staff sergeant and a pfc. It was good to take a course like this once in a while and take off your rank and just be a people. We ran the canopies up a long vertical clothesline affair and shook all the grass and dirt and twigs out of the canopies and the suspension lines, then ran them back down again and put them in the kit bags to be taken inside and packed.

When the chutes were all shaken out we went inside to help on the tables. There were two teams of students, each working a table, taking out twists, tangles and turns and flaking out the panels in the canopy into neat leaves of nylon with a clear air channel down the middle for the air to flow in and inflate the chute.

Montano was supervising and making the final assembly on one table and Freeman, the frowning rigger, was working on the other. Brown sat on a table at one end of the rigger shed with a stopwatch, awarding points to the first table through. At six-thirty the last chute was packed and we went home with instructions to be back to draw equipment for a drop at five-thirty next morning.

The next day it was cold and overcast and the airplane was late. There was a little breeze even before the first stick got in the air, nothing really too bad. But it was a steady five knots with gusts to ten and it wasn't going to get any better.

By the time my chute was turned in after the first jump and I was saddled up for the second, the wind was steady at eight, with an occasional gust to fifteen.

Ed Ryhat, the Officer in Charge of the HALO committee, said, "Put 'em in the air if it holds we can jump them. If it gets any worse we'll have to quit."

Bill Cranford was jumpmaster. He crouched in the door with his helmet on, but no goggles, looking like Bob Hope with five-o'clock shadow.

There are jumpers who say they are not afraid, but I think they lie. Usually it follows a curve. When you first get on the airplane you sit there secure in the knowledge that nobody is really dumb enough to do this. It is all an illusion.

Then you go through a bad part, realizing you are going to do it, but not wanting to. Then the adrenalin gets up and you can hardly wait to get out the door. But that day it was off and I had just got to the stage where you don't want to when Cranford motioned me to the door. He held up ten fingers, a ten-second delay, our first. The longest before had been five.

But I don't want to.

Ka-blast, and I (*Continued on page 180*)

Sculpture by Oloff de Wet

Photograph by Giorgio Vale

EZRA POUND AT EIGHTY

by Mary de Rachewiltz

His daughter records the after-image (elliptical), activities (volcanic), and interests (intense) of the poet in his time of energetic tranquillity

One could draw the picture of a wise and saintly old man—for at eighty Ezra Pound is very philosophical, detached, silent, frail, humble and thoughtful—were it not that this sequence of crepuscular adjectives might be so aggravating to the champion of active verbs, to the seeker of precise verbal definition, that with a look, a word, a shower of words he could most emphatically contradict me.

So, instead of this point of arrival, of this withdrawal from the world, let us talk of the vortex, the turmoil that preceded the stasis, if stasis it be. My version will perforce be jagged for I have not yet within me harmoniously blended the various images; it will have to be accepted as the reverberations from "a broken bundle of mirrors." To "Take the whole man and ravel out the story" is a task for a later time and much thinking.

"The perfect frame," was his comment on Brunnenburg, the castle where I live, a few days after his arrival from the States in 1958. And Bertran de Born, the twelfth-century Provençal troubadour whose works my father translated, took over, with *Sturm und Drang*. He had his tower room, from the battlements he could see five castles and watch the roads leading south and the Adige winding through the valley at his feet. On the Roman tower of the neighboring Schloss Tyrol, a marble slab with an inscription from Dante gives credit to the tale that he too had been a visitor here. The castles of Oswald von Wolkenstein and Walther von der Vogelweide, the medieval balladeer, are in the vicinity. And inside the house he found wall space for his Gaudier pen-and-ink drawings and his Gaudier bust stood under a tree in the garden, looking east.

The young people from the village had wanted to put up a triumphal arch for his arrival but were tactfully dissuaded as one did not want the Tyrolean "Patriots" in search of a symbol to be hung round his neck even before he knew of their existence. Still, in the evening there was a

"Firemen's torchlight procession!"

and a dance and flowers, red and white, and the village band with a big drum. His arrival coincided with my birthday and a party was in the tradition, but we were on tenterhooks as to how he would take such a one, for the Brueghelesque feast is not at all his style. He took it splendidly, dispelled all trace of awe among the guests by cutting short formalities and opening the dance well ahead of time. "The rhythm of a Tyrolean band gets you going," he said, and got going. Before midnight, on retiring, he drummed with all his might, as much as to let the high mountains know:

'*Ass ique me* It's me!'

Some of the following days were marred by the enthusiasm of journalists who obviously could not be expected to have read the *Cantos*, especially the later ones where appropriate human behavior is very clearly indicated: "don't pester scholars." For that matter, as I continue translating *Cantos* I find myself often deeply ashamed for questions I had put to the poet. The answers, the keys, are all there. I would go as far as saying that if one reads them long enough, not only the pattern of the poem, but also the pattern of the poet's life unravels. Anyway they would pester him, and then be surprised if he lost his temper at their inaccuracies. This is no time to go over the press of those days, but there is one refrain that still gets repeated: he broadcast for Mussolini. So we shall have to insist: he did not broadcast for Mussolini. There should be a difference between making propaganda for a dictator and expressing personal ideas. If the tragedy had not been as bitter, one might now note that it had been the love of music that led him up the garden path, especially his wish to obtain permission for the microfilming of Vivaldi *Concertos*. "Every artist's strictly illimitable country is himself," says E. E. Cummings. As to whether one man can do much toward preventing all falsification of history, except to wear himself out physically and mentally in the effort and reach a state of sheer exasperation— Anyway he tried to preserve certain values, certain rights. In that he can have done no harm.

My father was, throughout the war, the "lone ant." When the Mussolini government fell and there was chaos, instead of accepting shelter from far-seeing friends he borrowed a knapsack from them, a map and a pair of walking boots, and set himself on the highway leading out of Roma. It is all recorded in the *Pisan Cantos*. In *Canto 78*

The man out of Naxos past Fara Sabina,

walked north, six hundred miles, sleeping in farms, in dormitories,/ in the open, receiving food from kindly women and arriving in Gais, the village where I grew up, one late afternoon, exhausted, his feet all blisters. Ulysses might have looked like him had he gone home overland. These things I do not say out of sentimentality, it is part of the *gélatine* in which the record is engraved. The map on which his itinerary was marked and commented unfortunately had been stolen from me at the end of the war. And that's more worth weeping about than any red-pencil-marked *Waste Land*.

It never seems to have occurred to those who judged him so severely that this man has, in his own fashion, throughout the war but especially after 1943, risked his life—even if it was only "for an idea." I may be influenced by the two last lines in *Canto VI*:

And they would have given him poison
But for the shape of his sword hilt,

in liking to think that: they would have sent him to concentration camp but for the shape of his head.

For once arrived in the Tyrol, where the German population had just chased out all the Italians and where chaos was even greater than in Italy, it was not so easy to get away with:

"Who says he is an American,"
and hear, "No, they will do nothing to you."

If a Tyrolean nostalgic monarchist in his haste to don the brown shirt had chanced upon a phrase like: "Hitler is probably a better comic, or at least pathetic comic in comparison with Bill the Kaiser," he might have found it, to say the least, disrespectful. A few days after his arrival at my nurse's small farm came two S.O.D. (Südtiroler Ordnungs Dienst) men with heavy rifles on their shoulders and all apparent intention of arresting anyone coming out of Italy, for the only enemies the Tyroleans have ever known, regardless of all historical evidence, are Italians. Luckily one of the two men was an artist. He paid little attention to what father said in not too fluent German and kept repeating: "What a head, what an interesting head, to carve a head like that!"

But Herr Bacher's father made madonnas still in the tradition
carved wood as you might have found in any cathedral
and another Bacher still cut intaglios
such as Salustio's in time of Ixotta

They allowed him to stay long enough for his feet to heal. Urged him strongly to go to Germany, gently hinted someone might be able to show him a pass over to Switzerland. But his Ithaca was Rapallo. While waiting he made himself useful around the house, mending the stairs that lead from the stable to the upper floor and the barn, and the chicken coop.

Volcanic energy pervaded the house from the moment he entered. We lived in a sort of lapilli-rain-awaiting suspense. Not only were the sparks almost continuous, but one felt his need to absorb everybody and everything that had happened since the end of the war, and back through millennia. He would spend mornings talking to, but above all listening to, his son-in-law. Solid conversation, in itself an art. The two had corresponded assiduously, but had never met and it was a great relief to see that they could hit it off so well. There was no role playing, no overdoing or holding back information. And one could watch the process of the *Cantos*—hours of conversation tied up during lunch into two lines

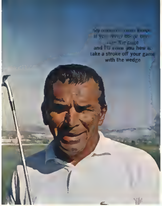
(Del Pelo Pardi
came on cunicoli)

thus putting agrarian archaeology on the map—and then back to his room to type and hum loudly.

This does not mean that no attention was paid to food. Quite the contrary. After thirteen years of—however good, abundant and healthy—monotonous hospital food, he wanted a change. Menus had to be carefully planned. He repeated to me in the kitchen the lesson he had imparted many years earlier on how to write verse or how to balance a phrase when translating: hirsuta-flexa, in Dante's words. He also always wanted to know what was coming next, so it became his granddaughter's special task to write out the menu, as well as laying the table, and he always showed great delight in her little drawings—mostly cats—with which she enlivened the paper. On Burns' Night he introduced us to haggis. He had prepared for the occasion most carefully. The haggis was sent, if I remember correctly, by a friend from Scotland and the whisky, because it had to be Johnny Walker Black Label, which for some reason was not in stock in town, brought up from Rome. We found the haggis, despite the whisky, rather tough to swallow, but the gusto with which father roared out:

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!
. . . Gie her a haggis!

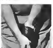
set us all aglow and never, I should think, was a poet more readily appreciated. He read a lot of Burns that evening, out of a tiny volume with almost unreadable print. It has on the first blank leaf, in faded violet ink, the following inscription: "This little book was given to me by my father when I was eight (Continued on page 172)


and I'll show you how to
take a stroke off your game
with the wedge

Keep Your Head Down, Duffer, and "Hit down upon your ball in a crisp manner" (Boros), "Tap the ball" (Casper), "Get this sweeping motion" (Hebert)

Boros on The Wedge

The essence of the pitch with the wedge is control. Distance for distance's sake is a negligible factor. For this reason, Julius Boros executes the shot almost exclusively with the arms and hands, gripping the club in the classic overlapping fashion.

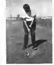


Because the pitch is of less than full strength, control usually is a problem of getting the most amount of backspin on the ball in the least amount of space. In an effort to do this, most amateurs play the pitch with a chopping action that defeats its own purpose. They end up "driving" the ball into the green without any backspin whatsoever. Failing to get the desired backspin, they fall into the habit of either positioning the ball back toward their right foot, in which case the ball flies unnaturally low, or positioning it up toward their left foot, in which case the ball flies unnaturally high. In both of these cases the ball will bounce off the putting surface almost entirely out of control.

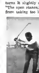
A big, lumbering moose of a man, Boros nevertheless believes that control of the shot lies in the finesse with which you play it. With the wedge in his hands, Boros' actions become almost liquid. The backspin, and hence the control, that Boros gets with the pitch depends not at all on his considerable power but, instead, on the graceful timing with which he draws the face of his wedge away from the ball and then returns it. For this reason, he plays the ball in the most natural position possible midway between his feet.

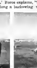
"Visualizing the flight of the pitch has a lot to do with the success of it," says Boros. "You should try to visualize the ball landing just over the front edge of the green, as close to it as possible. This leaves you a margin of error for the backspin you are liable not to get."

Almost anybody's pitching game can be improved simply by wedging the ball directly on line with the flag stick. The ball may bite or it may not, but at least it will not lie to the right or to the left of the hole.

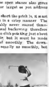


To enhance accuracy, Boros eliminates the superfluous motion in his swing through use of certain restrictions in his address. To keep the body as much out of the shot as possible, he stands with his feet very close together, "even more so than with the short irons," as he says. He stands "almost directly over the ball." For improved balance, he slightly withdraws the left foot from the intended line of flight and turns it slightly outward, toward the target. "The open stance," Boros explains, "keeps you from taking too long a backswing which can cost you accuracy. The open stance also gives you a full view of your target as you address the ball.





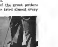
"Regardless of how short the pitch is, it must still be hit down upon in a crisp manner. The backswing will probably never exceed three-quarters of your normal backswing, therefore leaving the shaft of the club pointing just about straight up in the air, but it must be made nonetheless freely and smoothly. The downswing must be made equally as smoothly, but without any lack of the vigorous hand action you would use to bring off any other well-hit shot. As the club returns to hip level, arms and hands should have complete control over the shot."



Boros' follow-through is taut and full. He leaves the flight of the ball entirely up to the loft of the wedge.

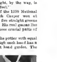
Casper on The Putter

The only club in the bag specifically designed to get the ball in the hole is the putter. Thus tournament pros practice and theorize about it as much as they do the rest of the game. To score, you have to putt well.



Bill Casper, Jr. is one of the great putters of all time. "I guess I have tried almost every putting stance there is," says Casper, "but I find that the one which suits me best is one that is slightly closed. It allows me to square my body to the hole and it permits me to swing the putter back unimpeded by my right foot. My weight, by the way, is equally distributed on both feet."

During the final round of the 1959 National Open Championship which Casper won at Winged Foot, he one putted five straight greens at lengths up to thirty feet. His real genius lies in his ability to get down those crucial putts of ten feet or less.



"Both hands should grip the putter with equal force," says Casper, "although each hand has a separate function. The left hand guides. The right hand hits. That force should be no stronger than you might use if you were trying to feel your pulse. I prefer to putt more with my wrists than with my hands and arms. This method gives me more 'feel' of the club head. On putts of ten feet or less, I prefer to tap the ball, moving the club head through the ball and ever so slightly downward. The club head will finish no more than three or four inches past the ball with this method. On longer putts, the hands and arms come into play."

Casper plays his shots in a businesslike, no-nonsense manner. He is a master at what he calls "scoring" the ball, that is, getting the ball into the hole in the least number of strokes by pure reasoning.

You must "think" the ball into the hole, as he puts it. "More putts are missed because of mental mistakes than due to mechanical mistakes."

In putting, there are two separate but not necessarily distinct problems to be solved. One is determining the correct line to the hole. The other is determining the correct speed which the ball must travel. Neither will work alone. A putt will not follow the correct line to the hole unless it is rolled at the speed necessary to take that line.

Casper first determines the line by observing the undulations of the green. Simultaneously, he will be forming an opinion, largely instinctive, as to the speed that line will take. Once he has addressed the ball, however, he will dismiss from his mind all thoughts about the line, directing his concentration to the necessary speed, since the address will largely determine along what line the putt will be stroked. Once that address has been taken, there is little Casper can do to correct the line should his position at the address be at fault.

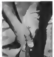
Before Casper sights the exact line by sitting on his heels behind the ball in the customary manner, he forms a preliminary opinion as he first walks onto the green to mark and clean his ball. Then he scrutinizes the putting surface along this line, removing all loose impediments. He looks closely at the grass to see the direction of the grain. Should the grain be with him, the putt will be on the fast side of normal. Should the grain be against him, the putt will be on the slow side. The grain can also have a deleterious effect on the direction the putt will take, causing it to break abnormally to the left or to the right should that grain be a cross grain.

His mind made up, Casper addresses the ball by first placing his right foot at a right angle to the line he wants the ball to take. He establishes his rhythm by taking three practice strokes near the ball, and then steps directly into the putt. "As a double check during the address," he explains, "I ing the club head very lightly behind the ball, just barely touching the grass. I then pick the head up a fraction of an inch and return it, several times, almost like an up-and-down waggle. Without stopping, I go into my stroke."

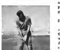
Casper never raises his head to watch the results until the ball is well on its way to the cup. He has found he can follow the ball for the first two feet merely by turning his eyes as far as they will go.

Hebert on The Driver

At forty-two, Jay Hebert (pronounced *A*-bear) has the craggy good looks of a Marlboro man, which he once was. Six feet tall, he looks taller, mainly because he has been able to maintain the same waistline he had as a Marine lieutenant on Iwo Jima. His jawline gives the impression that he cracks walnuts with his bare teeth, and his hands look as though they could crumple beer cans. Yet, power is not the essence of Hebert's game. He is, rather, a "form" player, a professional acutely aware that the easiest way to play good golf is the right way.

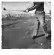


To Hebert, the right way to play any shot in golf begins with the grip, in his case the overlapping. After all, the hands are the only parts of the body attached to the club. "Power, or the ability to hit the ball hard," Hebert says, "depends upon how closely all the parts of the body—hands, arms, hips, feet—are synchronized. You have to start the swing with all of them moving together, controlling the shaft of the club through the hands. If you do, you can swing as hard as you like. People don't miss drives just because they try to 'kill' the ball. They miss them for the reason they don't have everything working together."



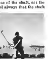
As he addresses the ball, Hebert is very conscious of the shaft of his driver. It will be the position of it throughout the swing—not the club head—that he will try to keep under absolute control. By extending his arms at the address, he will try to get the maximum of arc into his swing, as if trying to form a cartwheel.

"At the beginning of the swing," Hebert says, "you should make up your mind that you will not try to help get the ball in the air. On a drive, the ball already is in the air. It's sitting there on a tee just as nice as you please. For this reason, the drive should be the easiest shot in the game for the average player, if only because he never has a bad lie.



"My wood play started to improve when I switched my thinking from being conscious of the club head to being conscious of the shaft. The club head is moving too fast to be seen by the player, but you can see the shaft. It's projected straight out from you at the address. Now all you have to do is time your swing so that the shaft returns there. You accomplish this by starting your backswing without picking up the club head. In other words, you should strive to keep the club head as low to the ground as possible at the start of the backswing and during the follow through. To say it in another way, you extend the arms and you don't break the wrists."

Because he is so conscious of form, Hebert is constantly adjusting his address just before he begins the backswing in order to get himself into the proper golfing posture, constantly striving to take the smoothest and widest possible backswing, constantly working at placing the club in that "slot" at the top of the swing from which he can release the club head with full power and utter control.



"As I near the point of impact," Hebert says, "I am still very conscious of the shaft, not the club head. I want to feel always that the shaft is *with* me. When my hands reach the level of my hips coming down, I want to feel that the shaft is at the level of my hips, too. I don't want the shaft to be lagging behind my hands, I don't want it to be flying ahead of them.

"Most people could help themselves by being more conscious of where the shaft is at all times simply by getting a driver that suits them. You'd be surprised how many golfers struggle along year after year with a club that doesn't have the proper shaft, not to mention the proper size grip, the proper loft, and what have you.

"By proper, of course, I mean what is proper for them.

"Then, too, lots of amateurs have the wrong conception of how the drive is struck. They have the wrong idea of what the feeling should be when they make contact with the ball. The drive shouldn't be hit or beat down on. Get this sweeping motion. The club should be swept in such a way that the ball is—well, the best way I can think of to describe it is that the ball is *clipped* off the tee."

Golf section produced by Harvey Kurtzman

Photographed by Bob Adelman

On Crans sur Sierre course in the Swiss Alps you can drive your ball a satisfying mile. And, if your game goes sour at Portmarnock, Ireland, you can sit and gaze across the landscape toward the clubhouse (below, left) to assuage the pain. Here you'll find a bright young caddie will carry your bag

Finest curling stones come from isle near Turnberry, Scotland course

Practice in shadow of a mosque at Delhi but beware the rough—cobras

Your caddie in Japan, a girl, carries seed bag to reseed the divots you dig

Golfer, Go Abroad

It's the reasonable, fashionable, economical thing to do —¿Si? Ay? Hai? Oui? Ja? Ken? Right

by Charles Price

I live in New York City, in Manhattan, to be precise. Playing golf in this town as in most major American cities—the arranging, preparing for, and getting to a round of it—has become a project of safari proportions.

First of all, you have to make a game, which means you have to travel at least an hour, portal-to-portal, to any course worth playing. To get there, you have to rent a car, since no amount of status is worth the expensive nuisance that owning one can be in this double-parked zoo. When at last you get there, you spend close to five hours crawling around a course away from the suburban housewives, the mutual fund salesmen, the account executives. Any way you cut it, playing golf in New York is an eight-hour workday.

The result of all this bother is that I haven't played a round of golf in the environs of my own town in over a year. When I want to play golf, I spend a long weekend playing at either of two courses, one of which is about three-quarters of the way to the tip of Long Island, the other deep in New Jersey, south of Philadelphia.

Or I play abroad.

After having played in more states than I can remember and in fifteen different countries, I am convinced golf has become more sensible outside the country than it is in it. It is cheaper, which means a great deal if you are a writer and not somebody who has cornered an electronics market. The courses are less crowded, which can mean a lot if you think the world would be a nice place to live in if there weren't so many golfers. And the courses are more demanding, which can mean something if you play golf in order to beat yourself and not the game.

I have just been adding up the expenses of two golf trips I have made in the past few years, one domestic, the other foreign, the latter for two weeks and the former for only a day but which for the purposes of this article, I shall project to two weeks. I find that the trip abroad, despite the fact that it was four times as far away from home, cost $543.79 *less* than the trip within the country.

The first trip was to the Doral Hotel and Country Club, Miami, Florida, to which place the round-trip air fare, tourist class, is $160.90, including tax. The other trip was to St. Andrews, Scotland, where the round-trip, tourist-class fare to Prestwick, the nearest international airport, was $456, including tax. Doral is one of the most popular golf resorts in Florida, if not the country. St. Andrews is the most popular golf resort in Europe, if not the world. Each layout has four courses. I visited both at the height of their respective seasons, Doral in March and St. Andrews in July.

At both places I used rented cars, at Doral because it is on the western side of Miami, or opposite from Miami Beach, which is where the action is supposed to be. I needed a car at St. Andrews mainly because it is five hours' drive from the airport. My car bill at Doral for two weeks would have been in the neighborhood of $300. At St. Andrews it was $70.

At Doral I was assigned a modern, air-conditioned, tastefully appointed room on the ground floor of a building constructed on the order of a duplex motel. The cost was $28 a night, or $392 for two weeks—the cheapest room in the house. Although for $6 more I might have had the American Plan, I decided to eat out at nights, making my food bill per day about $16, or $224 for the two weeks.

At St. Andrews I stayed at a private home in the center of town, five minutes' walk from the golf courses. The house was a two-story bungalow surrounded by a ten-foot stone wall built before Mary became Queen of Scots. My bedroom was a choice of two that I had to myself on the second floor. It had an oversized, Edwardian bed that was agony to get out of and was serviced by a bathroom that was Roman in its dimensions. Each morning *(Continued on page 186)*

Photographs by Hal Powers

The Four Seasons Of Golf

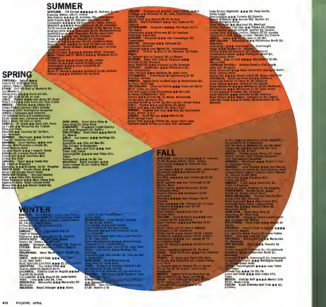
A travel chart of the leading foreign golf courses

There are 115 courses on this chart, only a fraction of those available outside the United States. For instance, there are 66 courses in Sweden, most of them concentrated in the south, but Esquire suggests only two, rated for their known excellence.

You need to know a few things in order to read this chart: the color covering the name of the course designates the best time of year for playing it—spring is green, summer, orange; fall, brown; winter, blue. Some courses will be listed under more than one season.

The seasons on this chart are those of the Northern Hemisphere. The information is in this order: country, name of course, rating, nearest city or town, green fee in U.S. currency, and recommended hostelries. Green fees change on many courses for weekdays, holidays and weekends, so the fee is approximate.

If the course is near a metropolitan area, the city will be listed and the choice of accommodations is left to the reader, except in those cases where a specific hotel caters to the visiting golfer. The courses are rated thus: five stars for superlative; four for championship caliber (superbly golfable, usually long); three stars for tough (long, hazardous); two stars for sporty (short, hazardous); one star for interesting (pretty but neither long nor hazardous).



Good-bye Bobby, Good-bye Billy Joe, Good-bye Glory

by Robert Cromie

The match-play tournament is dying—and so is the amateur's vision of fame

If it were strictly a matter [illegible] ball season [illegible] be boiled down to one game or one series, [illegible] rest of the [illegible] left free for other pursuits by the players [illegible] the fans who give [illegible] an inordinate amount of time. But baseball is stretched out [illegible] sixty-odd games so that the baseball [illegible] can collect all that money from gate receipts, popcorn, television [illegible] gum. The same impulse, profit, that drives the business of [illegible] to its excess, to play all those games to determine one World [illegible] has driven golf to abandon, or nearly abandon, its most [illegible] style of competition, match play. The primary villain is [illegible] Match play is hole-by-hole competition, while medal play [illegible] the total number of strokes for, usually, four rounds. [illegible] match-play round a golfer could eliminate his opponent [illegible] ten holes; the opponent would not have enough holes [illegible] up his deficit.

[illegible] big business, not only because of the swelling [illegible] because an enormous number of openhanded sponsors [illegible] televise the medal-play—stroke-play—tournaments [illegible] reluctance (spelled *horror*) to see the name or [illegible] eliminated before the show is over, as is possible [illegible] and this, in the opinion of many golfers and ob- [illegible] brought match-play tournaments to their pres- [illegible] state. The two most recent tournaments to [illegible] for a medal-play format, which insures that the [illegible] swinging on the final day, are, it is true, both [illegible] United States Amateur and the National Inter- [illegible] in some feeling that these amateur-pure affairs [illegible] set by the professionals, who in 1958 [illegible] Golfers Association of America match- [illegible] forty years of knock-down-and-drag-out [illegible]

[illegible] of these onlookers are afraid that the time [illegible] colorful mode of combat, the match, [illegible] at least on the tournament level. Others, [illegible] some lovely day both the P.G.A. and [illegible] an important annual match-play test. [illegible] director of the United States Golf [illegible] Amateur and many other outings. [illegible] from match to medal is [illegible] that as many golfers as [illegible] play is [illegible] is [illegible] that [illegible] from some [illegible] to [illegible] us. [illegible] of [illegible] may be [illegible]

[illegible] Evans said, "that from now on he will be just [illegible] soon forgotten, because I don't believe he can [illegible]. I think the college players will overwhelm the [illegible] the Amateur now since lots of older golfers who [illegible] to win at match can't shoot consistently enough [illegible] now, anyone with a job downtown isn't going [illegible] champion. The titles will go to the boys who play [illegible] till late at night and concentrate on stroke play [illegible] to become professionals. They've taken the basic [illegible] golf, and I think it's a silly thing to do. [illegible] of Washington, D.C., whom Evans describes [illegible] player we ever had in amateur golf with [illegible] Travers," shares Evans' dismay [illegible] Evans and Robert T. Jones, Jr. during [illegible] 1922, said anyone opposing the elimination [illegible] "has strong support here. [illegible] as a match-play game," he went on. "All [illegible] play. I think medal play is a helluva good [illegible] medal demand two entirely different techniques. [illegible] in all sports should be on a match-play basis [illegible] team-against-team. I think match [illegible] and it was a mistake in [illegible] I've ever written in my life was a letter to [illegible] told him exactly how I feel about it. While [illegible] Joe [illegible] think [illegible] wrong with medal play, I th[illegible] match [illegible] better [illegible] competence. [illegible] also think you'll find a lot of [illegible] who were [illegible] when the P.G.A. went from match to medal [illegible] think the reason they dropped [illegible] and that [illegible] a match-play to[illegible]

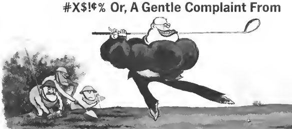
"Joe tells me [illegible] television didn't have anything to do [illegible] change in the Amateur and he's an honest man and I believe [illegible] But I think, and [illegible] that the Amateur will change [illegible] few years. I [illegible] to know how some of the people in the U[illegible] feel."

Among golf [illegible], cynics agree that as far as the P[illegible] concerned, the switch from match play resu[illegible] from [illegible] mercial [illegible] Some gallery ten[illegible] ly [illegible] works, [illegible] if they [illegible] ned the pa[illegible] to find [illegible] rolling [illegible] development [illegible] wiggli[illegible] found [illegible] in [illegible] ing [illegible] away [illegible] from the br[illegible]

The [illegible] which I [illegible] a class [illegible] full [illegible] paragraph [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] (M[illegible]

#X$!¢% Or, A Gentle Complaint From Your Friendly Club Pro

"I just stand there, say uh-huh every so often, and watch you tear up the turf.
All I'm really getting paid for is to tee up balls."



Stan Dudas is the golf professional at Atlantic City Country Club, in Northfield, New Jersey, just across the bay from the greybeard resort for which it is named. At thirty-six, married, and a father, Dudas is in most respects typical of the more than eight thousand men in America who make a living from golf, a livelihood that most amateur golfers regard as being no more strenuous than beachcombing on Samoa. Dudas plays respectably, and sometimes distinctively, in a few tournaments every year, teaches the elements of the game to the members of his club, and runs the shop with three full time assistants, plus some schoolboy help during the busy summer months.

Although it has neither swimming pool nor tennis court (nor wants them), Atlantic City Country Club is in some other respects typical of the more than three thousand golf clubs where professionals like Stan Dudas work. It has eighteen holes of stiff golf course, a small but ample clubhouse, and a membership of three hundred or so, some of whom are conspicuously wealthy, but most of whom are the salt of the Rotary Club: bank officers, public-utility executives, shopkeepers, restaurateurs, doctors and dentists.

"... now this guy wants to buy you a drink."

"I've seen them drive right through sand trap."

At about this stage, however, Atlantic City ceases to be typical. The club has a green committee, a membership committee, a rules committee, a handicap committee, a tournament committee, and a house committee, just like every other country club. But at Atlantic City all of them are embodied in the person of one man, named Leo Fraser, a professional golfer in his own right who happens to own the joint, manage it, and also find time to be a consultant on golf-course management, to design and build other courses, to fly his own plane, to act as treasurer of the Professional Golfers Association of America, and to lay plans for leaving his thyroid to science. It is to Fraser that Dudas is primarily responsible. And because he himself is a professional of long and good standing, Fraser understands the problems of Dudas to an extent no president of a member-run club could. Recently, Esquire asked Dudas to discuss some of those problems, not in the manner of a man afraid of blowing his job, but in the manner of a man who, having known no line of endeavor except golf, can talk authoritatively about clubs in general.

QUESTION: What would you say is your biggest chore in being professional at a club?

DUDAS: Giving lessons, because you have to adjust your teaching technique to so many different types of pupil.

QUESTION: For example?

DUDAS: Well, every club has some guy who swings at the ball as though he were getting out of the way of something, but he wants you to make him look like Sam Snead.

Then there's the guy who's self-taught. He's read every golf book there is, and from these he tries to teach himself. The trouble is, he's got an idiot for a pupil. Anyway, every now and then he comes to me to check him out, you know, just to be on the safe side. But instead of me giving him a lesson, he gives me one. He fills me in on all the latest theory, all of which he got from a book by a big-name pro. Hell, big-name pros have as much to do with writing those books as King James had with writing the Holy Bible. I just stand there, say uh-huh every so often, and watch him tear up the turf. All I'm really getting paid for is to tee up balls.

Then you've got the women, like the big-breasted ones who can't make up their minds whether to swing over them or under them. For some strange reason, women never get tired of taking lessons, never. I often wonder why they take them at all, because they never practice and consequently, never improve. Ten years after they begin, most of them still can't hit a ball a hundred twenty yards if they caught it right on the screws. But they keep coming for lessons.

"The course is so tough your clubs get tired."

Here at Atlantic City we've got a practice field the size of a buffalo range. But no more than half-a-dozen members ever really use it. You often wonder, what the hell are all those people taking all those lessons for? Some of them don't even play, much less practice, particularly school kids. They go back to school after the summer's over, and the other kids ask them what they did. I took golf lessons, they say. That explains everything. Nowadays, it seems, a kid's got to do something during vacation. It's against the law, I guess, just to sit around and do nothing. So they take golf lessons.

"He's dressed like Howdy Doody . . ."

Then there's the guy who wants a talking lesson. He usually hits you right in the middle of your lunch. But lately there's been a new type of pupil who's got them all beat.

QUESTION: Who is that?

DUDAS: He's the muscle-bound son of some member who thinks the kid is going to be the next Jack Nicklaus. The old man's been watching TV all winter, and he reads in the papers what Nicklaus makes a year. So he comes up to me and asks me to teach the kid everything I know about the game. So I say okay, bring the youngster around. Okay, Pop says, and he books fourteen lessons a week for the kid, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. The following day, here comes the kid. He's so big he has to duck when he walks into the locker room. Wears a two-hat and twelve-shoe. So I take him out to the lesson tee to see what sort of talent he's got. Right off, without even seeing him hit a shot, I can tell just by talking to him that he's about as interested in learning golf as I am in going to the moon on a skateboard. Now he takes a club in his hands. He grips it so tight that eleven grown men couldn't get the club away from him. What's more, he's left-handed in both hands. He's got the wildest-looking swing I ever saw. Flashes the club a thousand miles a second. Takes divots a yard long. This kid is so wild he hit me with a ball when I was standing behind him. Once, I turned my back to look at something and he stuck a two-iron in my ear. All the while, the old man just stands and beams. He thinks he can buy the game for his kid. Hell, the only way this kid could improve his swing would be to jump off a roof and get his bones reset.

". . . the girls had an event for a kind of tin cup."

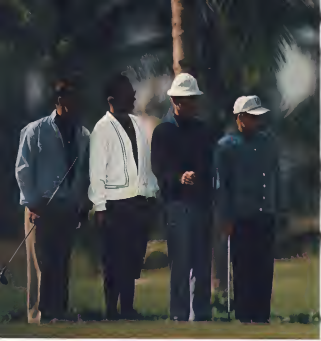
QUESTION: What are the problems attached to running your golf shop? Any?

DUDAS: Mainly trying to figure out what to stock up on. This wouldn't be too much of a problem if it weren't for the one guy who seems to belong to every club. He comes in, fingers the merchandise, and then asks why haven't you got this or got that. So you listen to him. I mean, how else are you going to know what range of sizes you need, or what colors, and so forth. So you get everything you think this guy might like—cashmere cardigans, flannel slacks, argyle socks, alligator shoes—and what happens? He doesn't buy anything. Gets everything he needs at Sears, or someplace. Soon after the season begins he walks in wearing a Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts, purple sweat socks, an eight-dollar pair of canvas shoes, and a cap he picked up at the World's Fair. He's dressed like Howdy Doody, and he thinks he looks like a tournament pro.

". . . whether to swing over or under them."

For some reason... *(Continued on page 181)*

Drawings by Arnold Roth



A Fashionable Foursome

The four gentlemen patiently waiting to tee off at the Doral Country Club in Miami are, as it happens, wearing clothes in various shades of Bluegrass, the color that will dominate spring sportswear. On the far left, Joe Michaels wears a blue sheer nylon jacket ($10) with a zipper front, zippered pockets and a hood concealed in the short standing collar. The knitted shirt is of polyester and cotton ($5), the gold-color slacks are Dacron and rayon ($13) and the outfit is by Van Heusen. Next, Bill Graham wears a white panel-striped cardigan sweater ($15) with a solid-color knit shirt ($8), both of Orlon and both by Jantzen. His plus-two knickers ($22.50) by Sol Newman are in themselves part of a noticeable fashion trend.

The cardigan sweater worn by Sandy Holt, third from the left, is a blend of blue and green, underscoring the Bluegrass theme. It is handled with alternating stripes in a mixture of alpaca and wool ($24). The shirt worn with it is a mock turtle neck in Tycora ($9). Both are Arnold Palmer designs by Robert Bruce. The oxford-weave slacks of Arnel are by Jaymar-Ruby ($16). To top it off, a white round-crown twill hat, green underbrim by Mallory ($4).

Ray Crawford, the fourth man, is not as proper a golfer as he is a dresser, as will become apparent on the following pages. Here, while all is still well, he wears a blue-green Orlon cardigan sweater with white buttons ($16) and a related knit shirt ($10), both by Revere. The slacks of Dacron-and-cotton poplin by Hunter-Haig are contrasting and dark ($16).

All photographs in this section by Carl Fischer

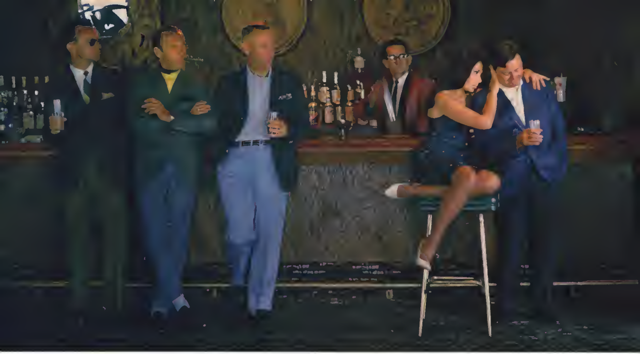
For stores selling Esquire's fashions shown in this issue, see page facing third cover.

SHORTS (facing page) make an appearance at the Doral Country Club this season, but with a new splash of color. Bluegrass Joe Michaels, at left, wears Dacron-and-cotton tapered shorts in a bold plaid ($8), with a knit shirt of Arnel ($9), both by McGregor. The high rise socks are by Interwoven and the white leather shoes by Etonic. The duffer, right, wears coordinated jacket ($12), shorts ($7) of Dacron and cotton and a Ban Lon shirt ($9), all by Puritan. The socks are by Christian Dior and the shoes are by Weyenberg.

COMBINATIONS of Bluegrass and blue (shown above in a highly perplexing situation) form attractive outfits available at pro shops across the country. Ray Crawford with the incredible luck, left, wears a shetland and mohair sweater with full-cut bell sleeves by Prince Igor ($25), wool-knit shirt by Oleg Cassini ($20), wool-gabardine slacks by Jaymar Ruby ($50), shoes by Connolly. His opponent wears an alpaca pullover by Parker of Vienna ($60), wool-knit shirt by Cezar ($25), Fortrel rayon slacks by Jaymar-Ruby ($13).

KNICKERS, worn by the two bemused onlookers at the edge of the sand trap, are plus two's (extending two inches below the knee). On the left, Sandy Holt's soft green knickers of Dacron and linen by Asher ($20) are worn with a blue velour cardigan ($14) and a knitted cotton shirt ($9), both by Excello, a Churchill hat, Corfam shoes by Etonic. Bill Graham wears tan Dacron-rayon knickers by Jaymar Ruby ($20), blue panel-striped Orlon cardigan ($13) over a cross-striped knitted shirt ($6), both by Manhattan.

BLUEGRASS combinations (right), while small comfort to the prone golfer in the rear, are ably carried out by the two in the foreground. On the left Bill wears a blue cotton-knit pullover, trimmed in green, by Munsingwear ($5). The sage green McGregor slacks ($9), a blend of Dacron and cotton, can be washed and need never be ironed. Shoes are by Etonic. Sandy's blue-green-striped hole shirt is by Excello ($7), hat by Knox, Bluegrass Dacron-rayon slacks by Schoeneman ($15), and shoes by Connelly. The setting: the Doral Country Club, Miami.



SETTLING THE SCORE on the nineteenth hole, the duffer wins an enviable form of consolation. His three former partners are being introduced to the compensations of handicapping. At any rate, the clothes they are wearing (not to mention their expressions) are well worth noting. Again, Bluegrass is the dominant theme. On the far left, Bill wears an Arnold Palmer blazer by PBM in a blend of Fortrel and wool ($50). Beneath it a pale-green Dacron-tricot shirt by Manhattan and a striped silk tie by Wembley. His slacks of Dacron and rayon, by McGregor ($14), come with a striped ribbon belt. Joe, in the middle, is wearing a coarse-textured silk jacket by Stanley Blacker which carries out the Bluegrass color scheme ($75). It is a three button model, lined with a big paisley print. Worn with it is a yellow mock turtle neck shirt of knitted cotton, an Arnold Palmer design by Robert Bruce ($5). The Asher slacks ($14) of Dacron and rayon have an adjustable half belt attached. Sandy, third man from the left, is wearing a deep-tone Bluegrass jacket of Dacron, rayon and cotton ($40). The acetate-sharkskin slacks come with a wide-striped ribbon belt with a cinch ring buckle ($15). Both jacket and slacks by Palm Beach. The loop-stitch knit shirt is of Orlon and made by Jantzen ($8). In the winner's circle, Ray, the duffer, wears a textured-weave India-silk jacket in a two-button model. It has double-stitched edges and is made without a breast pocket ($125). His cord-weave slacks of one-hundred-percent wool are styled with a matching belt ($50), and they, like the jacket, are made by Kuppenheimer. The yellow Orlon knit shirt by Jantzen ($8) provides the needed contrast in coloring.

The scene here, as in the preceding pictures which were taken outside on the course, is the Doral Country Club in Miami.

DON'T DIE, JEFF CHANDLER

by Jack B. Moore

What riches can an ordinary American boy offer an ordinary beautiful American girl compared to that magic world up there on the screen?

I work by choice at a drive-in movie because it's a special wonderful world for me. First of all the cars, where I worked a while ago, acres and acres of them, shine at night when all cars glisten cleanly, and after the midnight show dew frosts their hoods and tops, and their clean windshields often reflect a bright white moon. Each row curves neatly in perfect crescent sweep, no car misplaced. Where I worked was cut from a forest of pines next to a slick cement cloverleaf looping roads like creeper vines to the city. We were still surrounded by high pines that walled out a wood bulldozed for two days before they could erect our screen. At night the dark pines feathered and dipped wide branches in the lightest cooling breeze, like slowly flapping but unrising big wings.

Then there are the people. People sulk at indoor movies all the time, but when you're in a car and eat hot, mouth shredding pizza and drink icy root beer you can't be mad. Say you were mad one night—you wouldn't ride to a drive-in. You'd say the hell with it, let's stay home and watch television. Shouting people twist their cars out of line waiting to enter, and leave. But no one comes in mad. You're alone in your car, almost always with someone, and that's nice too. You can swat the kids if they're cranky and talk during parts you don't like—whenever George Brent and Merle Oberon sit together on a white couch (we often showed very old movies)—or you can pull your shoes off, sprawl one arm out the window and one arm along the car-seat top. Or you can make love.

Why drive-ins are good for loving is not what you'd suppose. Actually, making a girl on the front seat is neither easy nor comfortable and few are so bold or uncaring to shift coolly to the back seat and plunge there. Outside, old ladies in Bermudas and red tennis shoes walk to buy popcorn and laughing kids run to the swings, and from the car next to you a dog observes from the stationwagon back, its head curved outside the window, lopping tongue flapping and salivating, until he barks at too much grappling. So a drive-in is good for loving because it is one of the few remaining places in America you can neck all you want and even what we used to call pet without having to attempt anything else. That is very relaxing and in its own way exciting because all you need appreciate is the necking of the moment. It's the same as what I think a couch in your girl's home must have been when the parents, just at the top of the hall steps, trusted you an hour after they retired to bed.

The only part I don't like is cleaning up the morning after. A drive-in at daytime is dismal like a departed battlefield. Flattened paper plates with dried tomato and cheese from the pies or smashed French fries, and always tire treads marked on the plates. Large wax cups with sweet warm root beer beaded at the cup bottom and fat flies crawling along the side. Cold greasy popcorn the birds will eat, stiff rolls crushed into the dust alongside the butt end of a shriveled hot dog whose pickled relish guts are sprinkled with dirt. All that to shovel into sweet disinfected garbage cans along with sprayed bits of urinal tobacco. But far worse in the morning or hot afternoon, with the screen of course absolutely white blank, are the rows and rows of poles, stiff and precise as soldiers in burial crosses, the brittle curved cornfield of war. The poles are uncrossed though, and instead of helmets they are topped by speakers, as though you could call the dead. But I worked in light mostly by not lifting my head to look over the whole field of unswaying poles, which is queerly exactly how I worked burial detail once.

I work the projector and when that's running safely sometimes step out and serve at the food stand. One night a girl strode up like the queen of all the world's drive-ins. She was the kind you see in magazine pictures and someone says, "A buddy of mine in the Navy had one once, and he was a scrawny little tattooed guy. This girl was a photographer's model, and all my buddy had to do was snap his fingers, and she'd be just lovely. And then he married a girl from Wilkes Barre." The girl maybe existed somewhere, but the envied buddy for sure was just a dream.

The girl that strode up that hot night, straight and clean and bright, was like . . . well, long before the war when I was a kid we would cut finger-thick rods of hickory saplings. We cut them evenly, not snapping them to splintered edges. We whittled the cut end sharp and split the wood maybe two inches up from the exactly speared tip. The next day the two prongs of the stick looked

stiff and yet they'd snap apart when you pressed them together hard enough to hurt flicked skin. And if you peeled the bark and briars, the wood underneath was moist and white. That was the girl's legs, split high and slim and tense somehow, with a sharpness that could draw blood, they were so beautiful. She leaned on the counter and her face, shining slightly red, reflecting the neon "Try Our Jumbo Shrimp" sign. Was tan, really, but the light brought out the red glow underneath like tan over windburn. Only her skin was perfectly smooth and cool. All she said was, "Two popcorns, large, one with butter."

That afternoon I'd sprayed the dry stiff grass scraggling by our white-cement current-attraction sign. The yellow grass cracked from its curled viney roots and floated like yellow pieces of broom in little muddy pools. She looked so cool, like after a needle shower. She leaned cool over the counter and my face smiled.

So I said, "You're eating early. You don't want to get fat, do you?" The show had just started and little kids still screamed in the playground whose lights I would shut off soon. Parents who had brought their dinners in the car would soon come for ice-cream dessert.

"I'm not going to eat the buttered," she said and smiled. "Just the plain."

"Well, that's okay," I said and snorted a laugh. I scooped the popcorn in large wax cups and soaked one with butter. She paid exactly. "Now hurry back," I said. "This cartoon's pretty good. Look," I said, pointing to the screen but watching her, "right now that cat will slam into the wall as the mouse moves the hole." And he did, slithering to the floor in a cat-shaped peel.

"Gee, that's great," she said. "How did you know that?"

"I'm the projector. The projectionist, I should say."

"Here? At the drive-in?"

"Yes."

"You know, I go to the movies all the time, but I never met a projector. I mean apart from ticket people and hot-dog men, I just figured the rest were like those cardboard ushers holding programs in the lobby. Wow. How stupid. You really show pictures?" She seemed dazzled by her discovery. "You really

Painting by Philip Hays

run the projector? That must be great, to see all those movies."

I couldn't understand why she talked so much to me. "Well, yes, it is nice. But after a while you don't like some scenes that show over and over."

"I wouldn't mind, it'd be like being able to relive. And I've never seen a movie I didn't like. Or even a scene. Even the bad, dull ones. I love them all." Then she noticed an old guy in walking shorts and black silk socks held halfway up his white shins by garters, and wearing a straw hat. The kind, crabby in a jovial way, that slightly shortchanges you and laughs at your stupidity. But he wasn't anxious to interrupt. He just looked at her out the corner of his eye. "But they wouldn't hire a girl anyway. Not even as an usher. I tried. Well, so long. I guess I better get going."

"I'm in no hurry, Miss. You get something else if you want," the old guy said. "I'm just an old man on a hot night. And you're an oasis." He leaned his short-sleeved arms against the counter and winked at me. His blue-white flesh hung slack from the bone as though tied inside by dangling shoelaces. He would have waited forever.

"Thank you. I'm through. And I suppose the movie will start soon, won't it?"

"It'll begin five minutes early, for you," I said. "And you don't want to miss it."

"Thanks. So long."

I even smiled at the old guy when I asked for his order. But that was after we both watched her walk away in her white shorts and dark-red polo shirt. She drifted straight, holding the popcorn and not swaying, but floating as though held slightly off the ground by cold spring water in the Gulf. I almost expected her black hair to trail behind like a mermaid's, but it whipped slow motion like shook willow tendrils.

I ran that memory over again when I returned to the projection booth, a small hot square next to the snack bar, in back of the pizza oven. It merged with only one other moment, when I had seen at a rest camp a girl walking to the town well in her bare feet and balancing an earthen jug on her head. The movie starred Doris Day, chased by a giggling hired killer her husband said was imaginary. Each time she fainted her husband (an Englishman with a slim patent moustache) would wake her and buy her a lovely flowing dress she would be chased in. Once he bought a lovely car she drove with the top down and faulty brakes, wearing a long trailing pink scarf someone yanked just as she smashed the car. But I ran my memory about that girl.

Finally, wearing a swirling blue ball gown, sobbing Doris shot her husband and ran gurgling to the arms of the chief of detectives, an old sweetheart. She clutched his shoulders, sobbing, "Oh, Rick, Rick, I was so frightened. It was all so horrible, Rick. He really wanted to kill me, didn't he? It was him all the time. I thought he loved me, Rick. And he bought me the loveliest dresses." And she sobbed and gurgled more. And the detective says, "Don't worry, darling. Even on a policeman's pay you can buy a few new clothes." And Doris looks at him, smiling with tears rolling down her fat pink cheeks showing freckles and pleased teeth. The movie ended, I flashed the intermission sign, started the cowboy-music tape, went to work the snack bar. I didn't want to see anyone, but I went.

I grabbed quarters and dimes and fed hungry people made hungrier by a banquet scene toward the picture's end when Doris drank wine from a glass with a skull face on the bottom. Then the crowd melted and she stood by my counter. Even little kids wouldn't bump against her.

"Back again?"

"All that running made me hungry. And that glorious banquet. Wow."

"We don't carry pheasant under glass. Only shrimp under bag."

"You're funny. I bet you're a favorite here."

"Not really. I'm mostly not noticed." I told the truth. I'm medium build, five-eleven, brown hair, blue eyes, and when people forget my name they call me Bob.

"Oh, I know that's not the truth. You're a person to remember." I wondered if she played everyone like this. "So I'll take your advice and eat the shrimp. And a root beer. Now they better be good."

"I'll bless them special," I said, cramming twice as many shrimp as regular in the bag, and drawing a milk-shake-size root beer with just enough ice to keep it cold. Maybe that's how she did, being bestowed a little extra from everybody. Well, she deserved it. "Here you are." She handed me the exact money again and said thank you. I knew she wanted to say something else. "And you tell your boyfriend *he* should buy food for you."

"Frankly, I like it"

"That's right, but I'd get less that way." He was probably some crude smoothie. Then she stood back from the counter again, trying to say something, but she left. The crowd parted like the Red Sea.

The next film was a dog—a good movie really but an old film ripped and splotched with crackling and blipping sound: *Casablanca*. So I told the snack manager I had to prepare it carefully. I quickly removed my apron and cap and followed the girl. I wanted to see what the buddy with her looked like. I snuck at a distance, and about two rows in back of the projector, a little to the right, she slid into an old black Ford coupe. But at the time no one sat next to her. I felt silly and turned and walked to the booth. Probably he was in the men's room.

I watched *Casablanca* pretty carefully, remembering slight war fear, seeing Paul Henreid fake facing down the Nazi French. When that was over I announced that the snack bar would close in fifteen minutes, but I didn't bother serving, since most of the people were leaving, honking their car horns, the kids asleep in the back, cars crawling slowly out the two exits and then zooming up the overpass ramps, cool in the night air, the hot rodders squealing old tires to screams of their pleased girls. Then I played the last movie, *The Desert Song*, and opened the projection door to cool the room while I sat on a high stool wondering where the girl and the—I bet—tattooed ex-sailor would go. Probably first for a few beers. A girl like that was foolish not to be more exclusive. Some punk with nerve had her when she could have been more desired than Doris Day, and just wearing shorts and a polo shirt. Then by chance I looked out to see how many cars remained, and that old Ford sat almost by itself in its row.

I grabbed a flashlight so I would look official and walked back to her row. I pretended to search for something and kept my head bent low, but as soon as I could I raised my head and glanced in her car. I could see her dimly from the side watching straight ahead at Gordon MacRae singing over the dunes inside a sound stage. But no one sat next to her. On the dash behind the wheel the popcorn box stood, the one I guessed she had bought for whoever was with her. He had to be in the men's room this time, since the snack bar was closed. So I squatted and sifted sand in my palm as though I was looking for a ring, maybe, and every so often I moved a little, and looked up, but still no one returned to that beautiful girl. Once two young guys gunslingered past on her side of the car. Both were Levis and high-heeled boots, and one was bare from the waist, with thick black hair swirled on his head. The other I could see was skinny and chicken-chested, wearing a transparent cream shirt. No-shirt's comb handle stuck from his low-slung belt like a bowie knife and the other's cigarette pack hung in the dark where his chest bones peaked like an X-rayed heart. I expected trouble so I clenched the flashlight, but they just walked by, turning slightly after they passed and then shook their heads. She was too beautiful to joke with, to try to pick up or make.

I even circled back to the next row, and watched a while from there. Gordon broke from jail with the harem's aid, and still no one returned behind the wheel. But she just watched ahead, only every so often I felt she looked at the rearview mirror. Sometimes a car started and drove out, dust bubbling red behind its taillights. Two switched their brights on, lightening the screen and draining its colors. I walked back to my booth and just before entering I checked the man's room—I even squatted and peeked under the closed stalls but they were empty. I returned to the booth and after a while the movie ended. The cars crawled out onto the highway and to I don't know where, and still she sat bent forward a little now, and I walked back to her old Ford. I approached from the side instead of the front, so she didn't see me leaning forward as she was. Hers was the only car in the middle section. A few about the rim contained neckers I'd have to chase, but all the middle cars, the solid early comers, were gone. This was a good time, early enough in the morning so that the birds sang on the pines, and soon some would swoop for the popcorn and hot-dog rolls. One very loud bird practiced four or five ecstatic thrills: *whupwhupwhupwhup, cheer cheer cheer, rureeet rureeet yahyahyah, tirp tirp*. He was a loud goddam bird, but happy, and I do, I suppose birds ever get hoarse. And also I heard the distant cars speeding over the ramps, whining uphill, then gunning softer. They'd come back. And our arc lights shone dimly on the lot, on her car and on her, so as I walked closer she glowed with a strange shadowy darkness that you could see clearly. She became like her own shadow and her reflection hovered, haloed, on her windshield.

"Trouble?" I said.

"Oh, hi. Yes," she said, turning her face to me, not surprised, smiling. "I'm trying to find my keys. I always toss them here." I walked closer and watched her rummage through the glove compartment. In the swaying light from our lights high on the exit pines I watched her gleam, watched her long back stretch, watched the polo shirt rise from the shorts showing her back and the flat of her spine just before the rump. Then she sat back. "I always throw them there. I have no room in these for pockets." That was the only time she showed awareness of her marvelous body; a car key bulge would have profaned, that when I looked at it I just sucked air deeply through my nose and then pushed it past my open teeth, then just didn't breathe again until I had to. She looked at me and smiled, her teeth and eyes very white, her face flushed, still crimson in the lamped dark, as though she were excited or embarrassed.

"Don't eat too much ice cream, don't eat too much cake, be home early and, above all, remain chaste."

"Put on the car light," I said. I reached my hand in the window and slid my fingers along trying to find the light switch.

"Oh, don't," she said, grabbing my hand. Her fingers were cool and slow. "That's a terrible thing to turn on, a car light. It's so dull and ugly, the car inside, and after those wonderful movies I just like the dark. That's why I like drive-ins. They don't flash the lights on when the show's over, not bright lights showing the theatre all around you, and then rush you out to the street. The street's a shock then, don't you think? But here you can just sit and think about all that's happened."

I withdrew my hand. "Okay. But you have to leave sometime."

"I suppose.

"Have you looked on the floor? Move over." I opened the door and she shifted behind the wheel and I sat and immediately found the keys under a hole in the rubber floormat. I handed them to her. "I hope your boyfriend doesn't think I'm intruding. Forcing myself on you. But he's not very attentive." I nodded to the popcorn box. It was full. She handed it to me, smiling, and I dropped it out the window.

"I thought you'd guessed. Weren't you watching earlier, during *The Desert Song*? Weren't you watching the car?"

"I thought you saw me. I wanted to see the kind of guy who'd have you run his errands."

"Now you know. I just come alone. With boys—men—you always have demands during the movie. To speak and all. Mush. Wow, I just like movies, that's all." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "I just think they're great. So I sit there where you are now, and put the popcorn here, where I am, the unbuttered really. I lied to you, and well, people passing think like you did, that I'm with someone, so they don't bother me."

"Like I am?"

"No, I think what you do is grand. Wow. You must see all the movies." She looked right into my eyes. I couldn't understand why she'd be sitting, talking to me. She laughed. "And you don't have to work schemes like I do. You know I came to this city because it has so many drive-ins and it's so warm they're open all year round. I prefer drive-ins because they change shows more often and old ones too and you're in your own car. And they run three movies often."

"I know. Tomorrow night we're running five. It'll be a terror. You stay through and get free coffee and doughnuts next morning. And then two hours after dawn Reverend Cooley starts the drive-in church."

"I know. That's my church, sometimes. I sleep here. If we don't like the sermon we honk our horns. And we eat pizza and root beer during communion."

"Really?"

"Wow. You thought I was serious."

"I was playing along. But I don't know many funny girls."

"Five movies. Isn't that great?" she said, leaning over and touching my elbow. "And I'll be here. I'll find a place between two families with sleeping kids so I won't be bothered by sharps, and watch the whole night." She dabbed a popcorn nervously from the dashboard with her moistened fingertip and flicked it in her beautiful mouth.

"You'll be coming by yourself alone again?"

She turned her head a little, like a neighborhood kid hiding his disguised face slightly on Halloween when you almost guess who he is. "Yes," she said, shrugging. "I tried the other way. Maybe I'm strange, I don't know."

"I don't blame you for that."

"Tonight, now, watching Doris Day. What torment she lived through. And I don't want

(Continued on page 152)

adversaria

God Is(n't) Dead

In the running battle with shampoos, soaps and stomach alkalizers God is falling behind. And the Russian cosmonaut's disclosure that he saw nothing up there seemed to give added weight to Nietzsche's death blow. (American astronauts are discreetly silent on the subject.) So now, it appears that He, in His undying wisdom, has decided to fight the devil by instructing His faithful to adopt the techniques of that most godless of all places, Madison Avenue. Now God, like sleeping tablets, cough syrups and other nostrums, will be touted to TV viewers in a choice of either twenty- or sixty-second spots. And it is to be a word-of-mouth campaign—reminiscent of the political arena—set in motion by the color slogan (God scorns black-and-white?), "Keep in circulation the rumor that God is alive." The various announcements, accompanied by "bouncy and upbeat musical effects" (Hey there, God), are designed to be soft sell and intended, in one clergyman's words, to "stimulate the viewer to think about where he stands with God." It is not known where the spots will appear—like Him, they could appear at any moment—next to *To Tell the Truth, I've Got a Secret, The Munsters, Man from U.N.C.L.E., Peyton Place, Hullabaloo* or the gory potpourri of Evening News.

It might work in Ohio. —J.S

Oh, What a Lovely War

England is okay, Jack, and what proves it is the diversions of her people. Certainly there are some who fox hunt and play rugger, but they're in the minority. What the rest of them do is enter competitions. There are, first, the crossword puzzles, which are not like the ones in this country. (Clue in *The Times*: "Or is he a butterfly, this great fellow? 8 letters." Answer: "Behemoth.") There are the mathematical brain twisters, something like the problems proposed by our *Scientific American*.

Then there are the indescribable competitions which don't resemble anything at all on this side. (*The New Statesman*: "In the U.S. the publication of a map indicating a Viking discovery of America has been stigmatized as a Communist plot. The usual prizes are offered for an interpretation, Communist or anti-Communist, of some other newly discovered document, such as Elizabeth the First's marriage lines or of the articles of some other celebrated criminal, such as Jack the Ripper.") Somehow, the same people seem to enter all these contests. A. Martin Fagg is one of them and so is G.J. Blundell and so is P.W.R. Foot. The usual winner, though, is a J.A. Linden, and one wonders just how he manages it. What is he like? What else does he do? He is probably a retired colonel, like the rest of the contestants, but how does an army man train to interpret Elizabeth the First's marriage lines?

In any case, the unavoidable picture is that of an England settling down in easy chair every morning with a nice cup of tea and an array of sharpened pencils. All day, all week, J.A. Linden pits his liberal education against G.J. Blundell, who in turn is waging war against Martin Fagg, *The Times* and *Punch*. The dog goes unwalked, the lawn unmowed. The usual prizes (two guineas or a book coupon) do not count; tenacity in battle does.

During the blitz, a group of Englishmen once said to George VI, "You are a good king, sir," and he replied, "You are a good people." Both were right. —A.C.G

Hope for the U.S.A.

What passes for public apathy anent the war in Vietnam seems to me more akin to maturity on the part of the American people. Everywhere I've gone throughout the country I've found general discomfort and a lack of certainty that *any* of the parties to the dispute are doing the right thing on the whole. There are fewer opinions than usual in such a situation about what the wholly right thing is. Despite the President's unfortunate stressing of words such as "freedom" and "aggression," there appears to be less semantic nonsense, less jingoism, fewer attitudes of "my country, right or wrong." No gross caricatures of the enemy have as yet taken hold of the public imagination. Views expressed by zealous hawks and by peace-marchers seem equally simplistic. Best of all, there is a disinclination to follow those details of the war expressed day to day by the correspondents. This to me does not connote lack of interest so much as a desire to retain perspective on the overall condition and a reluctance to become submerged in mere data. For once, and perhaps for the first time, Americans are becoming aware of the complexities of a struggle for power and are more honestly confronting the fact that death and injustice are as yet beyond the rational control of any men. In short, there exists a prevailing degree of quandary, and that is the stamp of wisdom or at least the beginnings of it. —D.E.

The Fatigue of Circumstance

On reading that critic and writer Conrad Knickerbocker has moved from a job as P.R. man for Hallmark greeting cards to a new job as book reviewer on The New York *Times*, a fact which the Kansas City *Star* interprets as some measure of a changing American temperament, the recurrent (though secretly embarrassing) thought is inevitable: What kind of a name is Conrad Knickerbocker, anyway? Is he real? With a name like that, how can he put up with the questions he runs into at parties?

One feels rather sorry for the man, until recalling Gay Talese's riposte in a similar situation.

Lady named Selma to Mr. Talese: "Goodness, tell me, how does it feel being named after a girl?"

Mr. Talese, infinitely weary: "I don't know, Selma. You tell me how it feels being named after a city?" —A.C.G

Holiday Note

Every holiday has its special interest clique, its pressure group. This was amply demonstrated last Columbus Day by the reaction to Yale's untimely announcement of what every schoolboy has long been taught—that Leif Ericson, and not Columbus, discovered America. The Italian Americans turned purple and, unwilling to see their man outdone by some Norse upstart, charged breach of history. While their response was tantamount to branding Yale with un-Americanism, the Scandinavians among us were understandably pleased. (That is until an Italian linguist declared he has evidence that the Etruscans were here even before the Vikings.)

While Columbus Day has a special place in the hearts of Italian-Americans, other groups too have put their red mark on the calendar. Labor has Labor Day. Veterans have Veterans Day. Memorial Day belongs to the dead. Thanksgiving to turkey raisers, Christians (and commerce) have preempted December 25 and even Halloween now has its acknowledged champion—UNICEF.

So will those behind April Fool's Day please stand up? —J.S

The Twig Is Bent

The behavior of Staughton Lynd has been much in the news of late and the air is thick with surmise concerning his loyalty and motivation. An enigma to most people but not to the present writer, who was exposed early to the curious logic and fierce integrity of the man. We were, in fact, at school together and the incident I have to report should do much to illuminate his nature. Lynd went out for the football team and, a strong, quick lad, won a place for himself on the starting eleven. Right tackle, I believe. But before the season began he uncovered a startling social injustice: those students who were not on the team—or who were on the squad but didn't get into many games—*would not be awarded varsity letters*. A clear case of discrimination, and Lynd, unable to right the wrong, quit the team—bearing, as it were, existential witness to the deprivation of the unathletic. In my view the trip to North Vietnam was merely one in a long series of anti-climaxes which will make up the rest of his life. —R.B

Dial-A-Negotiated Peace

Going on the easily substantiated theory that it is only the diplomats without portfolio who get anything done, one hopes that Lynd's recent trip to Hanoi has revived interest in the sport of Do-it-yourself Diplomacy. Industrialist Cyrus Eaton, the former world champion, was forced into virtual retirement almost two years ago when his Russian contact was removed from office, and since then regrettably few people have come forth to vie for the mantle. Now, however, with the State Department having virtually abdicated its role as foreign-policy maker, the field is wide open. Grab your attache case.

If you wish to carry on negotiations with the Vietcong, you can get in touch with one of two men: Nguyen Van Hien, the permanent representative of the National Liberation Front in Prague (write c/o Than Van Chuong [he speaks English], 7 Nekazanka) or Huynh Van Tam, his equivalent in Algiers (18 Rue Langevin, Quartier le Golf le Redonte). If you prefer to telephone, the information operators of each city have the current N.L.F. numbers, which is all that you need. —J.B

Air Pollution, Good Thing or Bad?

As the *pros* have it, we are all hooked on polluted air anyway, so why not relax, etc.? For one thing, it's going to save us money in the long run, since it reduces availability of oxygen to the brain, which is exactly the same thing that the big H, pot, and all the rest do, and they cost one hell of a lot more. On the other hand, the *cons*, such as sculptress Amarya Fodor, have a pretty good point. Mrs. Fodor says air pollution interferes with mental telepathy, extrasensory perception, etc. Mrs. Fodor is the widow of psychoanalyst Dr. Nandor Fodor, and just as soon as she enlists his voice in the battle, we plan to cast our vote on her side. —A.C.G

Perfectly Inconsistent

The wisest man who ever lived, the sixteenth century Seigneur Michel de Montaigne, was also the most courageous. Has anyone else in history been willing to admit that he is always persuaded in matters of contention or opinion or distinction by the last man who has argued with him? This does not mean that Montaigne will necessarily act upon his newfound conviction; it's just that he's prepared to let the matter rest there until he meets with another man with another argument. Think of the social consequences of such an admission if made by you. How quickly it would be seized upon as a sign of a faltering, undependable character. How inflammatory to those of passionate convictions. How unforgivable to the truly vulnerable of any state or leader, not to say one's wife or one's boss. And pretty insulting too in its perfect mixture of arrogance and humility. Don't you agree?—B.D

Birth of Graffiti

The facade of the movie theatre bore the clean modern lines of brushed aluminum, black relief and bare white marble. At five-thirty the glass doors swung open and a blinking, chattering crowd emptied out into the street. Two of them, a man and wife, stopped on the sidewalk. "Don't be silly," she said. "Let's go." The man didn't answer; he was staring at the marquee, which read: "The Loved One. Daring comedy"—Cue. "Ferocious fun—Telegram." He walked up to a white slab of marble column, took out a gold pencil and wrote in a neat script no bigger than normal handwriting: ". . . a real bomb, believe me—Jacob Miller." Then he rejoined his wife, took her arm and walked away past the long line of people waiting to buy tickets for the next show. —J.B

In Cold Cash

Earlier this year, an unknown writer out in Oregon picked up his morning paper and gazed at a small article headlined "Otto Preminger Wounded in Argument Over Rights to Capote's Book." To most people who saw the item, it was nothing more than an everyday assault-and-battery story. To our Oregon writer it was more. The report concerned a tiff between novelist Truman Capote's agent, Irving Lazar, and moviemaker Preminger. The place was the "21" restaurant in New York; the subject under debate was why Preminger had not won the movie rights to *In Cold Blood*; and the outcome was a water glass smashed across Otto's forehead.

"The fight is only incidental," our writer said as he boarded a jet for New York. "I'm more interested in what lies behind it all: money. Capote's money, Lazar's money, Random House's money, Columbia Pictures' money, *The New Yorker* magazine's money, Otto Preminger's wishful-thinking money. Before that book was even finished there was more than a million dollars in it for Capote. It makes you wonder what did Herman Melville get for a rough draft of *Moby Dick*?"

Without waiting for an answer the writer took his seat and began to explain the purpose of his trip. "This case intrigues me because it will give me a chance to write in a new art form: straight journalism. I may not be the first to use it, actually, but I'm going to be the first to make a big deal out of it."

With that he opened a large manila folder labeled "In Cold Cash." Out of it he pulled a sheaf of background notes relating to Capote's early career and, arranging them, he started to write, "Part One: The Last to See Him Only Moderately Rich." —J.B

The Switched-On Generation

Have your pencils ready and when I give the signal you may begin to write. Very well, let's go.

A.C. Nielsen, a company in the strange business of finding out how many people watch TV, says that 52,600,000 homes in America have television. Of these homes twenty-eight percent have more than one set, each of which is watched by 2.2 persons. Nielsen, which gets its numbers by reading meters attached to a sampling of sets throughout the country, says that during the month of December, 1965, each television set was in operation for an average of 6.02 hours a day. Got that? Exactly 6.02 hours daily. Now if twenty-eight percent of the homes polled have more than one TV set, then it follows that there is a total of 67,328,000 sets in these homes. If 2.2 persons watch each set (the fractional two-tenths presumably describes watchers who are not quite all there) then 148,121,600 persons watch television in the course of 325,767,591,680 hours each year. The problem: Given a life expectancy of seventy years or 613,200 hours, how many lifetimes do Americans use up each year watching television? Will the first one with an answer raise his hand?

Correct. The answer is 530,769 lives a year. Which is enough time and manpower to build the Tower of Babel to Heaven, no matter where that may be, with plenty left over to make sure that it won't come tumbling down like the jerry-built one in the Bible.

You've done so well on this problem I would like to give you another. Why did a boy of eight with whom I recently talked think the TV set was his mother? —R.S

Get Thee to a Nunnery

There are only a few places where the American man can escape the presence of the American woman and plenty of times when he wants to. The depressing news is that even these few bastions of seclusion are falling or, worse, becoming a bit timid and apologetic about their exclusivity. The Lotos Club pictured on page 148 does retain an unyieldingly masculine air, but more indicative of the way things are going is the Ritz Bar in the Sheraton Ritz in Minneapolis. Last July, the bar changed its policy and now admits women at any hour. "It was an economic decision," says Mr. Stern, its manager. The manager of the Dutch Bar in Pittsburgh's Penn Sheraton owns that if a woman walked in by mistake he'd serve her if she insisted. Politeness reigns at the Brown Palace Club in Denver. The maitre d' meets any erring woman at the door and offers to make reservations for her elsewhere in the hotel. Even Locke-Ober's in Boston is long-suffering. "We take it as a compliment when women want to eat in our downstairs cafe," says Mr. Little, an official of the establishment. "Our headwaiter politely tells a woman he's very sorry, she'll have to go upstairs." A spokesman for the Oak Bar of the St. Francis in San Francisco is nonplussed. "It would take a pretty dumb woman to walk in here. We've got signs saying 'For Men Only' on all the doors. I don't know *what* we would do, the situation has never arisen."

However, cheers Mory's in New Haven, open to women only on special Yale weekends, retains the vigor of its convictions. "We just throw them out." And the Biltmore Men's Bar in New York has an even better plan. If a woman dares to walk in *there*, all the men in the place turn to her and begin to applaud. They keep on clapping until she is shamefacedly and safely out.—D.E.

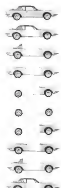
The Truth about Apple Pie

It seems that Canada, fed up with cheer in her beer, has begun marketing car-bumper stickers saying things like "Mary Poppins is a junkie" and "Apple pie makes you sterile." At the same time the British, with windshield stickers marked "House of Lords" and "Buckingham Palace—Admit One," seem to be adopting an even more positive yet equally refreshing attitude. One expected our own nation to be far behind in this race with "Made in the Black Forest by elves" about the best we could come up with. This turned out not to be true the other day when an Assistant Counsel on one of the subcommittees of the Senate went into a stationery store, bought a wallet and casually asked that it be stamped "United States Senate." His request (a perfectly proper one) was filled without question, and since he has owned the wallet, he has never once been asked for further identification.

If he can do it, why can't the rest of us? I opt for "Office of the Chief Justice, United States Supreme Court" for my passport case, but everything else is up for grabs. There are plenty of good Americans who might like to have "Keep the D.A.R. out of N.A.T.O." on their checkbooks and, taking the best of all possible worlds, even better Americans who might want "Ladybird is injurious to health" on their bumpers. —A.C.G

Final Notice

After a brief and not particularly memorable lifespan, *Adversaria* comes to an end with this installment. Before retreating once more into the crypt of anonymity, the editors would like to intone these few words from the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Under the entry "Trees," subentry "Remotest," it is written: "Reputedly the tree remotest from any other is one with roots extending down 100 feet in the Sahara oasis at Tenere. Though there is no other tree within 1,000 miles, it was rammed by a French truck in February, 1960, and was said to be dying." —R.I.P



Encore the Avanti!

by David Ash

Bowing to popular demand, a great automobile is reborn but in a new, improved format that should have performance to burn

When the Studebaker Corporation announced in December of 1963 that their automotive division no longer would be in operation in the United States, there was much breast-beating in South Bend, Indiana. Although half of the corporation's sales at the time came from its non-automotive divisions, in the months to come six thousand workers would be laid off. Outside the area, much of the sense of loss was because production had ceased (except for the plant in Canada) on one of the oldest U.S. marques. Still another "independent" automobile manufacturer had fallen to the grinding pressure of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler.

It is hard to shed tears over Studebaker, which gained a vaunted reputation as wagon builders in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. They were magnificent as truck builders during World Wars I and II. But actually Studebaker had ceased to be an important factor in the automobile market long before 1963. When the announcement came, enthusiasts of design and performance felt a real loss for the new and stylish Avanti.

And what a keen sense of loss it was. I drove late-1963 Avanti test cars with both stick-shift and automatic transmissions. These were delightful. Instrumentation was neat and sophisticated. Pains had been taken to place the controls and switches neatly to hand. Putting rocker-type heater-blower and light switches into a panel over the windshield was the first sensible innovation of this kind in a painfully long time. These controls were at once easy to reach and move, and their separate location gave the driver their exact position without any fumbling.

Characteristics of Raymond Loewy automotive styling were lack of inhibition and a mea application of ideas from other fields of design. Aeronautical features in the Avanti cockpit are an example. Other aircraft touches on the plus side were the soft red instrument lighting and the well-organized and complete instrument panel.

The Avanti had the best bucket seats available in any American production car of the post World War II era. They provided comfortable, deep sitting, and the lateral positioning support that no U.S. makes offers to this day in an off-the-floor model. The driver's seat should have had a rake adjustment; except for this the seats were faultless.

At the time of its introduction there were some who criticized the handling qualities of the Avanti. On review, such comments came from people who were comparing the roadability of the cars with MG's and Lancias. Since the Avanti was evolved from a standard Studebaker Lark chassis with the usual upgrading (stiffer suspension, addition of anti-roll bar and torque reaction rods), the result, in terms of roadability, was excellent.

Some negative effect in using the heavy Studebaker engine was overcome by the drastic reduction of overhang. But the Avanti remained nose-heavy. It was clear that a lighter engine—similar to that in the Sting Ray Corvette—could work wonders. Still, performance was outstanding. The Avanti was stable and fully roadworthy all through the high-speed range right up to 130 m.p.h., with little difference in feel at either one or two miles per minute. This performance was handled by a first-class set of brakes—big drums at the rear and Bendix-built Dunlop discs in front where as much as seventy percent of the braking job is done. The result was smooth, powerful stopping power in high-speed driving.

This package was wrapped up with the jaunty air of a small car, taut and elegantly styled. But the Avanti was not a small machine. Overall body length of 192.5 inches was laid down on a 109-inch wheelbase. Four adults could manage nicely in honest comfort. While tall people might be crowded in the back seat, Hoss Cartwright (of *Bonanza* fame) would be comfortable driving. At 3181 pounds, the Avanti had the lightness its designers sought. To cap it all, the body was rattle-proof and there was a very low level of wind noise.

A knowledgeable tester could have offered some criticism, inevitable with any new car. But one could also enthuse about the many things that made the car a delight. Even more, it held great promise for the future.

Some bold decisions had been made for the Avanti. To achieve strength and lightness, fiberglass was chosen for the body structure. The designers had to work with the neither light nor powerful Studebaker V-8, so they made do with "low-boost" supercharging. The Avanti seemed to attain the elusive goal of a genuine high-performance Grand Touring car.

No automotive term creates more confusion than "Grand Touring car." From a technical point of view, the G.T. is defined in very specific language by the Indices of the Code Sportif of the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile.

This definition is intended to be the exact criterion for cars designed to qualify and compete in those Grand Touring Championship races sponsored by the F.I.A. on a worldwide basis. These rules are frequently modified—more to limit the bastardization of sports-racing cars than to create true touring cars. The result is that most competition Grand Touring cars look like their racing brethren—but somewhat uglier. If one of these cars is really fast, it is usually stark, uncomfortable, hot, noisy, and often quite difficult to drive.

There remains a hard core of designers, builders and enthusiasts who believe it is possible to have a car approaching the competition G.T. that also can offer the comfort, handling and reliability a personal road car should provide. Such a motorcar is currently the biggest challenge in automotive design.

Certain obvious limitations confront the designer of such a car. On the one hand is the requirement for high performance. Light weight, high power, good road manners and adequate brakes are the first considerations. Of almost equal importance are those requirements on the other side of the balance—leg- and headroom that require dimensions almost never associated with truly high-performance cars.

Thus the designer is usually obliged to build either a two-seater coupe or an out-and-out sports roadster if he wants to stay within the limits of size and weight that make the project reasonably viable. Designers who are prepared to take a whack at the really difficult job of laying out a full four-passenger sports touring car are few and far between. Robert Andrews, the Avanti's chief designer, is one of them.

Andrews began his automobile-design efforts in his teens. His first job, straight from high school, was with the Monroe Auto Equipment Company, already famous for "Monro-matic" shock absorbers. In 1945, Andrews left to take a post with Hudson. Here he worked on a three-man team with Arthur Kibiger to produce the new and very outstanding unitized postwar Hudson. He moved to Willys-Overland in the Summer of 1947 where he remained until 1948. It was in that year that Andrews first joined the Loewy styling team. Looking back it is easy to see his fine hand in the lovely '53 Loewy coupe that was so clumsily managed by Studebaker.

When the Avanti first appeared on the scene, early road tests showed that Andrews and Loewy had met their challenge. Hot-rodder Andy Granatelli took an early car to Bonneville and set a series of National Class records at over 160 m.p.h. The runs proved that despite the lack of time for wind-tunnel testing, the Avanti's aerodynamics were right on the button.

Loewy certainly had every reason to be satisfied with the effort. And it must have been with that sense of accomplishment that he packed off to France with Andrews in the Summer of 1961 to undertake the new six-passenger Avanti, a four-door hardtop. Two models, fast and notch backs, were laid down on a 113½-inch wheelbase. The early prototypes were done by Pichon of Paris and bustled back to South Bend for Studebaker to see. Still hopeful that the first Avanti would be a winner, but wanting a suitable replacement ready, Studebaker bought the designs and put them on the shelf, where they were destined to remain.

Unfortunately, Studebaker was in serious trouble all during this period—and thus so was the Avanti. Since the mid-Twenties, Studebaker had suffered from inconsistent management which led to a series of desperate situations. The company seemed to run its automotive affairs as though they were just another department in a general store. Nothing was ever done about the product until people stopped coming to the counter. Only a very rich corporation could get away with this kind of operation. But there were times when Studebaker had earned great gobs of money and accumulated tremendous reserves. So it went from one financial crisis to another, sometimes saved by war contracts, sometimes by going into the marketplace for styling help, but always just barely snatching its chestnuts from the fire.

The first of these outside excursions, in 1936, produced what was to become an on-again-off-again alliance with Raymond Loewy. Thanks to the Loewy organization, Studebaker came off the postwar starting blocks sprinting with the now-famous "double-ender" that was introduced late in 1946. This sleek and revolutionary car was primarily the work of the Loewy's chief designer, Virgil Exner, and it stole a two-year march on the Detroit giants. It seemed that Studebaker was really off and running.

But it didn't last. The 1950 and '51 cars were bullet-nosed monstrosities that the public didn't buy. At this point, it seems a little unclear as to what happened. These cars were a disappointment. Many knowledgeables, in trying to reconstruct where the designs came from, are forced to the conclusion, as I am myself, that they were Loewy's and that Exner, who had left the company by this time, didn't have a hand in them. In any case, the results were disastrous for Studebaker.

Loewy came up with a brilliant car for 1953 but ultraconservative Studebaker management fought the radical design. A compromise was finally reached. Loewy's pretty coupe was to be built, but it was almost literally to be squashed into a stubby sedan version as well. This meant two sets of dies, two production facilities, two of everything. Management amplified this mistake in the grand manner, deciding to build more of the homely, squat sedans and station wagons than the sleek Loewy coupes. The coupes sold and the sedans did not. Dealers had orders for coupes, but the factory didn't have the cars to send them.

Studebaker then hired James Nance as president. Nance did little more than make noise and lose money. By the time Harold Churchill assumed the chair in 1958, Studebaker (it was now Studebaker-Packard) creditors took over and the corporation came under the directorship of A. M. Sonnabend. Mr. Sonnabend apparently cared naught for autos and less for their style; his interest lay more in the nearly $140,000,000 of tax write-off that Studebaker had to offer.

To culminate these remarkable gyrations, Studebaker hired forty-year-old "wonder-boy" Sherwood Egbert to direct the company at a salary of $125,000 a year. Egbert had been vice-president of McCulloch Corporation, a West Coast chain-saw builder, and seemed a bright and able executive. It is obvious now that he never had a real chance to succeed at Studebaker. But among the many things he undertook in his efforts to save Studebaker was the retention of the Loewy organization.

The story goes that Egbert sketched out the original Avanti on the back of an envelope and told Loewy to get his designers to work on it. Thereafter, depending on who tells the story, Egbert and Loewy got credit for creating the design. While it is standard practice for an organization to take credit for plans that come off its boards, the man most responsible for the Avanti was Robert Andrews, at the time Loewy's chief designer.

Some critics were quick to conclude that the Avanti was an error and a failure. It was neither. The only real mistake made with the Avanti was in the rentining. It wasn't properly tested, programmed or assembled. Andrews had completed his styling job at Loewy's Palm Springs home in two weeks of around-the-clock work. The car was handed to Studebaker's chief engineer, Eugene Hardig, with instructions to complete a full test program within six weeks, an impossible assignment. Even so, Hardig did well. Tests were conducted, production planned and the car introduced at the New York International Automobile Show, Spring, 1962.

It was then that the Avanti began to fight the clock. The body was subcontracted to the Molded Fiber Glass Body Company of Ashtabula, Ohio. The move seemed wise, but it didn't work, mainly because of lack of time, and Studebaker set up its own fiberglass plant. The cost was terrific, the mistakes frequent, the quality low. Studebaker's final mistake was in creating a big demand for a product they couldn't supply.

Egbert hadn't been as ill-advised as many later said. There was a market for a tame G.T. car of the Avanti's character, but Studebaker dealers simply didn't have it to deliver. Instead the customers bought what the competition had to offer: Rivieras, T-birds and the high-performance imports, mostly Jaguars and Mercedes.

When the roof fell in on Studebaker, some of the shards hit Andrews. He had created two beautiful and able G.T. cars. They should have made him famous, but he was neither better known nor richer than before. Undaunted, he went to work on a new Avanti, a smart and lively convertible that looks for all the world like the smashingly successful Ford Mustang.

Actually, the convertible Avanti was finished long before the Ford design saw light of day. But Andrews himself is satisfied that Ford came to the same design conclusion independently and uninfluenced by him.

The new Avanti design was submitted to Studebaker in Canada, where some Studebaker models, mostly rehashes of '63's, were being assembled. But at the time Studebaker Canada was interested only in assembly.

So, until very recently, it looked as though some very good men, Egbert, Loewy and Andrews among them, had gambled and lost a great deal. They won an artistic recognition; they lost financially. History will record that the Avantis were very good indeed. Perhaps the better fate they deserved may still come to them.

For many months there were rumblings that a group of South Bend businessmen had bought up all the dies, fixtures and pertinent bits and pieces for the original Avanti with a view to building the car on a limited-production basis. The rumors have proved true. Spearheaded by Nate Altman, a successful (Studebaker) dealer in South Bend, such a group was formed and did buy all the Avanti material. Studebaker's Hardig was retained to guide the project. After checking all the engines he finally approached General Motors for their Sting Ray mill. The choice should make the Avanti more fun than it was with the heavy Studebaker engine. The Sting Ray mill is lighter, more powerful and available in a wide variety of performance options.

The original target was to finish five cars in time for display at the '65 New York Show. Unfortunately for the new syndicate, the job of moving, setting up and integrating the new engines proved more complicated than anticipated.

Altman's group (Continued on page 152)

CATHERINE OF FRANCE

The face at left is one of the most remarkably beautiful of our time. It belongs to Catherine Deneuve, a French actress, sister of a French actress, daughter and granddaughter of a French actor and a French actress. It, and the body below it, are not exactly unknown to the magazine readers and moviegoers of the world. In her latest film, Repulsion, *the face is burned ineradicably into the memory. Catherine plays to perfection a sexually obsessed, catatonic murderess.*

So much is public knowledge. But what of the person behind this glorious mask? In two of the most truly seminal sentences ever composed, another magazine has written "Born with the secret smile of an earthy angel, Catherine became for a while the protégée of Director Roger Vadim. She bore him a son and became more passive, sad." So much for the art of biography, so much for motherhood. So much for Vadim. For another layout Catherine was photographed nude by the Englishman David Bailey. Roman Polanski, who directed her in Repulsion, *says, "It's an incredible deal to undress her because she's so shy. I had to convince her to take those nude photographs. I tried to make her see that she is beautiful and that the body is part of art. It turned out to be a great experience for her because she married the photographer. She looks like a professional virgin, but sexy. Not sexy like Marilyn Monroe, nor with Bardot's bitchy Lolita quality. She's like a man's niece that he takes on his knee. All those dirty magazines in France play her up; they think she's ripe for exploitation as a sex goddess because she had a kid out of wedlock. She hates that. She fights it. Catherine is a very unhappy person."*

Photographed by Jerry Schatzberg

What is it like for a shy and
passive girl to play a demented,
razor-wielding murderess?
It can be very trying.
Polanski speaking:
"Catherine was strongly
influenced by the film. She
got very nervous. Sometimes
she would get the same look
in life that she had on camera
and I would think,
'In another two or three weeks
she'll have gone round the bend.'
She doesn't believe in herself,
she thinks she will never
be a great actress.
She says she does it because it
is the only thing she knows.
I tried to convince her otherwise,
because I think she
has a talent, but she thought
I was simply flattering her.
When you work with an actor
you have good moments and
bad moments but at the end
you remember only the pattern.
With Catherine it was the best
I've ever had."

(Continued from page 104) made him invaluable as a negotiator of legislative compromises. Though few laws bear his name—because he is of the party perpetually in the minority—his personal impact is discernible to the tutored eye in dozens of amendments to major measures. Javits drives his staff mad in his quest for the information that makes his method viable. His standard conversational opener, "What's going on?", is never meant as an amenity. Impotent within the formal leadership structure, Javits has made his mark by dominating the give-and-take between Senators. When he has had to, he has shown that he is not averse to using his wiles in the practice of the quiet little mischief which characterizes Senators in their power struggles. But he takes far greater satisfaction in proposing the kind of original idea that won him one recent editorial in Britain's *Punch* entitled "Rare and Upright Jacob," and another in Washington's *Post* called "Javits Breaks Through." As an outsider in a minority party, Javits by all the rules should be a pygmy in the Senate. But because more than any other Senator he has learned to use the intellect as an instrument of power, he is one of the giants.

Javits' deep commitment to Senate business keeps him on the floor more than any other member. He loves the arena. He's like an overage letterman who can never get enough of the ball game. There is no scene on the Senate floor more familiar than Javits standing across an aisle, arm extended, finger pointed at the debating adversary, snapping off facts with cool logic in his hard nasal voice, as resplendent with the accent of New York. Javits looks upon himself as the conscience of the Senate, always ready to thwart some dubious maneuver, defend some noble cause. He likes to think of himself as the tribune of the underprivileged, the defender of the city, the champion of enlightenment. Javits is never finer than when he takes on a Southerner in a civil rights debate. (Southerners find Javits particularly incomprehensible, as well as obnoxious. In an unguarded moment, one Dixiecrat Senator called him a 'Jewish merchant pandering to the nigger vote.' It does not outrage Javits that they should dislike him; it does that they should question his sincerity.) Such a debate excites him. It evokes his self-esteem and his sense of virtue; it lights up his brain cells and stimulates his heart, it makes him quiver with righteousness. Jack Kennedy, after his Presidential nomination, felt the sting of Javits' tongue. Lyndon Johnson, as Vice-President, heard Javits call him a "hollow shell" for failing to make an important ruling on a civil-rights question. Johnson has never quite forgiven him for it. The experience may have led Javits to increased self-restraint. Still, no Senator goes out of his way to swap invective with him on the Senate floor.

Inevitably the question arises of why Javits, the prototype of the Northern liberal, became and remains a Republican. Javits is scarcely more convincing than anyone else in answering it. He spends a substantial portion of his book, *Order of Battle*—one of his less noteworthy achievements—on a tedious and unpersuasive explanation. It all started, he says, because his father, between reading the Talmud and sweeping the stairs, was a part-time ward heeler for Tammany. The corruption that he observed, he claims, soulfully turned him cold on the Democratic Party. He then goes on to denounce Woodrow Wilson's postwar economic policies, the Palmer Raids, the flirtation between the Democrats and the Klan, the Jimmy Walker scandal and Franklin D. Roosevelt's first campaign for the Presidency. Javits continues by declaring his fidelity to the early Hoover, George Norris, Fiorello La Guardia, Wendell Willkie and Arthur Vandenberg. Modestly, he places himself in the tradition of the great fathers of Republicanism—Hamilton, Clay, Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt—whom he heartily misrepresents, whom he scarcely resembles and whose potency seems totally irrelevant to the party today. But if Javits' philosophical arguments sound silly, he gives one clue in *Order of Battle* that has a compelling ring. He writes:

"... No matter how independent I was in my own thinking on public issues and how intensely I espoused issues even in the face of considerable Republican grumbling, I was always most careful to maintain the best relations with the Republican organization and Republican Party workers and to do everything that I properly could for them and with them. I did not want my independence of ideas and action to be confused with lack of devotion to the development and improvement of the party structure and the party machinery."

What Javits seemed to be saying was that party membership has no ideological but only organizational meaning. By supporting Eisenhower against Stevenson and Nixon against Kennedy, he seemed to affirm a detachment between party loyalty and political philosophy. But could he then justify abandoning Barry Goldwater as he did in 1964? Goldwater, he argued, was an exception who was outside the 'main stream' (the expression, he claims, was originally his) of Republicanism. If Javits is right in his contention that ideas and action are not to be confused with party structure and machinery, then there is no logical reason whatever for the Republicans not to switch from Barry Goldwater in the last election to Jack Javits in the next.

Whatever the Republicans may think of him in the Senate, Javits can afford his independence, thanks to another powerful source of strength that he has within the Party. That source, surprising as it may seem to those who still equate high finance with reaction, is in Wall Street. Since he started in politics, Javits has had the backing of the Whitneys, the Loebs, the Rockefellers, the Morgan heirs, and many of the others who can tap stones and make millions gush forth. Somehow Javits—unlike, say, Jack Kennedy and the early Humphrey—has persuaded the top money men that, however liberal he may be, he will not tamper with the financial institutions on which their power is founded. Wall Street, in contrast to the Puritan Middle West, takes no offense at the welfare state as long as it leaves ample room for profits. Javits, while a welfare stater, has been fastidious about keeping America safe for the moneyed interests. He watches carefully, for example, that there is a place for the private entrepreneur in all public housing legislation. He saw to it, as the price of liberal Republican support, that the medicare bill provided an outlet for private insurance companies. He has consistently pressed for investment credits and other tax benefits for business and industry. He loves grandiose schemes to mobilize capital—at a substantial return—in behalf of such worthy causes as rehabilitating South America or Africa. For years, Javits quietly but effectively looked after the interests of the New York financial community while serving on the Banking and Currency Committee. Even though he abandoned the Committee, he never forgets his dependence on that community. He is deferential—some might say obsequious—to its members. He lunches with them, plays squash with them and likes to consider some of them his friends. "They think I'm a helluva fellow," he explained. "I admire the way they get things done and they respect me because I've got a little power." These financiers throughout Javits' career have remained a loyal, generous and powerful base of support.

Javits, in pursuit of his ambitions, also has the advantage—thanks largely to Ben's early foresight—of a substantial independent income. He admits to personal assets of perhaps $1,000,000, which are well invested, in addition to an annual return from his law firm of some $35,000 to $40,000 after taxes. By living on this outside money, Javits can devote most of the $33,400 of his Senate salary to office expenses. He estimates that he spends some $20,000 to $25,000 a year, over and above the government's expense allotment, for such purposes as travel, entertainment, contributions, private consultants, and maintaining what must certainly be the best staff on Capitol Hill. Racially and religiously, the staff is completely integrated, but this is only partly the result of consensus principle. Supreme to principle is the practical consideration that Javits is most comfortable with members of minority groups and particularly, of course, with Jews. He does not discriminate against Anglo-Saxon Protestants but they tend to get lost in the ethnic shuffle. Javits has had W.A.S.P. assistants who have been both efficient and capable, but he has been heard to complain that they don't understand him—and vice versa. For the most part he chooses from that mélange of minorities—Jews, Negroes, Italians, Greeks—that make up Manhattan. His chief assistant is Dick Aurelio, a shrewd Italian who has a Jewish wife. Javits' feel for minorities was illustrated recently when, between two qualified applicants, he selected the one with a physical handicap because, he said, "He's suffered like us." Javits with good reason has supreme confidence in his staff. It is an example of how a private fortune can be used effectively to advance a political career. Javits, though scarcely rich enough to finance a Presidential campaign on his own, can afford the costs of playing politics well in a high-priced league.

With brains, money, dedication and loyal supporters, Javits really ought to get on better in Washington, where political and legislative excellence are respected. But he has the bad fortune of neutralizing many of his assets by being a stiff. Javits doesn't understand the sense of camaraderie that pervades the Senate, enabling political enemies to be personal friends. He is too self-absorbed, excessively burdened with feelings of responsibility, overly persuaded that his objectives are the most vital objectives in the Capital. Javits is as greedy for publicity as most politicians, but he tends to think that his headlines are somehow more honestly earned than those of his colleagues. The bureaucrats, the Congressmen and the newspapermen that a Senator runs into during the course of a day are often put off by a chilliness in Javits, a lack of perspective about himself. On closer examination, Javits is not so much ill humored as humorless, not so much pompous as proud, not so much distant as detached. From Javits emerges not the condescension of aristocracy but the priggishness of insecurity.

Javits is probably the only Senator who insists on putting a five-cent stamp on his personal mail when he could send it free. He may be the only Senator who imposes limitations on his personal law practice that exceed the limitations imposed by the normally accepted Congressional code of ethics. It is unlikely that there is another Senator who, when approached by an unsuspecting streetwalker outside a posh hotel a few years ago, would have thrust out his hand, introduced himself politely and, to her total astonishment, asked her to vote for him at the next election.

Javits has no time to waste. He begins his day early and keeps it filled with appointments, all of which invariably run late. If he gets to his office in the morning and finds he has no luncheon date, he snaps out a command that he get one. If he's flying to New York, he dictates to a secretary on the way to the airport, then resumes his dictation to a secretary who meets him when he lands. If, by chance, he arrives early for a plane, he runs to the phone to slip in a final call. He wouldn't think of passing an evening at a movie, just for diversion. Javits is quite literally unwilling to have an idle moment for fear it might reflect on his importance.

Never unmindful that he is a Senator, Javits has the fixed idea that Senatorial dignity equals grand solemnity. He can be charming when he tries, but he rarely bothers. He avoids the political and diplomatic cocktail circuit in which Senators normally travel. He has no close friends in the government. When he dines occasionally with an old friend, it is a friend who dates from his House or his Army days. More often, he'll remain in the office doing paperwork until eight or nine o'clock, then dragoon an unwilling aide into joining him for dinner in a downtown restaurant. If all work and no play make Jack a dull boy, it accounts for Jack's being looked upon in Washington as a dreadfully dull boy.

Yet New York has been exposed to a different image of Javits. "I work in Washington," Javits explains. "I live in New York." Because Marion persists in her refusal to displace the household, Javits is forced to spend his nights in Washington by himself. But as soon as he can spare a moment, he flies back to New York for an experience in real living.

Real living, for Javits, revolves around Marion. He beams when he talks of her; his eyes light up with love and his voice takes on a vibrant quality. He is pleased that she has found in her independence the means for personal self-expression. He raises no protests over her involvement with the theatre, her quest for status on the committees that run charity balls, even her capers at the discothèques in the company of assorted [illegible] escorts. Javits admits that he is unhappy at having failed to move her to Washington but has long since resigned himself to their temporary separations. Normally, he is home from Friday night to Tuesday morning and, often, a night or two during the week. He spends as much time as most fathers with the children—Joy, now seventeen, Joshua, sixteen, and Carla, ten—and manages to have breakfast with them on more mornings than he misses. New York, not Washington, is home for Jack Javits. The reason is that Marion has arranged it that way.

If the ponderous side of Javits comes from brother Ben, the light side is all Marion. Only with Marion can Javits shed the inhibitions that he wears when he is operating as Senator. And even then he finds it hard to forget. "If I ask him a serious question," she reveals, "sometimes he buttons up his jacket before he answers." Javits himself testifies to the problem. "When I get to be a stuffed shirt," he said, "she gives me a kick in the tail. But if I'm youthful at all, it's because of her."

Marion likes the bright lights, so they rarely miss a play. Marion adores dancing, so they frug until closing at Arthur or whatever other place she would like to be seen. Marion is big on Op this year, so their apartment is filled with framed optical illusions. Marion loves to assemble scintillating guests for sparkling dinner parties. She brings in actors and artists and writers and the in people of New York's transient high society of acquired money and recognized talent. Or, for a quiet evening at home, she finds diversion in summoning one or two of the couples—intelligent, aggressive, successful and much younger than the Senator—whom she regards as her closest friends. Javits is poor at entertaining by small talk. Though he's an excellent dancer, he's a little embarrassed being the spectacle on a dance floor. Sometimes he objects to Marion's guest lists, but he says, "If you don't have the jet set, you have something else, like bores or relatives." Personally, Javits would prefer the opera to the theatre, the ballet to the frug, Rembrandt to Rauschenberg. But he rarely complains. As he says, "On balance, I'm ahead."

The Javits apartment on upper Park Avenue, a complete turn of the earth from the Lower East Side, is neither big nor ostentatious, but it too is thoroughly Marion. The living room is dominated by her full-length portrait in profile, which does more than ample justice to her *look* and is tactful with her little-girl bust. For some peculiar reason, it has an arrow passing through her forehead, which is most distracting. "Tout est connaissance," she declared with a touch of girlish insolence, "don't ask what it means." But then she added, as if to amend any indiscretion, "that Boris [Chaliapin, the artist] told me it meant that when I was pierced I didn't bleed. Isn't that lovely?" Marion has a small antique desk in a corner of the study, where she and her two-day-a-week secretary prepare her correspondence. Javits doesn't have a niche of his own in the apartment. When he wants to work, he sits at the dining room table. To take a phone call, he goes to his wife's desk, where he gazes at a snapshot of Marion in a bikini. But Javits shows no sign of discomfort because it's *her* apartment. He also thinks of it as *her* city and because she is his, so is New York.

New York to Javits is like the family domain to an English nobleman. Take this phone conversation overheard in the Javits office: "Hello, Alan. I'm glad you called. I've been meaning to talk to you for weeks.

"I'm taking the eight o'clock plane up and going directly to '21.' I've got to see some people there. I plan to spend the whole evening.

"Come in any time after nine o'clock. I'll be delighted to see you. We'll have a chat. You might have to wait a few minutes, if I'm with someone else.

"Yes, Alan, '21.' Any time between nine and, say, one or two a.m."

Life with Marion is the top, but for Javits' vision of himself as a "Mr. New York" who casually holds court in "21." He has come to appreciate having his name in the papers with Zero Mostel as much as with Hubert Humphrey. He has substituted the friendly wave of a Manhattan taxi driver for the grudging approval of a fellow Senator. In New York, he feels it's no violation of his Senatorial dignity when the doorman of a famous restaurant greets him informally as an old customer. He takes pleasure in jockeying his Lincoln Continental with the prestige license plates through the city streets. Javits adores the races and loves going to his club for a swim on a Saturday afternoon, though he knows there are still clubs where he cannot swim because, as a friend discreetly put it, "He can't pass the physical." Javits sees not betrayal but, on the contrary, redemption of his humble origins in his becoming a latter-day Jimmy Walker, without hand in till. In New York, Javits discerns no contradiction in a Senator also being a man-about-town.

Ben has never understood all this high life. He is a Jewish millionaire who would rather go home than go out for supper. A diminutive but more wrinkled version of his brother, Ben is still fierce and active at seventy-one. Toward Jack he displays the mixture of pride and resentment that parents often feel for the child who has gone off to make good. Ben, in his rumpled suits, and Marion, in her Paris copies, naturally don't get along. She shrugs at the mention of his name. He says with melancholy, "There's a marriage situation which is not very conducive to my relationship with Jack." Ben never goes to his brother's house. They lunch occasionally, talk on the phone quite frequently. Jack, torn between a loyalty to both brother and wife, tries to make the best of the situation. Understandably, Marion has come out better in the rivalry.

When Javits was elected Attorney General of New York in 1954, he withdrew, after twenty-seven years, from the Javits and Javits partnership. He could not, without risking a conflict of interest, practice in the state as well as be the state's chief attorney. After he became Senator two years later he was no longer subject to such an inhibition, and Ben assumed he would return. The firm, which by now had its offices in Rockefeller Center, had remained Javits and Javits during his absence. Jack, however, insisted that as a Senator he must not deal with cases involving the Federal government, and though Ben agreed to meet the stipulation, Jack maintained that he could not impose such a financial burden on his brother. With Ben looking on helplessly, Jack formed a partnership with John Trubin, one of his assistants in the Attorney General's office. The firm, with an elegant suite in the Seagram Building, takes no business in which the Federal government is a party. It is a "high-quality" operation that specializes in civil matters, most of which involve substantial sums of money and, consequently, substantial fees. Javits, who bears the title of "counsel," lends his name and prestige and some small advice, without participating in any of the cases himself. To this day, Ben is brokenhearted that his brother has left him. He has a grown son, natty and sleek as befits the next generation in the dynasty. The son, with political ambitions of his own, has taken up the spare Javits in the company title. But the impression is strong that Ben still thinks of Jack as the most important thing in his life.

"I guess I have a sort of stupid sense of what brothers ought to be like," Ben said, rather sadly. "He's the closest friend I ever had. Until he was twenty-eight, our relationship was the biggest thing in his life. Until he married, there was one pocket for the both of us. I was very idealistic and exacting about what we meant to each other. I consciously did all I could to make him a great man. Of course I'm disappointed that we've drifted apart. But I must bow to his judgment."

As much as possible, Ben still holds onto the dream would be created with his younger brother. He takes pride in having been the architect of a great political career. He continues to think of himself as his brother's inspiration and source of ideas. Although Ben's politics have become more identified with the right, he insists that he and his brother share the same ultimate goals, while perhaps disagreeing from time to time on "tactics." It is important to Ben to feel he is performing a vital positive function in Jack's life.

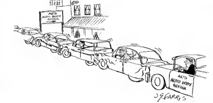
Quite by coincidence, as Ben was speaking, the phone rang and a secretary's voice announced over a loudspeaker: "Mr. B. The Senator is on the line." Ben looked across the desk with satisfaction, as if all his claims had been redeemed. Nervously he picked up the receiver.

"Hello, dear. How are you? ... I'm sorry you couldn't make it to the cemetery with me yesterday to see mother's grave. ... I sent Nixon a position paper on that labor matter. ... When can we have lunch? ... What's happened with our friend Everett and that bill? ... How about that other piece of legislation? ... Jack? Jack?"

Ben frowned at the receiver. Obviously his brother had hung up on him abruptly. Ben looked across the desk and smiled uncomfortably.

Ben admits he had made no provision in his master plan for Jack Javits to become President of the United States. That would have required even more *chutzpah* than he possessed. But he might have dreamed it on some grim, cold night on the Lower East Side or in Brooklyn, as he lovingly contemplated the future of the boy sleeping at his side. Ben's view, after all, has always been that nothing is too exalted for the younger brother he brought up to be a monarch. But even President of the United States? Yes, Ben indicated, nodding his head, even President of the United States.

It's almost as if a rerun is being prepared of a play that opened a few years ago and enjoyed a brief success. This time the backdrop has been modified, the ages of the chief characters have been changed and the players have been called upon to shift their accents from Boston Irish to New York Jewish. There's Jack, the star, still fresh from his immigrant heritage. He's bright, decent, willful and tireless. There's his wife, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with some pretensions to culture and a determination to be self-sufficient. There are the children, handsome and well-mannered. There's the Founding Father, fount of the family ambition. He yearns to lead, but has been thrust aside as if to conceal his fortune and embarrassing right-wing views. Though the play may never make the bright lights of Pennsylvania Avenue, the writers are busy at work preparing the lines. The cast has been assembled, the angels have readied the money and the producers, cautiously, have begun to look ahead to opening night. #



GREAT CLUBS OF THE WORLD

The Lotos of New York

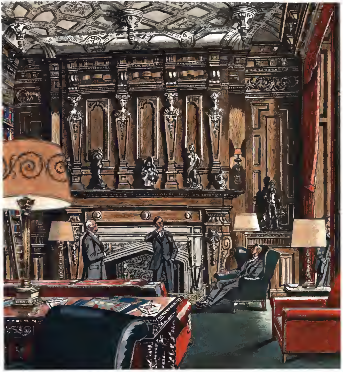
The Lotos Club, which Mark Twain called The Ace of Clubs, has been known in New York for over ninety years as The Godfather of the Arts. Although originally confined in its membership to men of eminence in the professions or the arts, it actually had in the beginning a semiofficial municipal function, since it was founded in 1870 in response to the plea of the city's then mayor for a suitable place to entertain distinguished visitors.

Following the uptown movement of fashion, The Lotos Club has changed its location five times, from Irving Place up Fifth Avenue in the twenties and forties, then West on Fifty-seventh and now just east of Fifth in the sixties. With the years the club's first limitations of membership broadened "to let in such businessmen as were lovers of literature and art," and until the recent death of President Hoover, the roster could claim the unique distinction of embracing all the living former presidents of the United States, including simultaneously Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower.

As for the distinguished visitors, the list of those for whom the club has given dinners and receptions, from General Grant on down or up, would more than fill these two pages. Also too numerous to list are the other clubs throughout the world with which the Lotos maintains affiliation in the form of reciprocal relations. But among the clubs, to stick to London alone, The Savage, The Devonshire and The Garrick could be mentioned, while among the visitors could be listed such names as Offenbach, Strauss, Saint-Saëns, to start with a single category such as Music, but even there the choice is soon overwhelming, running the gamut on the creative side from Gilbert & Sullivan to Rodgers & Hammerstein, and on the performing side from Paderewski to Van Cliburn and Caruso to Joan Sutherland, to say nothing of such as the de Reszkes, Martinelli, Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett in between.

It was one of the "in-betweens," Mary Garden, who gave rise to one of The Lotos Club's more enduring legends. At the dinner given for her in 1922 she was seated next to old Chauncey Depew, who had had *his* do at the club back in 1896. She was wearing for the occasion what was undoubtedly the first strapless evening gown ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, and after staring at it all through the dinner he finally had to ask her what held it up, only to be told, "Nothing but your extreme age."

Equally daring in its day was the decor of the men's grill, where the walls are paved with the lithographed menus of the state dinners back to 1872, but these are in turn punctu- *(Continued on page 152)*



The quarters of The Lotos Club, at Five East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, built in 1900 by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, as a wedding present for her daughter, Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin.

The staircase leading from the lobby, between the lounge and the ladies' dining room, to the ballroom and library

The second floor ballroom, scene of the Round Tables, is graced by a marble fireplace by Carl Bitters, and faces the book-lined walls of the library across the hall.

The downstairs grill, formerly for men only, with a glimpse of some of the state dinner menus but out of the angle of vision of its more famous nudes

Drawings by Leslie Saalburg

TRAVELER, CONSIDER MY VENICE...

The knowledgeable resident's guide to the riches of a marvelous place, hidden or otherwise

by Goffredo Parise
as told to Richard Joseph

In his books, the young Italian novelist, Goffredo Parise, sees the world as a Kafkaesque fable in which man is an insect, life is a comic strip. In his travels and memories, however, the world in and around Venice where he spent his boyhood is a kind of tender mystery, an island apart from the hell of contemporary life. The way to come upon Venice, the city of water, is by water, he says. Get off the train or leave your car at Padua, the art city nineteen miles from Venice, and take the boat trip to Venice through the Brenta Riviera, along the Brenta and Giudecca Canals. You sail past the waterside villas of the ancient Venetians along the route through Noventa Padovana, Strà, Dolo, Mira, Oriago, Malcontenta and Fusina. Some of the villas are by Palladio; others were designed by Girolamo Frigimelica, Marco Ricci and Zuccarelli. The boat leaves Padua at 9:30 every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday morning from May 15 to October 15; the trip takes six hours and forty-five minutes, and the fare is $12.

"With this introduction," says Parise, "you'll have already captured some of the feeling of Venetian architecture, you'll have an idea of how much wealth the commerce of ancient Venice poured into the hands of its doges, and you will see how rich Venetians used to live and still do."

The way to see Venice, according to Parise, is by gondola. It's a slow city, and must be slowly savored, he says, on foot or by gondola.

"Tell the gondolier to take you into the little side canals, where you drift right through the life of the people, the narrow little canals with steel-braced buildings leaning out over them until they almost meet. You see all sorts of surprising things, such as wedding and funeral processions and traffic lights at dangerous intersections. But the most exciting sight of all is a fire, with the long red fireboats pumping water from the canals onto the flames.

"Have the gondolier take you to the old ghetto in the Parrocchia San Alvise, the ghetto from which the name originated—it referred to the iron foundry that had stood on the island before the Jews were moved there. You'll notice that the buildings are higher than in the rest of the city, and they have more windows, because great numbers of people were crammed into this small section, so the rooms had to be smaller. And see how the cupolas of the old synagogues come out of the centers of the buildings. The synagogues were built on the first floor up as protection against rising waters, and surrounded by apartments as protection against hostile neighbors. In the Campo Ghetto Nuovo, see the interesting Jewish museum in a former synagogue built in 1532."

Parise recommends your starting your on-foot sight-seeing right at St. Mark's Square, seeing the cathedral and then climbing the stairs to the balcony and looking out over the square between the legs of the prancing Byzantine horses decorating the cathedral.

"This is the way to see St. Mark's," Parise says, "from the roofs. This is the first thing the visitor should do. Then go back into the cathedral and move quietly through the upper balconies inside during Mass, listen to the organ and watch the choir close by, and see the original wooden lion brought from Turkey by Constantine—they have it stored up there. Study close up the golden mosaics in the walls and examine the marble balustrades, and you'll sense the great age of this ancient basilica as you twist and turn among the steel braces holding it up."

The novelist's favorite among all of the museums of Venice is the Correr, on the top floor of one of the buildings forming St. Mark's Square, and his favorite painting is Carpaccio's "Cortigiane," usually referred to as The Courtesans.

"If I had to choose one work of art from all the museums of Venice, it would be this one," he told me. "I try to see it every time I come to Venice. Carpaccio caught the inutterable boredom of these useless and basically repulsive women. It's a magnificent piece of social commentary."

While you're in the Correr, he suggests, see "The Virgin" by Jacobello del Fiore, Cosimo Tura's "Pietà," the three Bellini canvases, and the collections of coins and of the costumes of the doges. And if you want to cover some more museums, visit the Accadèmia, Scuola San Rocco, Palazzo Grassi, Procuratie and Oriental Art.

His favorite café is the Florian, a chain of many small rooms linked together and stretched out along most of the south side of St. Mark's. In good weather, most of its patrons sit outside at the long lines of small marble-topped tables running the whole length of the café and extending well out into the square; and an orchestra made up of two violins, viola, piano, accordion, clarinet and bass viol play such numbers as *Arrivederci Roma*, *Come Back to Sorrento*, and *San Francisco*. Floor lamps with pink-silk shades light up the music stands at night, and the waiters wear white linen jackets with gold epaulets, and black trousers with wide black silk braid along the seam. A pot of tea is sixty-five cents, service included.

"The rococo elegance of Florian is typically Venetian," Parise said, "so it's a fine place for visitors who want to know the old-world feeling of the city. Most of the rooms date from the seventeenth century, and then when chocolate was an expensive novelty, in the following century, it became *très snob* for fashionable Venetians to drop into Florian for a cup of hot chocolate. Now people drink coffee or cappuccino, mostly."

Another place Parise recommends to visitors is Harry's Bar and restaurant, overlooking the Grand Canal, a hangout of Hemingway's colonel in *Across the River and into the Trees*. Specialties of the house are the Tiziano cocktail, made of gin and grape juice, and the Bellini—gin and hand-pressed peach juice. The owner, Giuseppe Cipriani, became "Harry" by some quirk of nomenclature, and his Cipriani hotels and restaurants on the island of Torcello and Giudecca are also recommended by Parise.

Parise's restaurant list is made up mostly of small, offbeat places patronized almost entirely by Venetians. Da Nico alla Zattere is a café where young students, writers and poets meet. The Montin, at Fondamenta Eremite 1147 in the San Trovaso section, near the Accadèmia, has modern and classical paintings on the walls and a garden in back. Parise has been going there since his student days. Specialties include *faraóna alla Pevarda* (guinea hen) for about $1, *pasta e fagioli* (flat noodles and red beans in soup) for thirty cents, and *fegato alla Veneziana con polenta* (calves' liver, Venetian style), about eighty cents. The wine of the house is a good Cabernet.

Best place for seafood, Parise says, is the Trattoria alla Madonna on the Calle della Madonna. It features *canestrelli*, delicate oysters crisply fried, a local specialty found only in Venice, *granzeola con ditta* (a very salty stuffed crab), about $1.10, *anguilla alla griglia* (grilled eel), about $1.45, and vezzena cheese, a sharp cream-colored local cheese that comes from the nearby mountains.

Another excellent restaurant is La Colomba on the Piscina Frezzeria, 1165, near San Marco. It has a long line of tables under a great canvas awning stretched along a long narrow street near the Fenice Theatre. One of its specialties is *orada della corona*, a delicate white fish, and another is *cartocchio "Colombo."*

Wherever you dine in Venice, Parise suggests that you try some of the local fish: *cape tonde*, *garrusoli*, *croletti*, *polipi*, *seppie*, *molecche*, *mazzenete* and *baccalà*, a codfish served *montecato* (in cream) or *alla vicentina* (Vicenza style). He likes Cabernet, Merlot and Clinton among the red wines, white Tocai and Pinot Grigio.

His favorite hotel is the Gritti Palace, the palazzo occupied by the

Goffredo Parise on one of Venice's hundreds of small footbridges and in the Europa's bar

Photographed by Michael Vaccaro

descendants of the Doge Andrea Gritti in the eighteenth century. It was the favorite, too, of Ernest Hemingway, and of Thomas Mann who wrote *Death in Venice* there, and it has been host to such distinguished guests as Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Winston Churchill, Greta Garbo, the Aga Khan, Leopold of Belgium, Jules Romains, Humphrey Bogart, and Lauren Bacall. A beautifully maintained and managed small hotel, it has 104 rooms, many of them furnished in seventeenth and eighteenth-century Venetian antiques. The room Parise always tries to get is 112, overlooking the Grand Canal and furnished with red Chinese lacquer pieces.

Rates run from about $12 to $14, single and from $20 to $25, double. Luncheon on the hotel's terrace overlooking the Grand Canal with the Basilica of Santa Maria della Salute to your left is one of the pleasantest ways of spending two midday hours in Venice. Specialties include prosciutto and melon, enormous broiled scampi, breast of chicken and noodles and Bel Paese cheese. Lunch will run you about $5, service and taxes included.

For shopping, Parise recommends boat trips to the nearby islands of Murano, for glass, and Burano, for lace. For glassware in Venice, he suggests Venini, which is in the Piazza San Marco, as are most of the other shops on his list. They include Codognato for jewelry, Roberto di Camerino for luggage and women's handbags and clothing, Lorenzo Rubelli e Figlio for the finest handwoven silk and velour brocades resembling tapestries, Gegia Bronzini for handmade silk articles, and the Elite shop for men's clothes.

There are no nightclubs in Venice worth visiting, according to Parise. "Venice has no night life," he said. "People dance at home—if they dance at all. The Venetians of today aren't the sophisticated, ebullient Venetians of the eighteenth century, nevertheless all the color and excitement of the ancient city are still here for the discerning visitor—in Venice's museums, art treasures and ancient *palazzi*, and in the sheer beauty of its setting." ###

FRANK SINATRA HAS A COLD

(Continued from page 92) back so tape, and Nancy Sinatra, who has just walked in, joins her father near the front of the orchestra to hear the playback. They listen silently, all eyes on them, the king, the princess, and when the music ends there is applause from the control booth, Nancy smiles, and her father snaps his fingers and says, kicking a foot, "*Ooba-deeba boobe-do!*"

Then Sinatra calls to one of his men: "Hey Sarge, think I can have a half-a-cup of coffee?"

Sarge Weiss, who had been listening to the music, slowly gets up.

"Didn't mean to wake ya, Sarge," Sinatra says, smiling.

Then Weiss brings the coffee, and Sinatra looks at it, smells it, then announces, "I thought he'd be nice to me, but it's *really* coffee. . . ."

There are more smiles, and then the orchestra prepares for the next number. And one hour later, it is over.

The musicians put their instruments into their cases, grab their coats and begin to file out, saying good night to Sinatra. He knows them all by name, knows much about them personally, from their bachelor days, through their divorces, through their ups and downs, as they know him. When a French horn player, a short Italian named Vincent DeRosa, who has played with Sinatra since The Lucky Strike "Hit Parade" days on radio, strolled by, Sinatra reached out to hold him for a second.

"Vicenzo," Sinatra said, "how's your little girl?"

"She's fine, Frank."

"Oh, she's not a *little* girl anymore," Sinatra corrected himself, "she's a big girl now."

"Yes, she goes to college now. U.S.C."

"That's great."

"She's also got a little talent, I think, Frank, as a singer."

Sinatra was silent for a moment, then said, "Yes, but it's very good for her to get her education first, Vicenzo."

Vincent DeRosa nodded.

"Yes, Frank," he said, and then he said, "Well, good-night, Frank."

"Good-night, Vicenzo."

After the musicians had all gone, Sinatra left the recording room and joined his friends in the corridor. He was going to go out and do some drinking with Drysdale, Wininger, and a few other friends, but first he walked to the other end of the corridor to say good night to Nancy, who was getting her coat and was planning to drive home in her own car.

After Sinatra had kissed her on the cheek, he hurried to join his friends at the door. But before Nancy could leave the studio, one of Sinatra's men, Al Silvani, a former prizefight manager, joined her.

"Are you ready to leave yet, Nancy?"

"Oh thanks, Al," she said, "but I'll be all right."

"Papa's orders," Silvani said, holding his hands up, palms out.

Only after Nancy had pointed to two of her friends who would escort her home, and only after Silvani recognized them as friends, would he leave.

The rest of the month was bright and balmy. The record session had gone magnificently, the film was finished, the television shows were out of the way, and now Sinatra was in his Ghia driving out to his office to begin coordinating his latest projects. He had an engagement at The Sands, a new spy film called *The Naked Runner* to be shot in England, and a couple more albums to do in the immediate months ahead. And within a week he would be fifty years old . . .

Life is a beautiful thing
As long as I hold the string
I'd be a silly so and so
If I should ever let go . . .

Frank Sinatra stopped his car. The light was red. Pedestrians passed quickly across his windshield but, as usual, one did not. It was a girl in her twenties. She remained at the curb staring at him. Through the corner of his left eye he could see her, and he knew, because it happens almost every day, that she was thinking, *It looks like him, but is it?*

Just before the light turned green, Sinatra turned toward her, looked directly into her eyes, waiting for the reaction he knew would come. It came and he smiled. She smiled and he was gone. ###

ENCORE THE AVANTI!

(Continued from page 141) plans to set up dealers in metropolitan areas throughout the country, and hopes to service a hundred dealers when production is able to meet the demand. Approximately a thousand cars will be programmed per year. The selling price will be $7,200, with deductible options, such as air conditioning, electric windows, four-speed or automatic transmission, decorator fabrics, etc. But with hand assembly, a finer finish and closer tolerances are sure to result, a more receptive segment of the luxury performance market should follow.

While moving deliberately, the Altman setup has done a thorough job of retuning the Avanti. Careful research has been completed and a number of minor (but collectively important) changes have been made. There is good reason for caution, especially since too much rush was so damaging earlier. Like all specialty cars, the new Avanti will fly in the face of marketing laws established over the past twenty-five years. Nate Altman knows it. He also knows that from all the sight and smell of it, the enthusiastic motoring public still wants a car like the Avanti. His organization has reason to be encouraged by the success of Shelby American with their very fast but brutish cars. Despite their racing success, none of the Cobras can offer the elegance or luxurious comfort of the Avanti. And fitted with the hot, lightweight Sting Ray engine, the newest South Bend entry should have performance to burn.

Altman and company know that the hour is late. But they also know they're getting into the game while the dice are still hot. ###

THE LOTOS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from page 148) ated with provocative nudes by Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg and Harrison Fisher. One called Puss in Boots was always considered overt enough to constitute sufficient cause in itself to necessitate the exclusion of ladies from this room. But in recent years women have been included among the diners downstairs every night, and not one of them has yet been seen to bat an eyelash at the sight.

The Lotos Club's name has probably caused more anguish among proofreaders and copy editors than any other five-letter word in the language, because of its one repeated vowel where two are normally expected. The "os" at the end instead of "us," came from Tennyson's poem, *The Lotos-Eaters*, in which the founders found the lines that seemed best to summarize what they hoped their club's ambience would always reflect: "In the afternoon they came unto a land, In which it seemed always afternoon." These words, burnt into wood, form another of the period adornments conducive to the mellow mood of the men's grill downstairs.

The club's present quarters, on East Sixty-sixth Street, date back only to the turn of the century, but bear a plaque officially designating the structure as one of the architectural achievements of Richard Howland Hunt, to be deserving of preservation as a Landmark of New York. The mansion, which came into being as a wedding present in the Vanderbilt family, has housed the club since 1947. Similar dwellings in the neighborhood have for the most part been taken over as consulates or as headquarters for United Nations' embassies. Despite the persistent belief among younger members to the contrary, the men's room off the downstairs grill was not the scene of the celebrated fight between Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, which held undisputed rank among fistic fiascos until recently threatened by the revolving encounters involving Liston, Clay and Patterson, in that order, that dubious distinction belonging to the club's penultimate lodgings on Fifty-seventh Street.

The club holds, in addition to the frequent state dinners and receptions, monthly Round Table discussions in the three fields of Literature, the Arts, and Foreign Affairs, at all of which men of distinction give off record opinions and pronouncements, and are in turn the recipients of eulogies, along with a paperweight medallion as a token of the club's esteem. To date, none has so far turned up in a pawnshop, escaping thus far the frequent fate of other medals and decorations.

And though it has been afternoon for almost a century, nobody around The Lotos Club seems to expect the sun to set very soon. ###

DON'T DIE, JEFF CHANDLER

(Continued from page 137) to jabber or mush through that. I know, you've seen all these pictures, you've lived through so much heartache and happiness, so much madcap adventures and moving suspense. You understand."

"Maybe. I like the people at drive-ins. Relaxed. And they don't even have to leave the car, not even for food, because they can pack their snack."

And do you know, they got educated? Historically and morally too. Look at *Casablanca*. Claude Rains is cruel but sad. That's the Vichy French. Years ago I saw *Phantom of the Opera* and saw acid thrown in Claude Rains' face. But he's a sad educated voice. The tormented, sensitive man no one recognizes."

"You really like movies, don't you?"

"Very much. I learn from them. Like about after the Civil War. Many men were left homeless by that noble struggle. Some went West to begin again, some went with greed in their hearts or unquenchable lust for revenge and pleasure, and some went for the taste of blood so strong they could never forget. But listen, I sound like a preview. My weakness. I just thought knowing about the movies you'd understand."

"I appreciate that. And I would like to ask you to come tomorrow night as my guest." I fumbled a ticket from my wallet and handed it to her. "And you can watch the movies and I won't interrupt you. I like that about you."

"You know, I wouldn't usually, but since I'm coming anyway I'd like to come with you. And we can talk between the shows, can't we? Do you have to work?"

"Not all the time."

"It's funny how people meet, isn't it? I went back to see you at the stand, but you weren't there. I bought a hamburger I didn't want. With onions. I put it in the glove compartment. It smelled so."

"Should we tell each other our names?"

"Tomorrow night. How would that be?"

"Fine." I got out of the car and shut the door. She replaced the speaker and drove off. "Your lights," I yelled, really yelled loud from happiness. She turned on the lights and beeped shave and a haircut, and I waved. A girl like that'd probably been pawed since she was twelve. Not to bother her watching was a small price. From joy I picked up a paper plate and sailed it. Then I wiped mustard off my thumb with an old napkin. That crazy bird was practicing and I felt like dawn itself. At least once a person feels like they're rising grandly over all the world, arms radiating broadly as wide wings, warmly true in the cool morning.

The Thunderbird Touch:
An overhead Safety Convenience Panel

1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety Convenience Panel mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low, or doors are ajar.

Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the new optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! No rewinding! Four speakers!

New this year, too, is an optional automatic Highway Pilot speed control: it lets you set, retard, and resume your desired cruising speed with a flick of a finger.

There's a more powerful standard V-8 engine—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time!

Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

And that was my once.

I put the last of the film in the can, locked up, burped the two cars still parked out of the drive-in, then zoomed out the exit myself between the pine trees left standing unbulldozed, driving in the dark before I realized I too forgot to switch on my lights. Then just at the night-empty highway entrance two fat quail rolled from the roadside and skittered across my front, as I snapped on my brights. They usually run fast so I didn't slow down, but one binked my fender, flying at the last moment into my headlights. One feather floated to my windshield. But folly was the bird's, so I drove happy on before up the ramp and imagined myself flying straight aloft.

The next night I arrived early to arrange the five films. I checked their order and condition, and spliced back in the cuts made upstate. Once they removed a scene where a big black stallion flares its nostrils, and rears and jumps a fence to join a mare just before Robert Mitchum kisses Gloria Grahame who's been eyeing him over a big brandy glass she's been drinking from. Then I hung an "Out of Order" sign on a good speaker just to the right and in back of my booth. I waited for her and around early twilight she came in her black Ford with balloon fenders. The place was about half filled—nearly all the good slots occupied—and I yelled to her and then waved her into the place where I'd hung the sign.

"It says out of order," she said.

"Don't worry. I put it there." She looked a little pale. She wore a deep-blue dress this time and a red velvet band held her black hair from her whitened almost frightened face. "Afraid the tickets were no good?"

"No. I heard it might rain, though," she said leaning forward and looking up through her windshield.

"Not a chance. We get the latest reports. Not a chance."

She leaned back and smiled, then she cut the motor. "Wow. I'm gonna have such a great time. I waited all day. I thought it might rain. Then you'd be closed and I don't even know your name."

"It's Michael Scott. Why not stand a while before the movies?"

"Okay," she said, opening the door and getting out. I just wanted to stand close to her, and be seen to touch her arm. And I think she wanted me to. She glanced at the sky. "My name's Dorothy Dror. I know it sounds silly, but that's what it is." She still looked a little pale, and she tapped her foot and crossed one arm over her beautiful breasts and held her other elbow and kneaded it as she talked. She leaned against the car and bounced her rump off our balloon fender over and over. And she drummed her fingers against the car door. She smiled. "I'll be glad when it's dark. Then you can't see clouds anyway. And then I don't worry about rain."

"Appreciate this time. Look, the lot blossoms from the middle. And all the cars point exactly toward the screen. The hood chrome strips all point there like arrows. All quiet, facing there." I nodded to the large curving screen that reached toward the cars as though drawing them in. The pine trees extended the screen's curve and rounding the entrance and exit roads like embracing arms.

"Wow, you really like this, don't you?" I just think the cars look like those iron filings that arrange themselves on paper when you pass a magnet over them. I like the movies—the stories, and fascinating things to watch like Dana Clark's forehead, the way it bulges full, and that vein on Charles Boyer's temple that throbs in close shots when he's in love. This is great," she said holding both my hands. "We're like Jack Sprat and his wife."

"That's right. I'll go and start the first movie and come back and we'll lick the platter clean."

"Okay. Only come back quietly."

"And quietly we'll watch," I said.

I knew the way the evening would go, I dreamed it and that's exactly how it went. Five lousy movies spun slowly through the projector, and I drifted lazily from the car to the booth, more and more tired and less and less afraid of her and we came to feel closer. Seeing all those lives—even fake lives—spin before

If
you prefer to
pour the
finest scotch
for your
friends,
we've got to
hand it to you.

Imported by Jules Berman & Assoc., Inc. [illegible] U.S.A. Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof

The Cool Game—
Puritan Gary Player doubleknit
of "Dacron" and Wool

Gary Player: World Golf Champion, only player to win the World Series of Golf and the Grand Slam: the U.S. Open, the Masters, the P.G.A. and the British Open.

FLITEWAY JAC $15

FLITEDALE PULLOVER $18

Swingin' ease and superb comfort that no other sweater gives. New Puritan Gary Player† pullover of 70% "Dacron" polyester, 30% wool. Also in a classic cardigan. See Puritan's Gary Player golfwear, including the smart, new Fliteway Jac of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% cotton.

[illegible]

PURITAN®

[illegible]

Where-to-buy-it? See last page

Shoes for Spring
—a great leap forward

There is no doubt that footwear has been long overdue for a major facelift and happily enough Spring '66 will see the introduction of a number of new styles all geared toward the new personality of apparel.

What is the new personality? A color-texture-style mix which you'll be seeing in bolder more exciting expressions this spring and summer than ever before, in all areas of the wardrobe.

A bluegrass spring

The big thing in color for instance, will be the *bluegrass* formula—incorporating clear green casts in combinations with the popular blue tones. These two sparkling colors will be seen in blends that emphasize either the blue or the green or an interweaving of both colors to add a vibrant new dimension to men's wear.

Footwear colors have followed suit. You'll find fewer and fewer "true browns." Particularly calculated to harmonize with the new greens and blues are browns with undertones of black, browns with undertones of blue, browns with undertones of green—all of these blending with the *bluegrass* look.

Fun clothes—and shoes to match

In the sportswear category, *bluegrass* asserts itself in leisure slacks and walk shorts. Walk shorts will be as trimly tailored as their counterparts in slacks, and will be found in the intermediate Bermuda or Jamaica lengths. Solid colors, narrow stripes, and especially Madras plaid weaves will be front-runners.

Madras plaids are still extremely popular in all areas of sportswear, and the woven shirt is no exception to the rule. In the sport shirt picture, blue and green will be as big as they are throughout the rest of the wardrobe. Other brilliant shades—oranges, yellows, red—will be seen in solids as well as stripes.

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New from ROBLEE.–1966 shoes for the 1966 wardrobe

The natty new Mustangs. Light, flexible, butter-soft sport shoes. Fresh 1966 styling to go with your blazer, madras jacket, or V-necked cardigan. From the bottom: Sun Valley in shaggy leather, Mesa, a beauty with fully-cushioned lining, Swinger, a sport shoe that doubles as a spikeless golf shoe. $16 and $17

The manly new Royal Rogues. A great look for dress and business. New textures, new shapes, rich new leathers to fit today's trim, gently shaped suits. From the top: Emperor, a wing-tip with a quality look. Viscount, a slip on with a hand-cast buckle, Marquis in smooth black calfskin. $21 and $22

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Shoes? Fresh new styles, lasts and colors right in step. Golds and bronzes and greens will predominate and interesting new textures accentuating the sport theme.

Knitwear, bright and light

Again the emphasis falls on the light and/or bright tones, with shoes to match. Most of the golf pros, who set the fashion pace in the golfing world, prefer their knitted sport shirts in plain solid colors, without design additions of any kind. A spillover from the ski season brings a new extension of the turtle-neck trend in knitted pullover shirts.

Lightweight is also the password for sweaters. Cardigans are perhaps the most popular style, but lightweight pullovers—particularly with deep-V necks—are also front and center in the fashion picture.

Footwear styles shift with color

The new shoes are trim, streamlined, lightweight and flexible and serve as a handsome complement to the various other styling innovations.

Sport shoes include the low sweeping moccasins—soft, flexible and casual in appearance, mostly in grained or textured leathers, and soft, cushion-like soles. Look for them in deep burnished brown-golds and in the traditional black grained leathers.

Bridging the gap

The lightweight slip-on moccasin will keep its place for dressy sportswear (sport jacket or blazer worn with lightweight slacks), and the most casual sport shirt sweater and slacks.

Slip-on moccasins for '66 will have large leather loops across the instep—a smart, easy-to-wear fashion for both the very casual and the very dressy sportswear category. And again, blacks and golden browns cop top honors. Look for the subdued waxy finish, lightweight soles, and the trim, low-cut sweep from toe to heel.

The casual look

The brushed leather, ankle-high casual shoe is here to stay, but with a difference. Styling details have been simplified in keeping with the all-over trend toward trim uncluttered lines. Call it the Space Age influence if you like—streamlining is IN to stay. Unique features like metal eyelets, rugged rope-like laces and lightweight soles mark the style. You'll see it in light, natural tans, bronzy casts and the new moss and forest green shades.

The challenge facing dress shoes

Business apparel has gone *bluegrass*, too. Smooth-surfaced suitings and interesting textures underline the alliance of the two crisp cool colors. Rich "silky" looking fabrics are new spring blends of polyester fibers with wools, silks and mohairs as well as with cottons for summer-wear. And there are many textured surfaces—especially the slightly nubby "shantung" type of weave.

Stress on shape

Just as blues and greens are the news in the color story, the Shaped look takes over in form. This is the natural result of the demand for smart, trim lines that follow the body's natural athletic contours. Shapes in spring and summer suits will feature a slightly wider lapel, a somewhat longer jacket, a trend toward side vents, and definite waist suppression in the jacket. Slacks of course are trim, tapered, and pleatless.

You may be seeing some double-breasted suit jackets. Here we find narrower lapels and a narrower lap-over than their forebears in the fashion cycle.

New elegance in dressy footwear

To the well-dressed, fashion conscious man, the footwear he elects to wear with his tailored apparel is a definite priority item. To adequately complement his in-town wardrobe, he demands lightness of weight, rich, dark shades and crisp clean styling. And at last, his demands have been met.

Among his choices are lightweight shoes with a modified moccasin design, and rugged looking but lightweight models which feature a full-sweep wing tip design. (These are moderate sole extensions with an all-over rugged brogue look.) Colors are coppery deep, lustrous golden browns and of course, the traditionally elegant black.

An exciting footwear innovation is the full wing tip slip-on with a strap and buckle over the instep. Here we find a splendid combination of the rugged look for the countryside with a sophisticated flair that makes this fashion style perfect for town wear. Look for it in smooth and grained leather, in rich browns and blacks.

Summing up . . .

The fashion outlook for spring and summer finds that footwear, both casual and dressy, has, all of a sudden, taken a great leap forward, toward a classic simplicity introducing handsome new colors to complement the *bluegrass* formula and reminding us once again that fashion can be a fascinating adjunct to the upbeat pace of modern living.

Of the big 3,* Keystone is the only Super-8 movie camera with power control zoom for as little as $119.95

Kodak and Bell & Howell make fine Super 8 movie cameras. But they just don't make one with power control zoom for less than $200. Keystone does make one. The completely automatic K-620 Auto Instant.

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Also, see the new Keystone automatic Auto-Instant Super-8 projectors starting at $75. Optional camera pistol grip $10.

*Kodak, Bell & Howell, Keystone. Manufacturer's suggested list $119.95. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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you speeds time. How many murders we watched, how many perfect kisses, how many fragile planes held together by baling wire delivering mail in rainstorms crashed (thin sallow William Holden saying, "Don't worry guys, I've made it in worse soup than this!" then the crowd at his house surrounding the pregnant, pencil-browed wife, sitting around the uneaten birthday cake, waiting for hearse motors that would never sputter, muffled through the fog), how clean we sat, how quietly during the movies—no sound at all, the skin of our cool faces touching, hers incredibly smooth, and how we made love all intermission long, me not even bothering finally to parade her proudly to the snack bar open all night to satisfy the hunger of filmed desert Arab exotic feasts and merry English kings and fat friars biting deeply into venison haunches and throwing to dogs and peasants baked bones, nibbling at baked capon breasts (we ate hamburgers and popcorn quietly during the movies so we could kiss unhungrily openmouthed, and her mouth was warm and sometimes a little salted and buttered from the popcorn). She pulled me close to her cool full body in the front seat of the car and we loved silently until car lights watched. And she smelled like fresh lipstick that after a while she didn't bother to apply. But her lips were deep red anyway and mine cut inside from my teeth slightly buck pressing into them and once she said quietly, "I like to kiss you and taste your blood"—that was after the vampire picture, and we both laughed and I thought how wonderful, we can love and laugh too.

The first movie was *Too Many Girls*, with Eddie Bracken, Wayne Morris, and June Preisser, about mythical Midwestern University with ten co-eds to every boy. They could travel to the Rose Bowl if they won their last game, but the players are all stupid and flunk the bearded English professor's test, and also their uniforms have been ruined by blundering Eddie, the only male cheerleader and the head uniform washer. So June captains the girls to musical victory. And that was the best picture. The last one was an old thriller called *The Slug*, whose old sound track played *Swan Lake* over and over irrelevantly. "Phil Spitalny and his hurdy gurdies," I said.

"Shh. I like to read the credits."

Then we watched quietly. The male star was named Clive and even Dorothy hadn't seen him before. I was groggy and she pulled my head to her shoulder and I slept until horns awoke me. One car up front preparing to leave had flashed his brights and lit up the screen just as wild-eyed Clive crawled forward to devour a fallen blonde nurse. Not many cars remained but most of the ones that did honked ferociously until fading Clive almost disappeared and then the car pulled away and the dim film could be seen again. Dorothy had honked too, banging the circular horn in the steering wheel again and again. Her teeth were clenched and she smashed the horn until the car drove on. Each time she had banged the horn her shoulder slipped my head. She was wide awake and I just stared at her marvelous profile, the slightly pouting full lips, eyes large and slanting up just a bit, the skin dark and very red now, so smooth I had to reach up and run my finger along it. The screen was momentarily quiet, quieter still that the horns had stopped abruptly with the buzzing in my ears and the awakened birds chirped and bleated into the early morning, the almost-dawn night.

While I ran my finger down the soft skin of her face she looked straight ahead. I heard Clive say, "Of course I'm cured. Why should I eat spiders anymore . . . when there are all these nice juicy flies around?"

I said, "I better go to the booth. This film might break toward the end. The sound track's crackling. Then I'll close down." She said nothing, only looked ahead, smiled and touched my lips with her fingers. I lurched sleepily over to kiss her, but she smiled and stiffened her fingers slightly, jamming her nails into my gums. She kept smiling and watching the screen, and I drew back and then I got out of the car and walked stiffly to my booth, my hip asleep from so much sitting, my eyes puffed

For stores selling Esquire's Golfing fashions (you'll see the fashions themselves on pages 126 through 133, as part of the section on golf) turn to the page facing the third cover.

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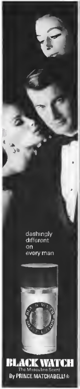

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By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

nearly closed and gums aching. I thought how unbelievable and sleepily real it was that I had loved her, and she me. And I wondered at how fresh she kept, red faced and alive through all those bum films.

I asked her during one intermission. Two kids swaggered by singing the *Marines' Hymn* just after a preview of *Fighting Dogface* with John Wayne. "The girls always love their dates more after a war picture. As though the guy in the car with them had been blown up or just come home or about to leave and never return. And after a comedy, car doors open and kids tumble out, all silly and clowning and scream around laughing. Then the lights go out and they're like sucked back into the cars again and the roads are empty. That how you like patness?"

"I wouldn't do say of that. I just like watching. I don't live them."

"And you get livelier as the night gets later." She kissed harder and pulled herself closer to me, and ate more after we loved.

"Oh, I'm just a night person. I flower at night like a gentian. And I know you better. I live off you, not off movies."

Then the movies were finished and I stacked the film cans and cleaned up and returned to the car. She stood outside with coffee in each hand. "I got these while you were finishing."

"Thanks. That was thoughtful. I was thinking maybe I'd take you someplace but I don't suppose anywhere's open this hot morning."

"Never mind. I like it here. It's cool for me. And it's late and you must be tired."

"You aren't?"

"No. I ran to get these just to get my circulation back. That's a funny place to fall asleep," she said, patting her hip.

When we finished the coffee she said, "Now get in the car and let me kiss you good-night inside for a wonderful evening. Then we'd better leave." I let her boss me because it was pleasant to drift, and in the car she sat behind the driver's seat and I guess, since I was tired and the wheel poked out on her side, she made love to me, pushing toward me as the driver would. The exit lights weren't on because the night was no longer dark, so in what was like twilight but really just before dawn she loved me fiercely as I would like to have loved her. Only I had eaten too much and stayed awake too long, so I simply closed my eyes and followed her directions.

And that was how we lived at night for almost a week. I gave her a pass and we watched and loved—not too much, always just enough, and after the first night I wasn't so tired, but she still sat behind the steering wheel. Toward the end of the week they let her in automatically and she drove to her accustomed spot. And the snack-bar people acted nicely, never razzing, since she was my girl and since she was so incredibly beautiful. The movies changed every night—we charged only thirty-five cents a person and made money on low rentals and food. And she kept saying How and kissing me, and watching movies, and for the first time I was a member of the drive-in crowd I had so long observed. And all the happiness I had seen in the crowd was in me, each night, as we sat together in her old ballooning Ford and loved and saw all the other cars rumble away until we couldn't hear them anymore, just watched them wavering on invisible roads, glowing, swaying, gliding smooth and distant as fish red taillights floating in the dark going . . . where? I suppose home to a garage. But I didn't care about that.

I cared about her, the last hot night of my working there, kissing me, and in her intermission excitement crouching behind the wheel, her long shining legs tucked under her, shins bent like an almost shut jackknife under her thighs whose flesh thrust swelling from the pressure of her calves. She kissed me and slowly sprang forward from the knees and still she kissed me, pushing me back slightly. For a moment I didn't know whether her pressure was just her natural momentary unwinding or whether she wanted me to fall back. And I remember thinking a girl would know exactly how to respond, but I just drifted down until I lay flat on the seat, and still she kissed me and her lovely cool weight lay lightly on me and I hugged her happily, not needing then to do anything else. Then the cowboy tape stopped and she said, "Just like the movies. We fade out. You have to start the next film." She pushed her body off me and sat up. And I sat up and got out of the car. Later we ate hot dogs and drank cold Orange Crush and watched silently.

The next night she pulled into her space and I said, "Move over," and she did, and I drove out the exit. "We're going dancing." I gunned up the ramp.

"Why?" she said. Her voice cracked queerly like a disappointed child who doesn't want you to know. She cleared her throat.

"It's my night off. And it's so hot. Last night before you came I watered the grass in front of our cement sign and the grass smelled hot like when you wet down hay."

"Well, I guess," she said. She looked pale, the way she had the first evening.

"Gee, you're a glutton. Do us good to get out once in a while."

"Going to the movies is out. But I guess you're right. Last night by the end feature the dust rose so high it was like dry fog. People walking for popcorn kicked it up even, you know, quietly, like the undead on Mystery Island."

"We oiled down the roads this afternoon. That smells." The car swished slickly over the white cement slab.

"It was hot," she said. "Maybe the heat's getting me. Last night after we kissed a while, you notice how slippery our faces were? You have a salty face," she said, smiling.

"Potato chips." I turned off the highway to a black tar secondary road just unbubbling from the day's hot sun.

"I don't know here at all," she said. "Two feet away from the movie, and I'm lost."

"Gee it's hot. Turn open the side elephant ear like I'm doing." Hers stuck, or she was too weak, and I leaned over and shoved it open. The air cooled us a little, but she still looked almost sick. The wind bounding off the elephant ear rippled her dress like a cotillion belle's silks and her blue skirt drifted to her lovely thighs. "Cool your legs?"

"Wow, yes."

"It would have been especially hot tonight," I said. "They're showing *Gunga Din*."

"All that sand. Those soldiers in Arab blazing desert sun, without helmets, without water. The sun buzzing into their dizzy eyes. And that fuzzy sand shaking."

"You sound almost delirious," I said, laughing.

"I was joking. Can't you tell a joke?" But she slurred her words slightly. She really said, "Can you tell a joke?"

"Sure. Listen. You're dressed perfectly for where we're going. I wanted to surprise you. But you're dressed all right. Don't worry."

"That's fine," she said so I could barely hear. And she leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

Outside and inside, Swett's was dark timbered, knotty wooded, the bark stripped anywhere within reach. It was crowded with unjacketed beer hounds and middle-aged lady gassers who sang loud and danced ferociously. Frequently I gave passes to some in return for beers when I went there. Mostly I watched because I was with no one. But now I'd brought Dorothy there and she was clearly the most beautiful woman in the room. Everyone looked at her. At the bar the steadies swiveled in their chairs, for her pale image in the blue mirror was far too dim.

A combo played. Two swaying saxes, an electric guitarist who picked his wires intently as a bird bites feed, a thoughtful piano player, and a chewing drummer gutted *Stardust*.

"We'd better have cheering drinks. You drink?" She nodded. I told the barmaid, "Two bourbon and waters. Okay?" Both the barmaid and Dorothy said yes. "Cool now, isn't it? Dark woody bars with draft beer are always cool. Like being inside a chilled barrel."

"Or a rat in a cold vat."

"You could use a drink. You're still pale."

"It's all this brown wood. Draws the red out of me." She laughed. "Draws the blood like a leech." She nibbled at some peanuts, taking them one by one from a wooden bowl, gnawing one completely, then picking another like a chain smoker.

The rafters were hung with shellacked tuna and sword fish, and glass-eyed stuffed squirrels and muskrats perched from dead-wood branches on the walls. Our drinks were brought and her head shook as she sipped hers. "Dance?" I said. Then the combo stopped and walked lazily off. They all wore long blue lapelless jackets and didn't give a damn.

Dorothy shrugged. "To what?"

The bubbling jukebox purpled, then greened, then reddened. Artie Shaw's *Frenesi* played. "They never let it stay quiet here." I finished my drink. The first was always fast. "Dance to the jukebox?"

"Not yet, let me warm up. I came in too fast. This place is cold."

"You must be thin-blooded. But you're perspiring. You okay?" Her forehead and above her lips sweated.

"I'll warm." She smiled and drank some bourbon. "The water runs cold down my back. I'm not used to artificial chill. I never go places like this."

"It's better than *Gunga Din*."

"I suppose." She drummed her fingers on the wood tabletop.

Even pale her beauty made me ache. I ordered two more drinks and smiled at her and reached across the table and put my hand softly over hers.

"I have never had a more real and wonderful week," I said.

She smiled like a comforting nurse. "No, I haven't either." She reached across and flicked my lips with her salty peanut fingertips, but her hands still shook and her white face still sweated. She gulped her drink. Then she turned and stared at a dead brown bear's roaring head. She swirled her drink's ice. "Out of curiosity, what else played tonight? I mean, just to know."

"We talk about movies a lot, don't you think?" I didn't want to say too much. Even the bartender kept staring at her loveliness. And I was with her.

"Well, it's really all we have in common, isn't it?"

"Not if we talked about other things." Artie Shaw finished and Frank Sinatra began *My Funny Valentine*. "Someone must be in love."

"Huh?"

"Those songs. They make you feel in love even if you're not. Music glowing from across the summer lake when you're on school vacation. Pure love is a white dress gangling maybe. You want to walk along the beach with each other."

"They don't me."

"Okay. The other movie was with

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Jeff Chandler. I especially didn't want to see that. The morbids flock to him now."

"Why?"

"The way he died. So sudden. To me he seemed so protected. He could buy or beat anything and gently too if he wanted. Rich. Big muscles. Then he entered a hospital. You know the blood leaked out inside him while he lay silently and safely protected in bed surrounded by hospital. And no one knew it leaked."

"He's dead? Jeff Chandler?"

"He died a while back. Didn't you read about it? A couple of years I think."

"I don't always read the papers. You know you miss them one or two days and someone could die and you'd never know."

"I think you'd read all the movie magazines. They must've written about it."

"Jeff Chandler dead."

"You'd really think he'd have been safe from it there. All that protection around him. And sleeping, leaking slowly inside. I wonder what he dreamed then? How surprised he must have been. And trapped."

"I never knew. I went to a studio once." Her hand under mine turned palm up and tightened over mine hard. "I saw how they made movies. I lived in Santa Monica once. Did you guess that?"

"I never thought of you as living anywhere."

"In the studio a cowboy was riding a block of wood that rocked and in back of him was a movie of passing sagebrush and sand and mountains. Mountains way distant. He wore regular shoes, not even boots, because it wouldn't show. It was unreal, like the fan magazines. The man was unreal. Only the movies are real. Not like I don't know, this is real, but as the movie itself, you know, what's playing before you is real. Wow."

"No, the going is real, but not the movie."

"That's not true," she said, her eyes wide. "People do things not to do them at the time but to have wonderful memories later. They'll go to a picnic and argue and eat egg salad with bugs flying around, but later they'll look at the pictures they took and think *How wonderful! Remember that?* You may think you're just going to a movie, but years later a memory is a memory. If you saw it or if you did it doesn't matter that much then."

"How about dancing? Everyone else is, nearly."

"Jeff Chandler's face was like an arrowhead. A flint arrowhead. But his voice was soft."

"Well, he's dead now and I don't want to see him particularly. Or the morbids who'll come like after James Dean."

"Look, Michael, I don't want to see him that much myself. But you don't understand. These people don't die—for us. Some don't even get older. Like John Garfield. Fighting the Depression railroad cops."

"He's dead."

"Forever young. Listen. When my grandmother died I bawled. No one in my family had died before."

"It's always bad the first time. Before that you think you're safe. Afterward you know you're not. Like Jeff Chandler."

"No, Michael, that's not it at all. Usually you just miss never, absolutely never, seeing them again. But Jeff Chandler you can. And Franchot Tone's always irresponsible and young. He has a face like a skull with young skin covering it."

"He's old, and the middle of his face is sunken. C'mon, let's dance. This is a silly talk. Let's not fight. Let's stay a while and dance and drink and then drive someplace to eat and then just love each other."

Suddenly she was pale again and her eyes dull and not reflecting light. I finished my drink and she finished hers. She wet the tip of her finger and dabbed it in the peanut bowl, then licked the salt grains. "My head hurts, Michael. I don't want to dance." She fiddled with her hair and dragged her fingers across her white face, from one white cheek to the other.

"What about James Cagney?" I said. "He was young a long time and now he's completely puffed old."

She closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose between her thumb and index finger. "He confuses me. I get him mixed up. He makes me dizzy." She opened her eyes and looked up. "I feel sick. Just a little, but I really feel sick."

"Well, you don't look that sick."

She kept tapping the tabletop rapidly with her whole hand now, not just with her fingertips. "I really am. I'm sorry." She reached for her drink but knocked it over. Only ice cubes spilled. "My head. I think I'd better go."

"Okay." The combo struggled out. I stood and guided her past the bar, holding her elbow. The bartender saw me and smiled. In dumb show he glanced at a picture we had often admired behind the bar: a ruddy nude on a red couch, bright legs tucked under her flexed rump, leaning forward and with one hand demurely hiding one coy breast, smiling shyly. The bartender grumped his mouth at her and shook his head no. Then he nodded to Dorothy and surfboarded his hand over invisible waves and shook his head yes.

We walked out quietly and I opened the car door for her and she slid in. About a hundred yards down the road I smelled what at first seemed like ether, and then I saw the emergency brake was on, so I clicked it off and the car shot forward. Ether always makes me sick and the brakes did now, or maybe it was living as I had for a week, watching all those movies and loving, doing nothing else really in all that heat. A ball of something like sour grass clotted my throat's base and the pit of my stomach. And each time I turned the car on that winding road I felt her desperate sickness too. We neither spoke, except once she said, "I just get these once in a while. You'll put up with it, won't you, poor Michael dear?" And I said yes, I would gladly. And once she shook her head saying, "Jeff Chandler dead," and she was really pale and sweating now, and kept squinting her eyes closed.

Then just before we reached the highway, I saw red railroad warning lights blinking, and closer to the tracks I saw a train stretched far down to the close dark horizon, absolutely motionless and quiet. Next to the boxcars I cut my engine and still heard no locomotive. I looked at her and smiled and she smiled back. She seemed better. "When I was a kid I was always a steady ender," she said.

"What?"

"In jump rope that's the biggest and clumsiest girl who always holds the rope for others to jump. I enjoyed it. You never jump yourself."

"But you could watch."

"Maybe it was that sudden cold air," she said.

"Damn trains. They should give each boxcar a ticket. Cars mean nothing to trains, just like birds mean nothing to cars."

TWO FOR TEE

To the man on the right, golf's no joke. It's his business, and he's good at it. He's former PGA champion Bobby Nichols. The other guy plays it strictly for laughs. But they're both right up to par when it comes to golf shirts . . . they choose Grand Slam golf shirts by Munsingwear. Bobby's wearing style No. 2872, knit of Dacron polyester and cotton. His partner's shirt is style No. 2822, also in Dacron and cotton knit.

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"When we get back, we could just sit quietly a while I used to take a hot bath the warmest day of the year. I felt wonderful Wow Maybe that sudden cold artificial air chilled me."

Then the huge boxcar buzzed and far to the right the first car I could see humped loudly and in a series, like machine-gun bullets spitting up sand always closer, or a string of firecrackers exploding bangbang-bang each enormous car hitched, snapped jerked stiff then lunched forward one after another, stiffening and shuddering and clanking lurching ahead Finally our boxcar banged to attention and was pulled forward by the gigantic force unseen far beyond Dorothy screamed

"That was terrible. I thought we were going to be pulled under. Crushed."

"We were out of the way enough."

"It was so real. Like Cinerama."

After the train was hauled by I drove back to the drive-in and got out of her car "You'll be all right, driving?" I asked.

"Don't worry Not at all" She reached out the open window and looked up at me, and for a moment I wasn't dizzy or sick, and I could see how much better she looked again and she pulled me down to the window by my shirt and clutched my face between her shaking hands and kissed me I felt awkward kissing like that, my head pulled in the window, bent at the waist my arms hanging straight down "Tomorrow night?" she said "I'll be okay then I'll make up for this time, I promise"

"Sure," I said

"You going away now? Why don't you go back to that bar? Have a cool drink for me." A Bugs Bunny cartoon played on the screen

"Yes. Okay I'm leaving right after you."

"Good night, love" she said and she waved back as she drove fast out the row and fast out the exit too. The cartoon shut off and suddenly, from all the shining cars silently pointing at the screen kids scrambled and couples stepped and old people slowly, stiffly stood half bent The roads between the cars filled with milling men in undershirts smoking, wives checking children, kids streaming to the snack bar I watched them all happily Then I walked to the drive-in's back near the entrance, and stood against the high fence, next to one of the standing panes.

I waited and on the distant screen Jeff Chandler heavy thighed and love-voiced stalked as a sympathetic minority group chief the cavalry officer who had raped his wife The back-row neckers didn't notice me Even they watched for a while The girls loved Indian Jeff and the boys wished to be naked avenging savages One boy said "Don't worry, they can't kill Jeff Chandler Not this early He's a star—they never kill them early." The girl with him leaning forward as three grinning whites prepared to push Jeff from a high crag, said giggling "Don't die, Jeff Chandler, you're too lovely"

I sweated in the heat above the brown needles and burned filter tips, and slapped bugs who lurked by the fence and fender banged encircling trees but who wisely did not venture across the heavily spray fogged no-bugs land where the cars commanded Then far to the right I saw her pull in and park No one else came in that late except ministers after services She stayed in her car next to the driver's seat, but did not walk to the

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snack bar for popcorn. I was sorry about that. I ached to see her float gracefully as tall grass tousling in a windy marsh. I longed to see her clean, long legs, white as crisp scallion roots just pulled from black soil and cleansed and soaking in ice water with snapped carrot halves and celery hearts. That white. She must have felt desperate sitting in the car off alone with no guarding popcorn at the driver's seat. But no one bothered her. And I could see her sharp cool profile and her skin blossom red and tan again as she sat back mouth a bit open and white teeth showing a little, her eyes content as she watched the scouting party of clean redmen. She was happy though I think she would have been happier if I'd been there.

I left her alone, though I stayed until the movies were over so she would not see me leave. And I watched all the people enjoying.

And so I got a better job in another city. I still enjoy the drive-ins for their special splendor. I still love sitting quietly, watching the rows flower from the center like a population map, with only a few cars running the fringes, all neatly facing the curving screen and shining. And I still like to watch the dust roll and swirl as the cars leave late, the birds suddenly awake at false-dawn car lights and I watch the cars snaked out the exits and floating aimlessly as in a fish tank to where? Where is it they all head? Home? But what's the difference if next night, unless it rains and until it grows too cold (and even then we have car heaters), they'll all clog and clutter the entrances until they're channeled through our two ticket booths. Then they dribble back in from wherever they disappeared to. And at intermissions they'll unload like holiday trains. But I have no more heart to join their desires. #

PATRIOTISM

(Continued from page 109) was embraced as she leaned backward across his lap. Her breast was in violent commotion, as if sadness, joy, and the potent sake were mingling and reacting within her. The lieutenant looked down into his wife's face. It was the last face he would see in this world, the last face he would see of his wife. The lieutenant scrutinized the face minutely, with the eyes of a traveler bidding farewell to splendid vistas which he will never revisit. It was a face he could not tire of looking at—the features regular yet not cold, the lips lightly closed with a soft strength. The lieutenant kissed those lips unthinkingly. And suddenly, though there was not the slightest distortion of the face into the unsightliness of sobbing, he noticed that tears were welling slowly from beneath the long lashes of the closed eyes and brimming over into a glistening stream.

When a little later the lieutenant urged that they should move to the upstairs bedroom, his wife replied that she would follow after taking a bath. Climbing the stairs alone to the bedroom, where the air was already warmed by the gas heater, the lieutenant laid himself down on the bedding with arms outstretched and legs apart. Even the time at which he now lay waiting for his wife to join him was no later and no earlier than usual.

He folded his hands beneath his head and gazed at the dark boards of the ceiling in the dimness beyond the range of the standard lamp. Was it death he was now awaiting? Or a wild ecstasy of the senses? The two seemed to overlap, almost as if the object of this bodily desire was death itself. But however that might be, it was certain that never before had the lieutenant tasted such total freedom.

There was the sound of a car outside the window. He could hear the screech of its tires skidding in the snow piled at one side of the street. The sound of its horn reechoed from nearby walls. . . . Listening to these noises he had the feeling that this house rose like a solitary island in the ocean of a society going as restlessly about its business as ever. All around, vastly and untidily, stretched the country for which he grieved. He was to give his life for it. But would that great country, with which he was prepared to remonstrate to the extent of destroying himself, take the slightest heed of his death? He did not know, and it did not matter. His was a battlefield without glory, a battlefield where none could display deeds of valor. It was the front line of the spirit.

Reiko's footsteps sounded on the stairway. The steep stairs in this old house creaked badly. There were fond memories in that creaking, and many a time, while waiting in bed, the lieutenant had listened to its welcome sound. At the thought that he would hear it no more he listened with intense concentration, striving for every corner of every moment of this precious time to be filled with the sound of those soft footfalls on the creaking stairway. The moments seemed transformed to jewels, sparkling with inner light.

Reiko wore a Nagoya sash about the waist of her *yukata*, but as the lieutenant reached toward it, its redness sobered by the dimness of the light, Reiko's hand moved to his assistance and the sash fell away, slithering swiftly to the floor. As she stood before him, still in her *yukata*, the lieutenant inserted his hands through the side slits beneath each sleeve, intending to embrace her as she was, but at the touch of his fingertips upon the warm naked flesh, and as the armpits closed gently about his hands, his whole body was suddenly aflame.

In a few moments the two lay naked before the glowing gas heater.

Neither spoke the thought, but their hearts, their bodies, and their pounding breasts blazed with the knowledge that this was the very last time. It was as if the words "The Last Time" were spelled out, in invisible brushstrokes, across every inch of their bodies.

The lieutenant drew his wife close and kissed her vehemently. As their tongues explored each other's mouths, reaching out into the smooth, moist interior, they felt as if the still unknown agonies of death had tempered their senses to the keenness of red-hot steel. The agonies they could not yet feel, the distant pains of death, had refined their awareness of pleasure.

"This is the last time I shall see your body," said the lieutenant. "Let me look at it closely." And tilting the shade on the lampstand to one side he directed the rays along the full length of Reiko's outstretched form.

Reiko lay still with her eyes closed. The light from the low lamp clearly revealed the majestic sweep of her white flesh. The lieutenant, not without a touch of egocentricity, rejoiced that he would never see this beauty crumble in death.

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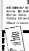

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engrave itself upon his mind. With one hand he fondled the hair, with the other he softly stroked the magnificent face, implanting kisses here and there where his eyes lingered. The quiet coldness of the high tapering forehead, the closed eyes with their long lashes beneath faintly etched brows, the set of the finely shaped nose, the gleam of teeth glimpsed between full, regular lips, the soft cheeks and the small, wise chin . . . these things conjured up in the lieutenant's mind the vision of a truly radiant death face, and again and again he pressed his lips tight against the white throat—where Reiko's own hand was soon to strike—and the throat reddened faintly beneath his kisses. Returning to the mouth he laid his lips against it with the gentlest of pressures, and moved them rhythmically over Reiko's with the light rolling motion of a small boat. If he closed his eyes, the world became a rocking cradle.

Wherever the lieutenant's eyes moved his lips faithfully followed. The high swelling breasts, surmounted by nipples like the buds of a wild cherry, hardened as the lieutenant's lips closed about them. The arms flowed smoothly downward from each side of the breast, tapering toward the wrists, yet losing nothing of their roundness or symmetry, and at their tips were those delicate fingers which had held the fan at the wedding ceremony. One by one, as the lieutenant kissed them, the fingers withdrew behind their neighbor as if in shame. The natural hollow curving between the bosom and the stomach carried in its lines a suggestion not only of softness but of resilient strength, and while it gave forewarning of the rich curves spreading outward from here to the hips it had, in itself, an appearance only of restraint and proper discipline. The whiteness and richness of the stomach and hips was like milk brimming in a great bowl, and the sharply shadowed dip of the navel could have been the fresh impress of a raindrop, fallen there that very moment. Before the shadows gathered more thickly, hair clustered, gentle and sensitive, and as agitation mounted in the no longer passive body there hung over this region a scent like the smoldering of fragrant blossoms.

At length, in a tremulous voice, Reiko spoke. "Show me. . . . Let me look too, for the last time."

Never before had he heard from his wife's lips so strong and unequivocal a request. It was as if something which her modesty had wished to keep hidden to the end had suddenly burst its bonds of constraint. The lieutenant obediently lay back and surrendered himself to his wife. Lithely she raised her white, trembling body, and—burning with an innocent desire to return to her husband what he had done for her—placed two white fingers on the lieutenant's eyes, which gazed fixedly up at her, and gently stroked them shut.

Suddenly overwhelmed by tenderness, her cheeks flushed by a dizzying uprush of emotion, Reiko threw her arms about the lieutenant's close-cropped head. The bristly hairs rubbed painfully against her breast, the prominent nose was cold as it dug into her flesh, and his breath was hot. Relaxing her embrace, she gazed down at her husband's masculine face. The severe brows, the closed eyes, the splendid bridge of the nose, the shapely lips drawn firmly together . . . the blue, clean-shaven cheeks reflecting the light and gleaming smoothly. Reiko kissed each of these. She kissed the broad nape of the neck, the strong, erect shoulders, the powerful chest with its twin circles like shields and its russet nipples. In the armpits, deeply shadowed by the ample flesh of the shoulders and chest, a sweet and melancholy odor emanated from the growth of hair, and in the sweetness of this odor was contained, somehow, the essence of young death. The lieutenant's naked skin glowed like a field of barley, and everywhere the muscles showed in sharp relief, converging on the lower abdomen about the small, unassuming navel. Gazing at the youthful, firm stomach, modestly covered by a vigorous growth of hair, Reiko thought of it as it was soon to be, cruelly cut by the sword, and she laid her head upon it, sobbing in pity, and bathed it with kisses.

At the touch of his wife's tears upon his stomach the lieutenant felt ready to endure with courage the cruelest agonies of his suicide.

What ecstasies they experienced after these tender exchanges may well be imagined. The lieutenant raised himself and enfolded his wife in a powerful embrace, her body now limp with exhaustion after her grief and tears. Passionately they held their faces close, rubbing cheek against cheek. Reiko's body was trembling. Their breasts, moist with sweat, were tightly joined, and every inch of the young and beautiful bodies had become so much one with the other that it seemed impossible there should ever again be a separation. Reiko cried out. From the heights they plunged into the abyss, and from the abyss they took wing and soared once more to dizzying heights. The lieutenant panted like the regimental standard bearer on a route march. As one cycle ended, almost immediately a new wave of passion would be generated, and together—with no trace of fatigue—they would climb again in a single breathless movement to the very summit.

When the lieutenant at last turned away, it was not from weariness. For one thing, he was anxious not to undermine the considerable strength he would need in carrying out his suicide. For another, he would have been sorry to mar the sweetness of these last memories by overindulgence.

Since the lieutenant had clearly desisted, Reiko too, with her usual compliance, followed his example. The two lay naked on their backs, with fingers interlaced, staring fixedly at the dark ceiling. The room was warm from the heater, and even when the sweat had ceased to pour from their bodies they felt no cold. Outside, in the hushed night, the sounds of passing traffic had ceased. Even the noises of the trains and streetcars around Yotsuya station did not penetrate this far. After echoing through the region bounded by the moat, they were lost in the heavily wooded park fronting the broad driveway before Akasaka Palace. It was hard to believe in the tension gripping this whole quarter, where the two factions of the bitterly divided Imperial Army now confronted each other, poised for battle.

Savoring the warmth glowing within themselves, they lay still and recalled the ecstasies they had just known. Each moment of the experience was relived. They remembered the taste of kisses which had never wearied, the touch of naked flesh, episode after episode of dizzying bliss. But already, from the dark boards of the ceiling, the face of death was peering down. These joys had been final, and their bodies would never know them again. Not that joy of this intensity—and the same thought had occurred to them both—was ever likely to be re-experienced, even if they should live on to old age.

The feel of their fingers intertwined—this too would soon be lost. Even the wood-grain patterns they now gazed at on the ceiling boards would be taken from them. They could feel death edging in, nearer and nearer. There could be no hesitation now. They must have the courage to reach out to death themselves, and to seize it.

"Well, let's make our preparations," said the lieutenant. The note of determination in the words was unmistakable, but at the same time Reiko had never heard her husband's voice so warm and tender.

After they had risen, a variety of tasks awaited them.

The lieutenant, who had never before helped with the bedding, now cheerfully slid back the door of the closet, lifted the mattress across the room by himself, and stowed it away inside.

Reiko turned off the gas heater and put away the lamp standard. During the lieutenant's absence she had arranged this room carefully, sweeping and dusting it to a fresh cleanness, and now—if one overlooked the rosewood table drawn into one corner—the eight-mat room gave all the appearance of a reception room ready to welcome an important guest.

"We've seen some drinking here, haven't we? With Kanō and Homma and Noguchi . . ."

"Yes, they were great drinkers, all of them."

"We'll be meeting them before long, in the other world. They'll tease us, I imagine, when they find I've brought you with me."

Descending the stairs, the lieutenant turned to look back into this calm, clean room, now brightly illuminated by the ceiling lamp. There floated across his mind the faces of the young officers who had drunk there, and laughed, and innocently bragged. He had never dreamed then that one day he would cut open his stomach in this room.

In the two rooms downstairs husband and wife busied themselves smoothly and serenely with their respective preparations. The lieutenant went to the toilet, and then to the bathroom to wash. Meanwhile Reiko folded away her husband's padded robe, placed his uniform tunic, his trousers, and a newly cut bleached loincloth in the bathroom, and set out sheets of paper on the living room table for the farewell notes. Then

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she removed the lid from the writing box and began rubbing ink from the ink tablet. She had already decided upon the wording of her own note.

Reiko's fingers pressed hard upon the cold gilt letters of the ink tablet, and the water in the shallow well at once darkened, as if a black cloud had spread across it. She stopped thinking that this repeated action, this pressure from her fingers, this rise and fall of faint sound, was all and solely for death. It was a routine domestic task, a simple paring away of time until death should finally stand before her. But somehow, in the increasingly smooth motion of the tablet rubbing on the stone and in the scent from the thickening ink, there was unspeakable darkness.

Neat in his uniform, which he now wore next to his skin, the lieutenant emerged from the bathroom. Without a word he seated himself at the table, bolt upright, took a brush in his hand, and stared undecidedly at the paper before him.

Reiko took a white silk kimono with her and entered the bathroom. When she reappeared in the living room, clad in the white kimono and with her face lightly made up, the farewell note lay completed on the table beneath the lamp. The thick black brushstrokes said simply:

"Long Live the Imperial Forces—Army Lieutenant Takeyama Shinji."

While Reiko sat opposite him writing her own note, the lieutenant gazed in silence, intensely serious, at the controlled movement of his wife's pale fingers as they manipulated the brush.

With their respective notes in their hands—the lieutenant's sword strapped to his side, Reiko's small dagger thrust into the sash of her white kimono—the two of them stood before the god-shelf and silently prayed. Then they put out all the downstairs lights. As he mounted the stairs the lieutenant turned his head and gazed back at the striking, white-clad figure of his wife, climbing behind him, with lowered eyes, from the darkness beneath.

The farewell notes were laid side by side in the alcove of the upstairs room. They wondered whether they ought not to remove the hanging scroll, but since it had been written by their go-between, Lieutenant General Ozeki, and consisted, moreover, of two Chinese characters signifying "Sincerity," they left it where it was. Even if it were to become stained with splashes of blood, they felt that the lieutenant general would understand.

The lieutenant, sitting erect with his back to the alcove, laid his sword on the floor before him.

Reiko sat facing him, a mat's width away. With the rest of her so severely white the touch of rouge on her lips seemed remarkably seductive.

Across the dividing mat they gazed intently into each other's eyes. The lieutenant's sword lay before his knees. Seeing it, Reiko recalled their first night and was overwhelmed with sadness. The lieutenant spoke, in a hoarse voice:

"As I have no second to help me I shall cut deep. It may look unpleasant, but please do not panic. Death of any sort is a fearful thing to watch. You must not be discouraged by what you see. Is that all right?"

"Yes." Reiko nodded deeply.

Looking at the slender white figure of his wife the lieutenant experienced a bizarre excitement. What he was about to perform was an act in his public capacity as a soldier, something he had never previously shown his wife. It called for a resolution equal to the courage to enter battle; it was a death of no less degree and quality than death in the front line. It was his conduct on the battlefield that he was now to display.

Momentarily the thought led the lieutenant to a strange fantasy. A lonely death on the battlefield, a death beneath the eyes of his beautiful wife ... in the sensation that he was now to die in these two dimensions, realizing an impossible union of them both, there was sweetness beyond words. This must be the very pinnacle of good fortune, he thought. To have every moment of death observed by those beautiful eyes—it was like being borne to death on a gentle, fragrant breeze. There was some special favor here. He did not understand precisely what it was, but it was a domain unknown to others: a dispensation granted no one else had been permitted to himself. In the radiant, bridelike figure of his white-robed wife the lieutenant seemed to see a vision of all those things he had loved and for which he was to lay down his life—The Imperial Household, The Nation, The Army Flag. All these, no less than the wife who sat before him, were presences observing him closely with clear and never-faltering eyes.

Reiko too was gazing intently at her husband, so soon to die, and she thought that never in this world had she seen anything so beautiful. The lieutenant always looked well in uniform, but now, as he contemplated death with severe brows and firmly closed lips, he revealed what was perhaps masculine beauty at its most superb.

"It's time to go," the lieutenant said at last.

Reiko bent her body low to the mat in a deep bow. She could not raise her face. She did not wish to spoil her makeup with tears, but the tears could not be held back.

When at length she looked up she saw hazily through the tears that her husband had wound a white bandage around the blade of his now unsheathed sword, leaving five or six inches of naked steel showing at the point.

Resting the sword in its cloth wrapping on the mat before him, the lieutenant rose from his knees, resettled himself cross-legged, and unfastened the hooks of his uniform collar. His eyes no longer saw his wife. Slowly, one by one, he undid the flat brass buttons. The dusky brown chest was revealed, and then the stomach. He unclasped his belt and undid the buttons of his trousers. The pure whiteness of the thickly coiled loincloth showed itself. The lieutenant pushed the cloth down with both hands, further to ease his stomach, and then reached for the white-bandaged blade of his sword. With his left hand he massaged his abdomen, glancing downward as he did so.

To reassure himself on the sharpness of his sword's cutting edge the lieutenant folded back the left trouser flap, exposing a little of his thigh, and lightly drew the blade across the skin. Blood welled up in the wound at once, and several streaks of red trickled downward, glistening in the strong light.

It was the first time Reiko had ever seen her husband's blood, and she felt a violent throbbing in her chest. She looked at her husband's face. The lieutenant was looking at the blood with calm appraisal. For a moment—though thinking at the same time that it was hollow comfort—Reiko experienced a sense of relief.

The lieutenant's eyes fixed his wife with an intense, hawklike stare. Moving the sword around to his front, he raised himself slightly on his hips and let the upper half of his body lean over the sword point. That he was mustering his whole strength was apparent from the angry tension of the uniform at his shoulders. The lieutenant aimed to strike deep into the left of his stomach. His sharp cry pierced the silence of the room.

Despite the effort he himself had put into the blow, the lieutenant had the impression that someone else had struck the side of his stomach agonizingly with a thick rod of iron. For a second or so his head reeled and he had no idea what had happened. The five or six inches of naked point had vanished completely into his flesh, and the white bandage, gripped in his clenched fist, pressed directly against his stomach.

He returned to consciousness. The blade had certainly pierced the wall of the stomach, he thought. His breathing was difficult, his chest

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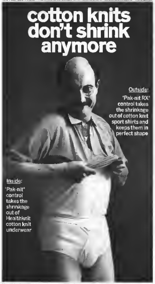
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thronged violently and in some far deep region which he could hardly believe was a part of himself, a fearful and excruciating pain came welling up as if the ground had split open to disgorge a boiling stream of molten rock. The pain came suddenly nearer with terrifying speed. The lieutenant bit his lower lip and stifled an instinctive moan.

Was this *seppuku*?—he was thinking. It was a sensation of utter chaos as if the sky had fallen on his head and the world was reeling drunkenly. His willpower and courage which had seemed so robust before he made the incision had now dwindled to something like a single hairlike thread of steel, and he was assailed by the uneasy feeling that he must advance along this thread, clinging to it with desperation. His clenched fist had grown moist. Looking down he saw that both his hand and the cloth about the blade were drenched in blood. His loincloth too was dyed a deep red. It struck him as incredible that, amid this terrible agony, things which could be seen could still be seen, and existing things existed still.

The moment the lieutenant thrust the sword into his left side and she saw the deathly pallor fall across his face like an abruptly lowered curtain, Reiko had to struggle to prevent herself from rushing to his side. Whatever happened she must watch. She must be a witness. That was the duty her husband had laid upon her. Opposite her, a mat's space away she could clearly see her husband biting his lip to stifle the pain. The pain was there, with absolute certainty before her eyes. And Reiko had no means of rescuing him from it.

The sweat glistened on her husband's forehead. The lieutenant closed his eyes and then opened them again as if experimenting. The eyes had lost their luster and seemed innocent and empty like the eyes of a small animal.

The agony before Reiko's eyes burned as strong as the summer sun, utterly remote from the grief which seemed to be tearing herself apart within. The pain grew steadily in stature, stretching upward. Reiko felt that her husband had already become a man in a separate world, a man whose whole being had been resolved into pain, a prisoner in a cage of pain where no hand could reach out to him. But Reiko felt no pain at all. Her grief was not pain. As she thought about this Reiko began to feel as if someone had raised a cruel wall of glass high between herself and her husband.

Ever since her marriage her husband's existence had been her own existence, and every breath of his had been a breath drawn by herself. But now while her husband's existence in pain was a vivid reality, Reiko could find in this grief of hers no certain proof at all of her own existence.

With only his right hand on the sword the lieutenant began to cut sideways across his stomach. But as the blade became entangled with the entrails it was pushed constantly outward by their soft resilience, and the lieutenant realized that it would be necessary, as he cut, to use both hands to keep the point pressed deep into his stomach. He pulled the blade across. It did not cut as easily as he had expected. He directed the strength of his whole body into his right hand and pulled again. There was a cut of three or four inches.

The pain spread slowly outward from the inner depths until the whole stomach reverberated. It was like

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the wild clanging of a bell. Or like a thousand bells which jangled simultaneously at every breath he breathed and every throb of his pulse, rocking his whole being. The lieutenant could no longer stop himself from moaning. But by now the blade had cut its way through to below the navel, and when he noticed this he felt a sense of satisfaction, and a renewal of courage.

The volume of blood had steadily increased, and now it spurted from the wound as if propelled by the beat of the pulse. The mat before the lieutenant was drenched red with splattered blood, and more blood overflowed onto it from pools which had gathered in the folds of the lieutenant's khaki trousers. A spot like a bird came flying across to Reiko and settled on her white silk kimono.

By the time the lieutenant had at last drawn the sword across to the right side of his stomach the blade was already cutting shallow and had revealed its naked tip, now slippery with blood and grease. But suddenly stricken by a fit of vomiting the lieutenant cried out hoarsely. The vomiting made the fierce pain fiercer still, and the stomach which had thus far remained firm and compact, now abruptly heaved opening wide its wound and the entrails burst through as if the wound too were vomiting. Seemingly ignorant of their master's suffering the entrails gave an impression of robust health and almost disagreeable vitality as they slipped smoothly out and spilled over into the crotch. The lieutenant's head drooped, his shoulders heaved, his eyes opened to narrow slits and a thin trickle of saliva dribbled from his mouth. The gold markings on his epaulets caught the light and glinted.

Blood was scattered everywhere. The lieutenant was soaked in it to his knees and he sat now in a crumpled and listless posture one hand on the floor. A raw smell filled the room. The lieutenant his head drooping, retched repeatedly, and the movement showed vividly in his shoulders. The blade of the sword, now pushed back by the entrails and exposed to its tip, was still in the lieutenant's right hand.

It would be difficult to imagine a more heroic sight than that of the lieutenant at this moment, as he mustered his strength and flung back his head. The movement was performed with sudden violence, and the back of his head struck with a sharp crack against the alcove pillar. Reiko had been sitting until now with her face lowered gazing in fascination at the tide of blood advancing toward her knees, but the sound took her by surprise and she looked up.

The lieutenant's face was not the face of a living man. The eyes were hollow the skin parched the once so lustrous cheeks and lips the color of dried mud. The right hand alone was moving. Laboriously gripping the sword it hovered shakily in the air like the hand of a marionette and strove to direct the point at the base of the lieutenant's throat. Reiko watched her husband make this last, most heart-rending futile exertion. Glistening with blood and grease the point was thrust at the throat again and again. And each time it missed its aim. The strength to guide it was no longer there. The straying point struck the collar and the collar badges. Although its hooks had been unfastened the stiff military collar had closed together again and was protecting the throat.

Reiko could bear the sight no longer. She tried to go to her husband's help but she could not stand. She moved through the blood on her knees and her white skirts grew deep red. Moving to the rear of her husband she helped no more than by loosening the collar. The quivering blade at last contacted the naked flesh of the throat. At that moment Reiko's impression was that she herself had propelled her husband forward; but that was not the case. It was a movement planned by the lieutenant himself his last exertion of strength. Abruptly he threw his body at the blade, and the blade pierced his neck emerging at the nape. There was a tremendous spurt of blood and the lieutenant lay still, cold blue-tinged steel protruding from his neck at the back.

Slowly, her socks slippery with blood, Reiko descended the stairway.

Switching on the ground-floor lights she checked the gas jet and the main gas plug and poured water over the smoldering, half-buried char-

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About the author

Holding a degree in pharmacology and chemistry as well as in religion, Dr. Joseph Murphy is now Minister of the Church of Divine Science in Los Angeles. Years of research convinced him that a mighty Cosmic Mind lay behind both science and religion and was the moving force in human affairs and in this book he presents proof that this is so.

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coal in the brazier. She stood before the upright mirror in the four-and-a-half mat room and held up her skirts. The bloodstains made it seem as if a bold, vivid pattern was printed across the lower half of her white kimono. When she sat down before the mirror she was conscious of the dampness and coldness of her husband's blood in the region of her thighs, and she shivered. Then for a long while she lingered over her toilet preparations. She applied the rouge generously to her cheeks, and her lips too she painted heavily. This was no longer make-up to please her husband. It was make-up for the world which she would leave behind, and there was a touch of the magnificent and the spectacular in it.

Returning from the toilet, Reiko stood finally on the cement floor of the porchway. When her husband had bolted the door here last night it had been in preparation for death. Should she now leave the bolt drawn? If she were to lock the door it could be that the neighbors might not notice their suicides for several days. Reiko did not relish the thought of their corpses putrefying before discovery. She released the bolt, and drew open the frosted-glass door a fraction.... A chill wind blew in.

Reiko mounted the stairs. About halfway up her nostrils were already assailed by a peculiar smell.

The lieutenant was lying on his face in a sea of blood. The point protruding from his neck seemed to have grown even more prominent than before. Reiko walked heedlessly across the blood. Sitting beside the lieutenant's corpse, she stared intently at the face, which lay on one cheek on the mat. The eyes were opened wide, as if the lieutenant's attention had been attracted by something. She raised the head, folding it in her sleeve, wiped the blood from the lips, and bestowed a last kiss.

Then she rose and took from the closet a new white blanket and a waist cord. To prevent any derangement of her skirts, she wrapped the blanket about her waist and bound it there firmly with the cord.

Reiko sat herself on a spot about one foot distant from the lieutenant's body. Drawing the dagger from her sash, she examined its dully gleaming blade intently, and held it to her tongue. The taste of the polished steel was slightly sweet.

Reiko did not linger. When she thought how the pain which had previously opened such a gulf between herself and her dying husband was now to become a part of her own experience, she saw before her only the joy of herself entering a realm her husband had already made his own. In her husband's agonized face there had been something inexplicable which she was seeing for the first time. Now she would solve that riddle. Reiko sensed that at last she too would be able to taste the true bitterness and sweetness of that great moral principle in which her husband believed. What had until now been tasted only faintly through her husband's example she was about to savor directly with her own tongue.

Reiko rested the point of the blade against the base of her throat. She thrust hard. The wound was only shallow. Her head blazed, and her hands shook uncontrollably. She gave the blade a strong pull sideways. A warm substance flooded into her mouth, and everything before her eyes reddened in a vision of spouting blood. She gathered her strength and plunged the point of the blade deep into her throat. #

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EZRA POUND AT EIGHTY

(Continued from page 110) years old in the year 1844. This is the only one he ever gave me beside my school books. Aegevine" And on the last leaf, in father's handwriting 'Aegevine, Mother of Homer L. Pound' Thus the lesson was two fold.

From the table he turned to the garden. He found normal pruning shears and hooks much too small for him until one day in Bolzano we discovered a pair of old fashioned enormous clippers with red handles that delighted him. And he pranced and danced around the gardens, all too small and rocky for him, cutting off here and there something sticking out never mind what. It was a joy to watch him for one day he had a vision of how things in a garden should grow. It brought to mind the story as a little girl I heard grandfather Homer tell the husband of my niece; his father had heard of a new theory that it was better for cattle to have their horns clipped off. They tried it and the next morning found all those cows dead, a hundred of them. The number is exaggerated, but this is how it had grown in the mind of a peasant owner of two cows and in the imagination of a little girl as they kept wondering together why on earth it would enter into anybody's head to clip the horns of cows. (Anyway the story is better and differently told in *Indiscretions*.)

After the garden came the vineyard. Father liked our red rough wine, but in memory perhaps of his friend Ford Madox Ford, who he claimed could tell a man's character by the kind of wine he drank, or because one fine day a friend of Hemingway's had dropped a carton of the most perfect white wine (Tokay I think it was, though the bottles had no label) at our front door, or again simply for the sake of variety—anyway that autumn five hundred white vines were put into 'Ez's vineyard.'"

For midsummer the children and younger guests, as they did every summer, put on theatricals. The last scene was of the Aucassin and Nicolette motif, and while the young actors were waiting for his applause and the public bewildered as to where on earth he could have escaped, and the choreographer almost in tears for fear of having displeased him, there he was, leaning out of the tiny window of the "guinea pig house" that happens to be perched on a rock over the courtyard and had served as stage, shouting, "*Chi ha rubato mia figlia?*" (Who has stolen my daughter?). Well he had stolen the show, but turned the occasion into a memorable one. Afterward we had American corn on the cob. It seems to me that was the last good crop I've grown.

One fine day we all drove up to the marble quarries of Lasa from which the tombstones for the American military graveyards come. Father wanted three columns for a temple on the Mut—the "weather mountain" that dominates Tyrol. The measurement and the right proportions had been carefully studied, the cost all calculated—and it would have been within reach.

"Cloud over mountain, mountain over
  the cloud
I surrender neither the empire nor
  the temples
                    plural
nor the constitution nor yet the city
  of Dioce
each one in his god's name."

That was the spirit of that magnificent summer. But as winter drew nearer euphoria waned. Now, instead of the three white columns that one would see, more beautiful than any in Egypt, Greece or Rome, in this light "almost solid," one is dazzled by the tin nailed on the huge wooden cross set up in olden times to chase the witches. And the paraphrase comes naturally:

The thought of what the Mut would be/if Pound had built his temple . . .

In our enthusiasm we had not realized how much energy goes into the making of poetry. His main concern was after all the writing of *Cantos*. Moreover before writing his *Paradise* he had wanted to physically create one, a utopia probably greater than trying to prevent America from entering the war:

a nice quiet Paradise
where everyone loves every
  body else . . .

His effort I can compare only to the dance of Kagekiyo in the Noh Plays:

"His armour caught every
  turn of the sun."

The afternoon readings that he held for the education of his family, after the *Cantos*, the *Odes*, the *Trachiniae* and the *Analects* had started to lose some of their glamour, perhaps because he had embarked on an anthology of other people's writing and we were not so interested. In the evening, when he was not reading Uncle Remus to his grandchildren, he would help me with my translation—an activity interrupted fifteen years earlier. It was at the time *Cantos 98* and *99* which, taking up the thread of *Canto 13* and the section 51-61, condensed the Sacred Edict and lay down the salient points of Confucian ethics. It had taken the poet years of work to strip them down to hard poetry, and it was an impossible task and stupid on my part to try and "render" them into Italian in a couple of weeks or months, however much he explained and tore up my efforts and kept me 'at it.' We were tiring ourselves out. The details of daily living crowded in on us. He became restless. And just as no label will ever stick to him, so no "femme" however perfect, will ever hold him.

He knew and we knew all the time that he had left that courtroom wearing a Nessus shirt. For ten years he had strenuously refused the conditions at which "freedom" was finally granted. Could it be that the lash on his back as he left America, probably for the last time, cut deeper than the one he had received as a young man? 'The Latin Quarter Type' makes one smile amusedly nowadays. But at the thought of the long incarceration, the smile turns bitter.

He moved from one place to another for a while and then fell seriously ill. By the end of the Summer, 1961, he had I think come to terms with life and with death and slowly recovered. A changed man.

Far be it from me to pretend that I have an inkling of what's going on in the head of a great poet, even if I happen to be very close to him. I can only, and probably in vain, try to express my own mental meanderings about him and his poetry. As to whether his work or rather, his *Cantos* are finished I would say yes. Perhaps not in a strictly technical sense but poetically yes. The palimpsest can stand for Paradise:

"There is so much beauty
  How can we harden our hearts?"

and

Do not move
  Let the wind speak
    That is Paradise

and

I have tried to write Paradise—
  let the Gods forgive what I
    have made
  Let those I love try to forgive
    what I have made

Last January, on a cloudy afternoon, we were slowly walking along the Zattere in Venice. He was silent and had no answers to my questions. But I was cheerful that day. Brought up on his rule that "suffering exists in order to make people think"—and having, I thought, 'thought twice before thinking,' I babbled big words, for I felt I had arrived at some nice constructive solutions about organizing future activities and making life slightly more pleasant. He kept staring ahead in silence. Until there was a burst of sunshine, the sun cut into our eyes and on a sudden impulse I said: 'The sun says yes.'"

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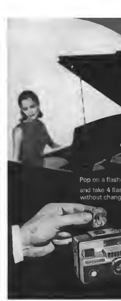

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His face lit up, he smiled and repeated 'The sun says yes. YES.'

Perhaps in that instant the Sophoclean tragedy took on end

'SPLENDOUR,
IT ALL COHERES.''

Has he taken off the last mask and entered Paradise where wind and rain and sun speak?

"O God of silence,
Purifiez nos coeurs,
. . . In this thy Venice."

He has gone back to 'the hidden nest' with 'the bas-relief of Ixotta' and to the hills over Zoagli among eucalyptus and olive trees. ##

MEET ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 133) was out there hanging onto a whole lot of nothing right over the rock quarry, counting slowly one thousand, two thousand. The quarry started over a slow twist to the right. I corrected by bending left but that was wrong, because I was turning, not the quarry.

The whole thing melted into a blur and I crashed. That flipped me upside down and I caught a glimpse of my toes in a vast moving field of blue.

Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull! Pull!

Then I was hanging right-side up in the harness and the rip cord was falling away beneath, whirling around in a lazy circle. I clutched with my left hand but by then it was past my feet and dropping away out of sight toward the khaki colored quarry below. There went a case of beer.

It took a hard pull to get the forks out of the risers. The canopy bellied in as I grabbed a right rear riser and the chute slowly spun around to face the target.

Beside the X, white smoke from the smoke pot was streaming out flat along the ground. Then the ground started moving by underneath, very fast.

I had about twenty knots forward speed and was going to overshoot. At eight hundred feet I turned to face into the wind and cut my forward speed, then looked over my shoulder to see where the chute was going to come in.

It was still going to overshoot the target and, if it followed the glide path it had taken, was going right onto the runway. I have seen jumpers break both legs on that runway. I turned again, trying to run over.

At two hundred feet I was over the near end of the runway. The instructions were that the beginning HALO jumper would turn into the wind at two hundred feet regardless. I turned, held and got my feet and knees together, expecting to drop backward onto the runway at about eight knots. My knees were shaking and I stared fixedly at the horizon so as not to know the exact moment of impact and tense up.

All that wide concrete runway was coming into the bottom of my field of vision when the balls of my feet crashed into the dirt about two feet on the far side of the runway, and butt and head followed a split second later. It knocked all the wind out and I lay there trying to get some breath while the chute filled up with air. I leaned on one elbow to get up and the chute flipped me over on my belly and dragged me face first through three mouthfuls of night-soil fertilized Okinawan potato patch before I could pop the canopy release on the left shoulder. I lay there blowing grimy blood out of my nose and spitting out dirt.

From across the runway I could hear Ryhet's voice calling "Get up, don't lay there. It's too early for siesta."

Up yours too, buddy, I thought, as I crawled up first on feet and knees, and then stood dusting the crud off my hands and blowing the drying blood out of my nose. Then I started to unsnap and put the chute away.

It was in the bag and on my back by the time the next stick came in. Tony Avgoulis, the HALO supply man, smashed into the ground face first, running with the wind at about twenty knots, and tore his coveralls half off. It broke the crystals out of both his stopwatch and altimeter.

It was just a bad day. They didn't jump anymore.

I ran across my buddy at the turn-in point and said "How'd it go?" He was all smiles. "Great. It was really great. How was yours?"

If there had been another jump that day it would have been all right, but we cancelled because of the wind. If there'd have been one the next day that would have been fine too, but it rained.

On the morning of the third day I got up afraid to jump, limping from where I'd smashed in and with a big purple bruise running fourteen inches lengthwise up the right leg. I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for free-fall parachuting that day. The winds were too high and we didn't jump. That night I lay in bed and watched myself whistle all the way in three times, and bounce.

It would be so easy to quit. Just turn in the gear and go back to my desk. Make one static line jump every three months to draw the pay. Nobody would say anything. Nobody would care but me.

I had to take it all the way through the logic of the thing. All right, suppose the worst happens, and you go all the way in. You're dead, right?

Then suppose you quit. You've got to live inside a quitter all your life. Death is a zero. Quitting is a minus. The best deal you can get is to go ahead and jump.

Then I went to sleep.

The next morning it was clear and calm and we drew our gear and loaded the kit bags with their ready-to-jump chutes in the back of the trailer and drove on out to the drop zone. The decision to jump had been made. My problem was to do it right. If I clutched again there was no telling how long it would take me to get the thing straightened out.

I got a kit bag and chuted up, then sat on the runway watching the first two sticks go up to the airplane exit and float slowly to earth again. The nerves were pretty well under control, but I had to keep forcing the muscles in the back of my neck to relax.

Then it was our turn and we were up and running across the runway again.

In the airplane I went over in my mind the procedure to follow, then when that was done I went over it again. The adrenal glands could do what they wanted. The heart could race, the stomach could jump, the blood could freeze into an ice-clogged stream, but the mind had to be free and clear and in control.

All right, when he gives the stand up, get in line, left hand on the lollipop, hit the stopwatch, swing the right foot out the door and drop straight out with your arms spread wide in the arch. Arch your back hard. The best way to check your arch is to look at the jumpmaster on the way out. Then cock your head to the side and check your instruments. Hold your position until the time is up and then come in for the pull. Be sure to come in with both arms or the wind will catch your right arm and flip you over on your back.

Check canopy, pull the slip-riser forks and head for the target. Face into the wind at two hundred feet and get your feet and knees together.

All right, when he gives the stand up . . .

He gave the stand up. I was number-one man and I went into my Jackie Gleason crouch by the door and watched the jumpmaster as he knelt there looking for the exit point. Below was all square, varishaded green rice paddies.

All the apprehension drained out and I was ready, both feet planted solidly on the deck plates, mind clear and calm. He jerked his finger out the door and I whipped out the lollipop, tapped the stopwatch, swung one gleaming Corcoran jumpboot into the rushing air.

There was one good clear glimpse of the jumpmaster's helmet and goggles in the door, directly above and moving away. Then it was all green puddles and blue ocean. The weight of my body disappeared and for that long glorious screaming moment I was freer than the eagles can ever be.

Then it was card time and my head dipped down as both arms came in. I snatched the blast handle out of its socket and flared back out for one more instant before the chute caught the air. ##

#X$'¢% OR A GENTLE COMPLAINT FROM YOUR FRIENDLY CLUB PRO

(Continued from page 126) this is the same guy who is always losing equipment. It seems there's hardly a day goes by that he or somebody like him doesn't come in and say he's lost his umbrella, or his head covers, or his nine iron. They never say "I" lost them. It's always "you" lost them. So I ask him a few questions, like who did he play with last. Ninety percent of the time it's in *that* guy's bag. The other ten percent it's in some guy's bag who has gone out of town for a week or so and taken his clubs with him. The way it is today with no caddies and people using golf carts it's easy to put a club in the wrong bag. Or to leave a club out on the course. People park a cart twenty yards from the green, take two or three clubs with them until they make up their mind which one to use on a chip shot or a pitch, then leave one lying on the ground.

QUESTION: What about golf carts? Have they presented any new problems for the pro?

DUDAS: I know this about carts: nobody ever reads the signs we put up all over the course to tell people where to drive them. You could put a sign out there saying a tiger is loose on the course and they'd keep right on playing till they got bitten.

I've seen people drive right up to the fringe of the greens in a cart, or over the shoulders of them. I've seen them drive straight through a sand trap. Or they let their kid drive the cart. The kid can't play golf so they have to keep him amused some way. He's nine years old, for chrissakes, and they let him drive a twelve-hundred-dollar cart around a golf course that's got two hundred people walking over it.

QUESTION: All this wouldn't seem to give you much time to play in tournaments, yet you manage to play in several each year. And to play well too.

DUDAS: Oh, sure, I play well in the qualifying trials every time there's a championship being held nine thousand miles away from home. If it's in Nome or Honolulu, I can really get it moving. But if they held the tournament in Philadelphia or New York or Washington—right in my own backyard—I'd shoot two 78's or something. I qualify every time it costs you six bills just to get there. Most of the time, in fact, I'm medalist. But if you played it right here in Atlantic City, thirty guys who couldn't grip a hot dog would beat me out.

All right, so you do qualify. You go wherever the tournament is being held and there's some course eight thousand yards long with seventeen water holes and five hundred bunk-

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DUNLOP ...EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLDS OF GOLF, TENNIS, AND TIRES.

ers. The course is so tough even your clubs get tired. But, back home your members think it's just another course, like the one they play from the front tees. When you get home, as a result everybody wants to know what happened. "I followed you in the newspaper all week," they say, "but I couldn't find your name after Friday. What happened?" they ask. What happened is that they were reading the sports pages. They should have looked in the obituaries.

Hell, I know a pro who lost his job because he qualified for the National Open. The members threw him a banquet and presented him with three grand to pay his expenses. So he jumps on a jet, first class, and goes to the Open. He blows a hundred a day playing practice rounds, shoots two 80's when the tournament begins, and misses the cut. Now he's got twelve hundred in his kick, and he doesn't know what to do with it. What's he going to do, give it back? If he does, the members will say that he shouldn't have gone out there in the first place. If he doesn't, the members will think he gambled it away. He's in a hell of a stew.

QUESTION: In season, you must have to put in pretty long hours.

DUDAS: Any way you want to look at it, it's a twenty-four-hour day. You have to get to bed early because you never know what's going to come up tomorrow. Like last Tuesday, which is Ladies Day. The gals had a little event for some kind of tin cup. Anyway, long about the middle of the morning some women walks into the shop and says the tee markers on thirteen, the par three, are sure in a tough place. That doesn't sound right, so I grab a cart and run out to see what she means. Sure enough, one of the maintenance men forgot to put the markers back when he got through mowing the tee. They're stuck right behind a cherry tree. This guy's made a dogleg out of a par three hole and half the field has been playing the hole that way.

It seems like you can never get to the club early enough. I usually get there around eight o'clock. But once four guys showed up at six-thirty. They thought I was inside the shop, so they start beating on the door. Half broke it down. The next thing you know they had triggered the burglar alarm. By the time I got there, around seven fifteen, the place was full of cops.

Long about four or five o'clock in the afternoon you start thinking it's about time to knock off for the day. Just then some dude will come in and say he wants to play nine holes. So you wait for him. Now it's about seven thirty or so and another dude shows up. He wants to play nine holes and he wants a cart. So you get him a cart, run home and have a drink, and come back to put away the cart. But now this guy wants to buy you a drink. Insists on it. The next thing you know it's ten o'clock. So you go home, eat, and start thinking about going to bed. What the hell, it's eleven thirty. So what happens? The phone rings. Some member got all slobbered up over at the club. He's made a match to go to Pinehurst the next morning. He doesn't want to drive three miles out of his way to pick up his clubs the next day. Nobody else has the key to the golf shop, so naturally he calls the pro. You could get an unlisted number, but they'd come around and bang on your front door. Then they have a few drinks and the whole night is shot. The best thing you can do is to plaster your phone number on the door of the shop in big letters. "If you need anything, call this number." You get more sleep, believe me.

QUESTION: In conclusion, what in your opinion are the earmarks of an ideal club member?

DUDAS: Here at Atlantic City we have a lot of them. The members play a lot because the club is easy to get to. Consequently, they have a feeling for the game. They read up on the game and they understand the rules. Atlantic City may be the only club in the country that once had five members qualify for the National Amateur simultaneously. Three of them, in fact, have played in the National Open.

Now, there are three things which all of our more experienced members do.

First of all, they play the game without delay. While some of them take longer to hit the ball than others they generally are the ones who walk faster between shots. As they approach the ball, they begin to size up the sort of shot they have. Before they get within ten yards of the ball they already have taken notice of where the flagstick is on the green, which direction the wind is blowing and what the order of play will be among their group. On the green they begin to line up their putt while others are playing out. And when they get to the next tee, they don't have to be told whose honor it is.

Secondly, they handle a golf cart with care, follow the direction signs. They never run a cart sideways along a hill, where it might tip over. They never jump out of a cart before it has come to a complete halt. And when they get to a green they park the cart between the green and the next tee.

Thirdly, they purchase all their equipment from a pro. Nobody but a professional is allowed to sell the first-line merchandise of a manufacturer and nobody who can afford to belong to a club should play anything other than first-line merchandise. The number of variations between club heads and shafts being manufactured today is almost endless. Nobody but a pro is qualified to advise which combination is best for a particular player. Nobody. ##

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GOOD BYE BOBBY
GOOD BYE BILLY JOE,
GOOD BYE GLORY

(Continued from page 103) event which always has been marked by opening-day upsets.

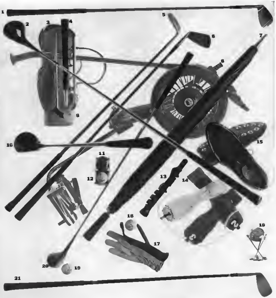
Among the first-day casualties were Jim Turnesa, defending titleholder, Johnny Palmer, medalist, and five former P.G.A. champions, headed by two triple winners, Gene Sarazen and Sam Snead, and including Vic Ghezzi, Chandler Harper and Jim Ferrier, and two former National Open kings, Lew Worsham and Cary Middlecoff. Other victims were Chick Harbert, the 1952 finalist, Ed (Porky) Oliver, Jerry Barber, Dutch Harrison, Marty Furgol and Ted Kroll, leading candidates for Ryder Cup berths, Tommy Bolt, the nation's ninth leading money winner, Fred Haas Jr., tenth in money won.

Is it any wonder, since this debacle was not really too unusual, that the P.G.A. hierarchy switched to a save the stars plan five years later? Especially since the survivors of that whittled down field of sixty-four qualifiers were Walter Burkemo, thirty-four-year-old match-play specialist who had lost to Snead in the 1951 finals, and Felice Torza, thirty-year-old club pro from St. Charles, Illinois, who at 136 pounds was the littlest qualifier.

Torza, to reach the championship round, had knocked over Sarazen, Turnesa, Wally Ulrich (38 holes), Jimmy Clark and Jack Isaacs (39 holes). In the finals against the longer-hitting Burkemo, Torza was four down with five holes to play. He fought back to win the 32nd and 34th holes before losing on the 35th, 2 and 1, after his tee shot struck a spectator and lost the distance that may have cost him the match.

The point of this ancient history is to show that there is a flair and a color to match play which medal play rarely affords. It is doubtful that Torza, although a fine player, would have made enough of a showing in medal play against so glittering a company to earn the Toy Tiger nickname which became his that week.

In match play that guy named Joe



EQUIPAGE OF CHOICE

Golfers who were put in the mood a few pages back may pause here to ponder their next purchases. 1) The MT iron by MacGregor has a face of black ceramic material, rubber or leather grip, $17.75. 2) The Louisville Slugger wood, model 225, by Hillerich & Bradsby has a superbly crafted head with face insert of Cycolac. $24. 3) Dunlop's miniature golf bag totes extra balls or a day's supply of warming spirits, in four colors. $18. 4) These three pieces assemble into a line putter by Dunlop and come in a zippered carrying case for easy traveling or desk drawer storage. $25. 5) BGA's new Overspin putter has a heavy flange at the top of the blade. The design enables the head to strike the ball above center, imparting forward rotation which takes it up to the cup and in. $16. 6) The No. 3 iron by First Flight has a slightly elongated blade with a larger "sweet spot" for greater accuracy. $18.85. 7) Who could mind a bit of dew with Ben Hogan's umbrella of 52" across, perfect for the golf course, about $40. 8) The deluxe golf cart by Ajay allows you to adjust both wheels at the same time. It has torsion bar suspension, is plated with 24k gold and bears the name of Jack Nicklaus. Also shown on floor. $125. 9) Dunlop's golf ball has precision formed liquid center for accuracy and a permanently bonded finish that stays clean and white. $10.40 per dozen. 10) This is the Golden Eagle wood by First Flight designed by tournament players. It comes in a variety of shafts that range in flex from soft to extra stiff. $26.50. 11) The aluminum alloy marker kit by Spalding permanently engraves a golfer's name on his golf balls. $5. 12) Spalding's Black Dot ball has an exclusive polymeric core, durable high windings and a finish of five coats of polyurethane—all for distance, performance, endurance—$14.50 per dozen. 13) A perfect golf grip does not come naturally; your fingers need to be educated and that's what Eldorado's Grip Groover is designed to do. Engineered slots for fingers and an adjustable bore for resistance cause you to squeeze your way to a better game. $10. 14) The double thick head covers for woods are by Acushnet. They are colorful, machine washable and provide a place for embroidering the owner's name. Set of three $7.40. 15) The perfect golf shoe by Foot-Joy is black shrunken calf with wine cordovan, also available in white, with green, red or black trim. $42.50. 16) The gilt and bronze 8-day clock with an alarm and a calendar rests on three golf clubs to remind you of the game and the time left before you take off to play it. From Plummer McCutcheon. $130. 17) Fownes provides this soft snug glove in a fabric that breathes and will not slip even when wet; washable, black, tan, red. $3. 18) The Ben Hogan 90 golf ball is built to provide reserve-energy recoil for uniform high performance, particularly for power hitters, about $16.20 per dozen. 19) The K-28 ball by Wilson Sporting Goods has perfect balance for true putting and extra high compression for resiliency and distance. $1.20 each. 20) Also by Wilson is this K-28 No. 5 wood with a head specially processed to keep moisture out, a strong, screwless face insert and a grip of natural and black calfskin. $25.75. 21) The Shakespeare Company's Black Knight iron was designed by Gary Player and has a black shaft of parallel glass fibers over a tapered glass fiber inner wall. This, to produce a power building that allows a golfer to stay in contact with the ball a critical instant longer; about $20.

Photographed by Another Studio

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has a far better chance of taking it all than he'd ever find in medal play. Let's say he is a club pro who lacks the advantage given the touring pros of matching shots and talking shop with their peers week after week. The club pro's swing isn't really grooved, nor are his nerves battened down like those of his more experienced brethren on the circuit. The result is likely to be some bogeys or worse, which would mean automatic taps in a medal-play affair.

In fact, in stroke play, shooting bogeys, he might as well pay his caddie when he comes off the ninth green and toss his card away; but in match play even three or four double or triple bogeys mean only three or four lost holes at the worst and if our brilliant but erratic shot maker can mix in a few birdies, he may turn all even whether his opponent is Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus or some hatchet kid who hits it a ton.

One of the most talented match players in professional history, Gene Sarazen, whose dossier shows that he won the British Open in 1932 with a 283 total that wasn't beaten for seventeen years, as well as the Masters in 1935, the National Open in 1922 and 1932 and three P.G.A. crowns 1922, '23, '33, also is one of match play's most talented defenders.

"Match play could be popular but has no television appeal unless top players are involved. Television has moved match play out of the picture. No sponsor will handle a match-play tournament on TV because it might not be assured of having big-name players in the closing rounds although this is the very thing which makes match play appealing to some people—the fact that a dark horse can upset the greatest names of golf.

"The *great* players can win at both match and medal. The *good* ones win only at match. The only reason the P.G.A. dropped match play was because they couldn't get a sponsor. All pros love it. You couldn't find one today who'd say anything against it.

"There is no better test of golf than head-to-head and man-to-man play between great golfers. This is a *real* test of golf."

And for a final witness there's Johnny Revolta of the Evanston (Illinois) Golf Club, who is wintering at Tamarisk in Palm Springs, California. Revolta, the 1935 P.G.A. champion and one of the nation's fine teachers, put it like this:

"I think we should have one important match play tournament. It's an entirely different kind of golf than medal. In medal, you play the field and can't take as many chances. In match, you play your opponent. If he's playing well you have to play a little better. I think match is definitely more fun for the spectators. I don't think there would be any comparison as far as the gallery is concerned, except that they've been taught to watch the medal. There's a lot more drama in match play for both the spectator and the player." ##

GOLFER, GO ABROAD

(Continued from page 121) breakfast was served to me by the housekeeper in the dining room. It consisted of ham and bacon and sausages, eggs and cheese and fish, toast and jam and marmalade and it broke a ten-year habit I had of not bothering to eat breakfast at all. Afterward I would retire to the living room to read *The Guardian* and *The Scotsman*

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until it was time to meet my friends on the first tee. At the end of two weeks my bill was $28. My restaurant bills added up to $70.

At Doral my green fees were complimentary and would have been $10 had I not been a guest of the club. The course, which I had seen twice before as a spectator at the annual Doral Open, proved like a lot of the newer Florida courses to be even better than it had looked to a nonplayer. The flatness is deceptive. It had huge meandering fairways filled with fluffy Bermuda grass and its rough was cut so short that I was penalized for being in it only because I was off the beaten path. There was no perceptible difference in the lies. The bunkers were as immaculate, the sand raked to the smoothness of that in the jardiniere ashtrays in the lobby. The greens were carefully and imaginatively contoured. All in all it was a masterpiece of bulldozer architecture.

That day I used the services of a caddie, to whom I gave $10, partly because he was a good one, but mainly because the round took almost five hours to play. I'm not quite sure why the course was congested but everybody on it was riding in a cart. Anyway, there was now a caddie fee of $140 for a two weeks' stay at Doral.

At St. Andrews the green fee at the Old Course, which is the one everyone wants to play, was $1.50. (Weekly rates were available.) Like everybody else before me I found St. Andrews to be incomparable. It is unique in all the world. For one thing it has only eleven greens, seven of which serve two different holes, one hole on the out nine and another hole coming in. They are the size of parking lots, hard as tin, and slick as watch crystals. Scattered here there and everywhere are sand bunkers. Some are no bigger than potholes, others large enough to accommodate a herd of camels. And none of them is ever raked, purposely. There are so many of them that the Royal and Ancient, the most influential of the four clubs which service the course, keeps a map of them so that members can point out to each other just exactly which one it was that gave them so much trouble. Since St. Andrews is a links in its purest form—a course laid out over linksland, the sandy soil deposited by centuries of receding ocean tides—the fairways tumble and heave in a way that makes your ball bound every which way. Yet they are immaculate like acres of billowing billiard cloth. Here and there to the sides of the fairway is the gorse and bracken and broom and heather which constitute the rough at St. Andrews—a rough that can be deceiving and frustratingly tough. On my first try I felt as though I were trying to play a ping-pong ball through barbed wire.

For many reasons then you are advised to take a caddie. Indeed on your first trip around the Old Course you may get lost without one. Mine was superb. His fee including what I was later told was an outrageous tip was one pound—$2.80—or $39.20 for two weeks. My round, by the way, took just over three hours. I don't know exactly why the course had not been as congested as Doral, but everybody got around under his own power and nearly everybody carried his own bag. Later when I asked in town why play was so fast, townspeople just shrugged. The course has an uncanny capacity for absorbing players.

To review my expenses then it cost me $663.20 to play golf at St. Andrews and it would have cost me $1,206.99 to play at Doral (minus green fees in each case). That is a difference of $543.79. For that kind of money you can go to Florida if you like. But I'll be in Scotland before you.

Scotland, of course, is the Eden of golf. The most widely traveled person I know—a non-golfer—says it is the most beautiful country on earth. It has five golf courses that are among the fifteen or twenty most architecturally perfect in the world: St. Andrews, Muirfield, Carnoustie, Troon, and Turnberry. Hot weather is practically unheard of. And during the golf season, June through September, there can be up to eighteen hours of daylight a day.

For these reasons, golf courses in Scotland are as numerous as gas stations and almost all of them are open to the public for ridiculously low green fees. On weekdays during business hours most of them sit virtually unused. I first played Carnoustie, which is across the Firth of Tay from St. Andrews near Dundee, in the company of a professional and two good American amateurs at the height of the season on a sunny day with little or no breeze blowing. The green fee was then an unprohibitive fifty cents. We were finished in three hours without ever once being held up.

I first played Muirfield, an hour's drive east of Edinburgh and adjoined by an exquisite inn, in June. I used the greenkeeper's son as a caddie because the regulars had walked off for lack of business. I found Muirfield to be one of the four or five best courses I have ever played, and yet there it sat, as desolate as a graveyard.

The trick to playing golf anywhere abroad is to avoid the obvious tourist traps and to play when the natives are at work. Halmstad is an excellent course eighty-five miles south of Goteborg, Sweden, very much resembling the famous Number Two at Pinehurst, North Carolina. I once played it in the company of Gene Sarazen and Arne Weskell who is Sweden's top professional. We never saw another player on the course. The time was late May. There were no caddies available so we pulled our clubs along on "trolleys," as they call hand-carts. I have played other near-championship layouts in such diverse places as London, Havana, The Hague, and Gibraltar in near solitude.

It is a mistake to think that because so many foreigners take their golf for granted that they do not know the game. Quite the contrary. Most golfers abroad have been carefully taught by transplanted English and Scottish professionals, the most sophisticated golfers there are. Since playing golf is so inexpensive throughout all of Scotland and most of England the economy of the game has no room for resident professionals. The result is that they go elsewhere to teach the game.

Two things the Scottish pros have tried to instill in golfers abroad are, first of all, an almost religious respect for the game, and, secondly, a knowledge of shot values. To waste time or hold conversation on a golf course is regarded as a sacrilege and not to know the difference between a good shot and a lucky one, even when it is made by someone else, is ignorance of the worst order. Scottish galleries never applaud a shot until after the hole has been played out, and sometimes not even then.

While trying unsuccessfully to qualify for the 1964 British Open over the Old Course at St. Andrews, I hit a six-iron shot to the par three sixth hole, about 175 yards long. The hole was playing downwind. The green is elevated and full of undulations, one of which hid the hole from sight although, of course, not the flag stick. I hit a high six iron that fell a good forty feet short of the flag stick and then bounded to what I thought must have been very close to the hole. Since I couldn't see the ball I looked for a reaction from a lone Scotsman who was standing among the whins with arms folded across his chest. He glanced distastefully back at me and then walked off. When I got to the green, I discovered that my ball had gone into the cup for a hole in one. "Well," said my caddie without any further show of

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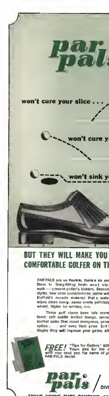
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jubilation, "that ought to be good for a wee nip of Scotch." My playing partner offered me the traditional handshake and we sauntered off to the next hole. My guess is that they didn't like the flight of the ball.

What is happening to golf in the jet age is that it is no longer fashionable to take your clubs to Pinehurst or Palm Springs. Now it is au courant to go to such exotic places as Seigniory, Coral Harbour, Royal Dornoch, Sotogrande and Mauna Kea, which are in, respectively, Canada, The Bahamas, Scotland, Spain and Hawaii.

Golf courses can be found in Burma and Borneo, in Arabia and Lebanon, in Finland and South Vietnam. They can be found in Marienbad, Czechoslovakia; Vestmannaeyjar, Iceland; Ploesti, Romania; Belize, British Honduras. They can be found on the islands of St. Helena, Cyprus, Brioni, Malta, Ascension, Bahrein, Honsara and Madeira, on the Canaries, the Cape Verdes, the Falklands and the Christmases. Tasmania has forty-seven courses. There is a club in Sweden, many miles above the Arctic Circle, which stages an annual tournament under the Northern Lights beginning at midnight. The La Paz Country Club in Bolivia, lies 12,000 feet above sea level. There is a course at Dacca in the East Wing of Pakistan. Phoenix, a club on the island of Mauritius, off the coast of Madagascar, has been in existence since 1844, forty-four years before the oldest permanent club in the United States. Pau, in the south of France, has had a course since 1856; Bangalore, India since 1878; Colombo, Ceylon since 1882.

Last fall I visited what will be only temporarily one of the least-known championship courses in the world. Its name is Club de Campo, and I found it sprawled through the foothills of the mountains on the outskirts of Madrid—which is a little like finding a bullring in Passaic.

Over Club de Campo I watched some of the world's leading golfers play for what the Spaniards call the "Copa de Canadá"—the Canada Cup—a seventy-two-hole event during which only five men managed to break the rather generous par of 288, which will give some idea of how demanding the course is. From the clubhouse you look out upon pistachio colored fairways winding through groves of olive trees and pimientos. In the distance the orange tile roofs of the city gleamed.

Since the galleries consisted largely of señoritas the crowds were quiet, orderly and almost transparent. All that officials had to do to get them to respond would be to wave a hand vaguely. As a result you could get near almost any member of the field whose action you wanted to observe close up, providing there wasn't a restraining rope in your way, even if that member happened to be Gary Player, who led the event all the way, winning both the individual title and the team championship for South Africa with Harold Henning.

In a short thirteen years the Canada Cup competition has become the embodiment of what golf is in the jet age—the most universal outdoor game there is. Last year at Madrid the event drew players representing thirty-seven countries. In addition to Club de Campo the event has been held in some wonderfully civilized places, such as Paris, Buenos Aires, Tokyo, London, Washington, Mexico City. The sponsors have put the complicated management of the event into the hands of Fred Corcoran, one of the three or four most knowledgeable golf rats in the world.

On page 122 there is a list of 115 of the finest golf courses outside the continental United States. Some of the choices are personal, but the great majority were supplied by contestants for the Canada Cup at Madrid. Some good ones may have been missed, but these could not, considering the jury, have been many. At any rate, each is graded qualitatively: *superlative, championship caliber, tough, sporty* and *interesting*.

The lines of demarcation between each are thin, for to discriminate between a course that can be labeled championship and another that can be called only tough can take a fine eye, an eye that can be developed only by learning the hard way the difference between championship golf and mere tournament golf—which is an eternity. I have, for better or worse, tried both. If you think it is tough putting when your hands shake, as almost all of us have done in some sort of tournament, you ought to try putting through visible nausea. *That's* championship golf!

The courses labeled "superlative" are championship courses that are really unique like the Old Course at St Andrews. There is really no course quite like it, or like any of the others so mentioned. All of them have been tested under one of the two major world championships which are played outside the United States, the British Open and the British Amateur, which have traditionally always been played over a links. There has never been an exception to this unwritten rule. For this reason, all of the "superlative" courses on the list are to be found either in Scotland or England. It may be that there are courses equally as good elsewhere, but for the purposes of this list these have been placed into the category of "championship caliber."

By much the same distinction, I have separated "championship caliber" courses from those that are merely tough yet possibly championship, by the simple expedient of labeling a course "championship" whenever local authorities have chosen to play their championships over it. If a course is obviously a tough one because of the scores it takes to play it, and yet the national golf authorities have chosen it as a venue for their annual championship, then I consider it is "championship."

The boundaries between 'tough' and 'sporty' are fundamentally ones of length. But very often an easier course can be more 'golfable' than the other. To use two extreme examples that are not on this list, the front nine and the back nine at Augusta National here in America are precisely the same length, 3475 yards each. Yet no one but the most obstinate Yankee team "expert" would deny that the back nine is not "sportier" than the front, despite the fact that scores in the Masters Tournament are almost invariably higher on the front nine than they are on the back nine. It is an undeniable historical fact that the Masters is almost invariably decided on the back, or so-called "easier," nine. In other words, while it is the front nine that rings up the high scores, it is the back nine with its easier scores that eventually decides the tournament. That is what you call a "sporty" nine, at least by my declaration.

To show the other side of the coin we can use another example not on the list. The Merion Golf Club, scene of more major U.S.G.A. championships in the United States than any other course. Merion's front nine is 260 yards shorter than its back nine—the length of a good par-four—yet no one who has played the back nine during a championship will admit that it is not an excruciatingly tougher nine despite its par of only 34. It, for quite the opposite reason of the back nine at Augusta National, is also "sporty."

The one-star courses, which are labeled simply "interesting," are courses which lie in the immediate vicinity of the better courses and which you might just as well play so long as you are in the neighborhood. And some of them have holes which you will never forget. Unfortunately, however, they do not have eighteen such holes, perhaps only one or two. At any rate each course has a certain amount of charm, else it wouldn't be listed at all.

Whatever the course, be it 'superlative' or just 'interesting,' it is a regulation eighteen hole course that will far surpass the average American course. In some choices of club, the club will have more than one course. In that case the course chosen is *ipso facto* the championship layout.

The green fees listed are average and in many cases the fee for a weekday will be only half what is quoted.

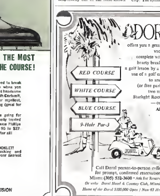
Many of the better clubs, although not necessarily the better courses, are very exclusive. As a result they insist on an introduction by a member and, in some cases, that a member accompany you during the round. This obstacle can often be overcome by presenting to the club secretary, who at most foreign clubs would be the equivalent of what we refer to as the club manager, a letter of introduction from an officer in your local golf district, the higher his status the better. By all means this should be written on official stationery. In most of these particular cases, though, a state handicap card will do.

It should be kept in mind that powered carts are almost nonexistent outside the United States, but that caddies are usually plentiful and therefore cheap. One major exception to the caddie situation, however, is in Scotland and in England, where caddies are required to pay a self-employment tax that none of them seem to want to do. The result is that, particularly in Scotland, most of the full-time caddies are unemployable in other capacities and at least forty years old. But they know their golf. After they have seen you hit a shot or two, they can usually choose your club for you better than you can choose your own.

At many places—again, particularly in Scotland—the club steward will be happy to call ahead to your next stop to arrange caddies and starting times, which are often necessary at the height of the season. Some club stewards, as a matter of fact, are really like a concierge at a first-class European hotel.

In almost no country except the United States do golfers play preferred lies, and in Scotland you may be reprimanded for doing so. As for proper dress, Bermuda shorts are worn nowhere outside of the United States, except Bermuda itself. On Scottish links, it can get bitter cold even in summer, so be prepared.

Last but not least, never, never deprecate a local golf course. St Andrews appears at first sight to an American to be a ridiculous course, but only a boor would say so until he has at least tried to discover what it is about the course that has charmed people for so many centuries. ###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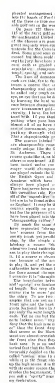
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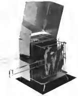

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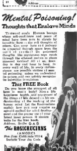
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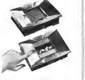

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Fashions shown in this issue may be purchased at the following stores:

GOLFING FASHIONS—Pages 120-127
VAN HEUSEN (golf jacket)
Graybar New York, N.Y.
VAN HEUSEN (knit shirt)
Fisher's, Buffalo N.Y.
JANTZEN (striped cardigan)
Schlesinger's, West New York, N.J.
JANTZEN (knit shirt)
Schlesinger's West New York, N.J.
SOL NEWMAN (knickers)
Boyd's St. Louis, Mo.
The Tiger's Tail, Coconut Grove, Fla.
F. R. Tripler, New York, N.Y.
ROBERT BRUCE (Tycora shirt)
Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Chicago, Ill.
JAYMAR RUBY (Arnel slacks)
J. L. Brandeis Omaha, Neb.
Goudchaux's, Baton Rouge, La.
The Crescent, Spokane, Wash.
MALLORY (golf hat)
B&B Lewis New York N.Y.
HUNTER HAIG (slacks)
Georgetown University Shop, Washington, D.C.

SHIRTS—Page 128
McGREGOR (plaid shorts)
[illegible]
Daytons, Minneapolis, Minn.
McGREGOR (Arnel knit shirt)
Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y.
J. L. Brandeis Omaha Neb.
The Highlander Chula Vista Calif.
College Grove Center Calif.
Crossroads Center Calif.
Mission Valley Center Calif.
Pac Ca Beach, Calif.
Ivey's of Jacksonville Jacksonville, Fla.
ETONIC (golf shoes)
At your favorite Pro Shop
PURITAN (Ban-Lon shirt)
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Stix, Baer & Fuller St. Louis, Mo.
WEYENBERG (golf shoes)
At leading shoe stores

COMBINATIONS—Page 130
PRINCE [illegible] (wool golf & mohair sweater)
[illegible] (wool shirt)
JAYMAR RUBY (gabardine slacks)
CONNELLY (green/black golf shoes)
PARKER OF VIENNA (alpaca V neck P.O.)
CEZAR [illegible] (wool [illegible] shirt)
JAYMAR RUBY (Fortrel & rayon slacks)
All of the above available
at your favorite Pro Shop

KNICKERS—Page 131
ASHER (green knickers)
Sibley's Rochester N.Y.
Silverwoods Los Angeles, Calif.
[illegible] the Clothiers, [illegible], Calif.

CHURCHILL (checked hat)
Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Ft. Worth & Houston
ETONIC (Corfam golf shoes)
At your favorite Pro Shop
JAYMAR RUBY (tan knickers)
J. L. Brandeis Omaha, Neb.
J. Kaufman, Washington D.C.
Rich's, Atlanta Ga.
Young Quinlan Rothschild, Minneapolis, Minn.

BLUEGRASS COMBINATIONS—Page 131
McGREGOR (sage-green slacks)
J. L. Brandeis Omaha, Neb.
[illegible] New York N.Y.
ETONIC (golf shoes)
At your favorite Pro Shop
KNOX (madras hat)
Knox New York, N.Y.
CONNELLY (green/black golf shoes)
Tom Austin, New York, N.Y.
Benedetti Shoes, New York, N.Y.
Sherman Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.

SETTLING THE SCORE—Pages 132-136
PBM CLOTHES (sage green blazer)
Baskin Chicago Ill.
Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La.
Silverwoods of Southern California
(Los Angeles Orange County
Santa Barbara & Pasadena Calif.)
Wallachs, New York, N.Y.
McGREGOR (green slacks)
J. L. Brandeis Omaha Neb.
STANLEY BLACKER (silk jacket)
Bloomingdale's New York N.Y.
Filene's Boston Mass.
Union Fashion, El Paso, Tex.
[illegible] Detroit, Mich.
ROBERT BRUCE (knit mock T neck)
The Fair Co. Highland Park, Winnetka and Glencoe, Ill.
ASHER (linen slacks)
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass.
Silverwoods Los Angeles, Calif.
Smith's Clothiers Oakland Calif.
PALM BEACH (green blazer)
B. Altman & Co. New York, N.Y.
Jordan Marsh-Florida Miami Fla.
Lytton's Chicago, Ill.
Silverwoods Los Angeles
JANTZEN (knit alpaca shirt)
Schlesinger's West New York, N.J.
B. KUPPENHEIMER (silk jacket)
[illegible] & Bros. Chicago, Ill.
Rogoff Bros. Cleveland Ohio
B. KUPPENHEIMER (bird-weave slacks)
Burtons Chicago and Oak Lawn, Ill.
JANTZEN (yellow knit shirt)
Schlesinger's West New York, N.J.

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